00099521

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 21 October, 2015

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

THE

BYRTH, LYF, AND ACTES

OF

KYNG ARTHUR;

OF HIS NOBLE KNYGHTES OF THE ROUNDE TABLE,
THEYR MERVEYLLOUS ENQUESTES AND ADUENTURES,
Thachyeuyng of the Sanc Greal;
AND IN THE END

LE MORTE DARTHUR,

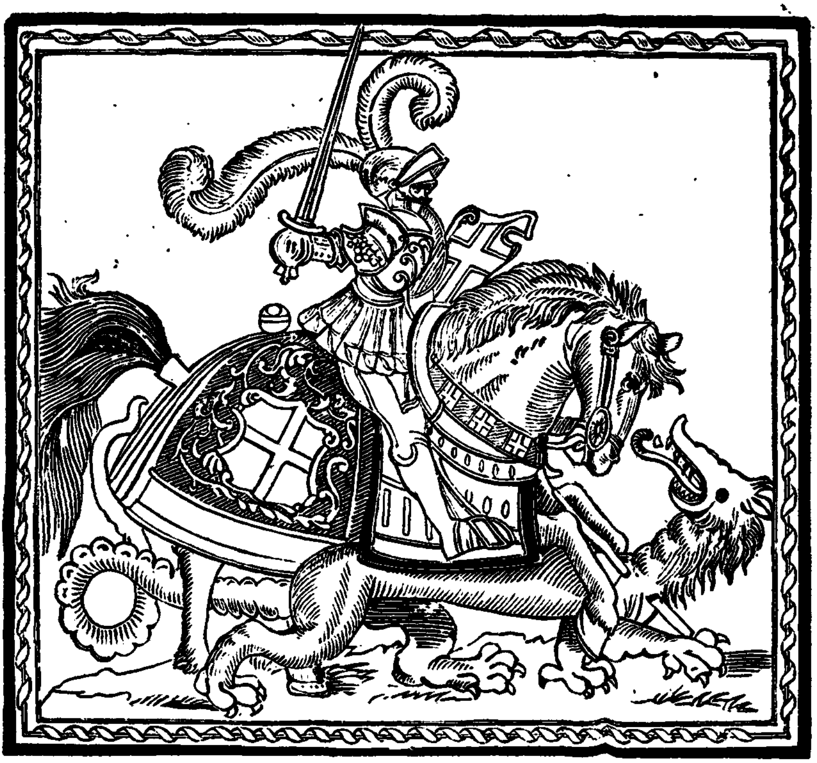
WITH THE DOLOUROUS DETH AND DEPARTYNG OUT OF THYS WORLDE
OF THEM AL.

WITH AN
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,
BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

VOL. II.

99521

LIBRARY OF THE ... SOC



LONDON:
Printed from Caxton's Edition, 1485,
FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.
1817.

God
398.22
Sou|Byo
99521|

00099521

Here begynneth the second book of sire Tristram. Howe syre Tristram smote doune kyng Arthur & sir Uwayne, by cause he wold not telle hem wherfor that shelde was made. But to say the sothe sire Tristram coude not telle the cause, for he knewe it not.

The tenth book.

Capitulum primum.

AND yf so be ye can descryue what ye bere, ye ar worthy to bere the armes. As for that said syr Tristram I wille ansuere you, this sheld was yeuen me, not desyred, of quene Morgan le fay. And as for me I can not descryue these armes for it is no poynt of my charge, and yet I truste to god to bere hem with worship. Truly sayd kynge Arthur ye oughte not to bere none armes, but yf ye wist what ye bare. But I pray you telle me youre name, to what entente said syre Tristram, for I wold wete said Arthur. Syre ye shalle not wete as at this tyme, thenne shalle ye and I doo bataille to gyders sayd Kyng Arthur. Why said syre Tristram wylle ye doo bataille with me but yf I telle you my name, and that lytyl nedeth you and ye were a man of worshyp, for ye haue sene me thys day haue had grete traueylle. And therfore ye are a vylaynous knyght to aske bataille of me consyderynge my grete traueylle, how be hit I wyl not fayle you, and haue ye no doubte that I feare not you, though ye thynke ye haue me atte a grete auauntage, yet shalle I ryght wel endure you. And there with all kynge Arthur dressid his shelde and his spere and syre Tristram ageynst hym, and they came soo egerly to gyders. And there kynge Arthur brake his spere all to pyeces vpon syr Tristrams shelde. But sir Tristram hitte Arthur ageyne that hors and man felle to the erthe. And there was kynge Arthur wounded on the lyfte syde a grete wounde and a peryllous. Thenne whanne sir Uwayne sawe his lord Arthur lye on the ground sore wounded he was passynge heuy. And thenne he dressid his shelde and his spere, and cryed alowde vnto sir Tristram and said knyght defende the. So they came to gyder as thonder, and syr Uwayne brysed his spere, alle to pyeces vpon syre Tristrams shelde, and syre Tristram smote hym harder and sorer with suche a myzt that he bare hym clene oute of his sadel to the erthe, with that syr Tristram torned aboute and said Faire knyghtes, I had no nede to Juste with you, for I haue had ynough to doo this daye. Thenne arose Arthur, and wente to syr Uwayn and said to sire Tristram we haue as we haue deserued. For thurgh our orgulyte we demaunded bataille of you, and yet we knewe not youre name. Neuertheles by seynt crosse said syre Uwayne he is a stronge knyght at myn aduyse as ony is now lyuyng.

Thenne sir Tristram departed, and in euery place he asked & demaunded after sir Launcelot, but in no place he coude not here of hym whether he were dede or on lyue, wherfor sir tristram made grete dole and sorowe. Soo syr Tristram rode by a forest and thenne was he ware of a fayre toure by a mareyse on that one syde, and on that other syde a fayr medowe. And there he sawe ten knyghtes fyghtynge to gyder. And euer the nere he came, he sawe how ther was but one knyght dyd bataille ageynst nyne knyghtes, and that one dyd soo merueyllously that syre Tristram had grete wonder that euer one knyzt myght doo soo grete dedes of armes, and thenne within a lytell whyle he had slayne half their horses, and vnhorsed them, and their horses ranne in the feldes and foreste. Thenne syre Tristram had soo grete pyte of that one knyght that endured soo grete payne, and euer he thought hit shold be syr palomydes by his shelde, and soo he rode vnto the knyghtes and cryed vnto them, and bad them seace of their bataille, for they did them self grete shame soo many knyghtes to fyghte with one. Thenne ansuerd the maister of tho knyghtes, his name was called Breuse saunce pyte that was atte that tyme the mooste meschyeuoust knyght lyuynge, and said thus, syr knyzt what haue ye ado with vs to medle. And therfor and ye be wyse, departe on your way as ye cam, for this knyghte shalle not escape vs, that were pyte said syr Tristram that soo good a knyght as he is shold be slayne soo cowardly. And therfore I warne you I will socoure hym with all my puyssaunce.

Capitulum secundum.

So syre Tristram alyghte of his hors by cause they were on foote that they shold not slee his hors. And thenne dressid his sheld with his swerd in his hand, and he smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand passyng sore that wel nygh at euery stroke he strake doun a knyght. And when they aspyed his strokes, they fled all with Breuse saūce pyte vnto the toure, & sir Tristram folowed fast after with his suerd in his hand, but they escaped in to the toure, and shytte sire Tristram withoute the gate. And whanne sire Tristram sawe this, he retorned abak vnto syr Palomydes, and fond hym syttyng vnder a tree sore wounded. A faire knyght saide syre Tristram wel be ye fonde. Gramercy said sir Palomydes of your grete goodenes, for ye haue rescowed me of my lyf and saued me from my dethe. What is your name said sir Tristram, he said my name is syr Palomydes. O Jhesu said syr Tristrā thou hast a fayre grace of me this daye, that I shold rescowe the, and thou arte the man in the world that I mooste hate, but now make the redy, for I will doo bataille with the, what is your name sayd palomydes, my name is sir Tristram your mortal enemy, hit may be soo said syr palomydes.

But ye haue done ouer moche for me this day that I shold fyghte with you, for in as moche as ye haue saued my lyf, hit wille be no worship for you to haue adoo with me, for ye are fressh and I am wounded sore. And therfor and ye wille nedes haue ado with me, Assigne me a day and thenne I shal mete with you withoute fayle, ye saye wel said sir Tristram. Now I assigne you to mete me in the medowe by the ryuer of Camelot, where Merlyon sette the peron, soo they were agreed. Thenne sir Tristram asked syr Palomydes why the ten knyghtes dyd bataill with hym, for this cause said sir palomydes, as I rode vp myn aduentures in a forest here besyde, I aspyed where laye a dede Knyght, and a lady wepynge besyde hym. And whanne I sawe her makynge suche dole, I asked her who slewe her lorde. Syre she said the falsest knyght of the world now lyuyng and he is the moost vylayne that euer man herd speke of, and his name is sir Breuse saunce pyte, thenne for pyte I made the damoysel to lepe on her palfroy, and I promysed her to be her waraunt, and to helpe her to entyere her lord. And soo sodenly as I came rydynge by this toure, there came oute syr Breuse saunce pyte, and sodenly he strake me from my hors. And thenne or I myghte recouer my hors, this sir Breuse slewe the damoysel, and soo I took my hors ageyne, and I was sore ashamed, and so beganne the medle betwixe vs, and this is the cause wherfore we dyd this bataille. Well said sir tristram now I vnderstande the maner of your bataille, but in ony wyse haue remembraunce of your promyse that ye haue made with me to doo bataille with me this day fourtenyght. I shal not fayle you said sir Palomydes. Wel said sir Tristram as at this tyme I wille not fayle you tyl that ye be oute of the daūger of your enemyes. So they mounted vpon theyr horses, & rode to gyders vnto that foreste, and there they fond a fayre welle, with clere water burbelynge, fayr sir said sir Tristram to drynke of that water haue I courage, and thenne they alyght of their horses. And thenne were they ware by them where stood a grete hors teyed to a tree, and euer he neyhed.

And thenne were they ware of a fayr knyght armed vnder a tree lackyng no pyece of harneis saue his helme lay vnder his heede. By the good lord said sir Tristram yonder lyeth a wel farynge knyght, what is best to doo. Awake hym said sir palomydes, so sir Tristram awaked hym with the but of his spere. And soo the knyght arose vp hastely and putte his helme vpon his hede, and gat a grete spere in his hand, and without ony moo wordes he hurled vnto sir Tristram, and smote hym clene from his sadel to the erthe, and hurte hym on the lyfte syde that sir Tristram lay in grete perylle. Thenne he wallopped ferther, and fette his cours, and came hurlynge vpon sir palomydes, and there he strake hym a parte thorou the body that he fylle from his hors to the erthe. And thenne this straunge knyght lefte them there, and took his way thurgh the foreste. With this sir Palomydes and sire Tristram were on foote and gat their horses ageyn, and eyther asked counceylle of other, what was best to done. By my hede said sir Tristram I wyll folowe this strong knyght that thus hath shamed vs. Well said sir Palomydes, & I wylle repose me here by with a frend of myn. Beware said sire Tristram vnto Palomydes that ye fayle not that day that ye haue set with me to do bataill, for as I deme ye wille not hold your day, for I am moche bygger than ye. As for that said sir Palomydes, be hit as hit be maye for I feare you not. For and I be not seke nor prysoner I wil not fayle you. But I haue cause to haue more doubte of you that ye wille not mete with me, for ye ryde after yonder strong knyght. And yf ye mete with hym, hit is an hard aduenture and euer ye escape his handes. Ryght soo sir Tristram and sir Palomydes departed, and eyther took their wayes dyuerse.

Capitulum iii.

And so syre Tristram rode longe after this stronge knyght. And at the laste he sawe where lay a lady ouer thwarte a dede knyght. Faire lady said sir Tristram who hath slayne your lord. Syr she said here came a knyght rydyng as my lord and I rested vs here, and asked hym of whens he was, and my lord said of Arthurs courte, therfore said the stronge knyght I wille Juste with the, for I hate alle these that ben of Arthurs Courte. And my lord that lyeth here dede amounted vpon his hors, and the stronge knyght and my lord encountred to gyder, and there he smote my lord thorugh oute with his spere, and thus he hath broughte me in grete woo and dammage. That me repenteth said sire Tristram of your grete anger, and hit please you, telle me your husbandes name, syr said she his name was Galardoun that wold haue preued a good knyghte. Soo departed sir Tristram from that dolorous lady and hadde moche euylle lodgyng. Thenne on the thyrdde day syr Tristram mette with syr Gawayne and with sir Bleoberys in a forest at a lodge and eyther were sore wounded. Thenne syre Tristram asked syr Gawayne and syr Bleoberys yf they met with suche a Knyghte with suche a cognoyssaunce with a keuerd shelde. Faire syr said these knyghtes suche a knyght met with vs to oure grete dommage, & fyrst he smote doune my felawe syre Bleoberys & sore woũded hym, by cause he badde me I shold not haue ado with hym, For why he was over stronge for me. That strong knyght toke his wordes at scorne and said he said it for mockery. And thenne they rode to gyders, and soo he hurte my felawe. And whan he had done so, I myght not for shame, but I must Juste with hym. And at the fyrst course he smote me doune, and my hors to the erthe. And there he had al moost slayne me, and from vs he took his hors, and departed, and in an euyll tyme we mette with hym. Faire knyghtes said sir Tristram soo he mette with me, and with another knyght that hyght Palomydes, and he smote vs bothe doune with one spere, and hurt vs ryght sore. By my feythe said sir Gawayne by my counceil ye shalle lete hym passe, and seke hym no ferther, for at the nexte feest of the round table vpon payne of my hede ye shalle fynde hym there. By my feythe said sir Tristram I shall neuer reste tyl that I fynde hym. And thenne sir Gawayne asked hym his name, thenne he said my name is sir Tristram, and so eyther told other their names, and thenne departed syr Tristram, and rode his way. And by fortune in a medowe sire Tristram mette with sir Kay the seneschal and sir Dynadan. What tydynges with you said sir Tristram with you Knyghtes. Not good said these knyghtes. Why soo said sir Tristram I praye you telle me, for I ryde to seke a knyght, what cognoyssaunce bereth he said sir Kay. He bereth said sir Tristram a couerd sheld close with a clothe. By my hede said sir Kay that is the same Knyght that mette with vs, for this nyght we were lodged within a wydowes hous, and there was that knyght lodged. And whanne he wyst we were of Arthurs court, he spak grete vylonye by the kynge, and specially by the Quene Gueneuer. And thenne on the morne was waged bataille with hym for that cause. And at the fyrst recoũtre said sir kay he smote me doune from my hors, and hurte me passynge sore. And whanne my felawe syr Dynadan sawe me smyten doune and hurte, he wold not reuenge me, but fledde from me. And thus is he departed. And thenne sir Tristram asked them theyr names, and soo eyther told other their names. And soo syre Tristram departed from syr kay, and from syr Dynodan, and so he past thurgh a grete forest in to a playne tyl he was ware of a pryory, and there he reposed hym with a good man syxe dayes.

Capitulum quartum.

And thenne he sente his man that hyght Gouernaile, & commaunded hym to goo to a Cyte there by to fetche hym newe harneis, for hit was long tyme afore that, that syre Tristram had ben refresshed, his harneis was brysed and broken. And whanne Gouernaile his seruaunt was come with his apparail, he toke his leue at the wydowe, and mounted vpon his hors, and rode his way erly on the morne. And by sodeyn aduenture syr Tristram mette with sir Sagramore le desyrus, & with sir Dodynas le saueage. And these two knyghtes mette with syre Tristram and questyoned with hym, and asked hym yf he wold Juste with hem. Faire knyghtes said sir Tristram with a good wylle I wold Juste with you. But I haue promysed at a day sette nere hand to do bataille with a strong knyght. And therfore I am lothe to haue adoo with you, for and hit mysfortuned me here to be hurte I shold not be able to doo my bataille, whiche I promysed. As for that said Sagramor maulgre your hede ye shalle Juste with vs, or ye passe from vs, well said sir Tristram, yf ye enforce me therto I must doo what I may. And thenne they dressid their sheldes, and came rennynge to gyder with grete yre. But thurgh syr Tristrams grete force he strake syr Sagramor from his hors.

Thenne he hurled his hors ferther, and said to sir Dodynas, knyzte make the redy, and soo thorou fyne force syre Tristram strake Dodynas from his hors. And whanne he sawe hem lye on the erthe, he took his brydel, and rode forth on his way and his man Gouernaile with hym. Anone as sir Tristram was paste syr Sagramore and sir Dodynas gate ageyne their horses, & mounted vp lyghtely and folowed after sir Tristram. And whan syre Tristram sawe them come soo fast after hym, he retorned with his hors to them, and asked them what they wold. Hit is not longe ago sythen I smote you to the erthe at your owne request, and desyre, I wold haue ryden by you, but ye wold not suffre me, and now me semeth ye wold doo more bataille with me. That is trouthe said sire Sagramore and syre Dodynas, for we wille be reuengyd of the despyte ye haue done to vs. Faire knyghtes said sir Tristram that shall lytyl nede you, for all that I dyd to you, ye caused hit, wherfore I requyre you of your knygthode leue me as at this tyme, for I am sure and I doo bataille with you I shalle not escape withoute grete hurtes, and as I suppose ye shalle not escape alle lotles. And this is the cause why I am soo loth to haue ado with you. For I must fyghte within these thre dayes with a good knyght and as valyaunt as ony is now lyuynge, and yf I be hurte I shalle not be able to doo bataille with hym. What Knyght is that said sir Sagramor that ye shalle fyghte with alle. Syrs said he it is a good knyght called sir Palomydes. By my hede said sir Sagramor and sire Dodynas ye haue cause to drede hym, for ye shall fynde hym a passyng good knyght, and a valyaunt. And by cause ye shalle haue ado with hym, we wille forbere you as at this tyme, and els ye shold not escape vs lyghtely. But fayr knyght said sir Sagramour telle vs your name. Syr said he my name is sir Tristram de lyones. A said Sagramor and sir Dodynas well be ye fonde, for moche worship haue we herd of you. And thenne eyther took leue of other, and departed on their way.

Capitulum v.

THENNE departed sire Tristram and rode streyghte vnto Camelot to the Peron that Merlyn had made to fore where sire Lancyor that was the Kynges sone of Irland was slayne by the handes of Balyn, and in that same place was the fayr lady Columbe slayn that was loue vnto sir Lanceor, for after he was dede she took his suerd and threst hit thorou her body. And by the crafte of Merlyn he made to entiere this knyght Lanceor and his lady Columbe vnder one stone. And at that tyme Merlyon profecyed, that in that same place shold fyghte two the best knyghtes that euer were in Arthurs dayes, and the best louers. Soo whanne syre Tristram came to the tombe where lancyor and his lady were buryed, he loked aboute hym after sir Palomydes. Thenne was he ware of a semely knyght came rydyng ageynst hym all in whyte, with a couerd shelde. Whanne he came nyghe sir Tristram he said on hyghe ye be welcome syr Knyght, and wel and truly haue ye hold your promyse. And thenne they dressid their sheldes and speres, and came to gyders with alle theire myghtes of their horses, and they met so fyersly that bothe their horses and Knyghtes fylle to the erthe. And as fast as they myzte auoyded theyre horses, and putte their sheldes afore them, and they strake to gyders with bryght swerdes as men that were of myght, and eyther woūded other wonderly sore that the blood ranne out upon the grasse. And thus they fought the space of four houres, that neuer one wold speke to other one word, & of their harneis they had hewen of many pecys. O lord Jhesu said Gouernaile I merueyle gretely of the strokes my maister hath yeuen to your mayster. By my hede said sir Laūcelots seruaunt your maister hath not yeuen so many but your maister hath receyued as many or more. O Jhesu saide Gouernaile it is to moche for sir palomydes to suffre or sir Launcelot. And yet pyte it were that eyther of these good knyghtes shold destroye others blood. Soo they stode and wepte bothe, and made grete dole, whan they sawe the bryghte swerdes ouer couerd with blood of their bodyes. Thenne at the last spake syr launcelot and said knyght thou fyghtest wonderly wel, as euer I sawe knyght, therfor and hit please you telle me your name. Syr saide syre Tristram that is me lothe to telle ony man my name. Truly said sir launcelot and I were requyred I was neuer loth to telle my name. Hit is wel said, said sir Tristram, thenne I requyre you to telle me your name, fayr knyghte he said my name is sir launcelot du lake. Allas said sire Tristram what haue I done, for ye are the man in the world that I loue best. Faire knyght said sir Launcelot telle me your name. Truly said he my name is sir Tristram de lyones. O Jhesu said sir launcelot what aduenture is befalle me. And there with syr launcelot kneled doune and yelded hym vp his suerd.

And there with alle sir Tristram kneled adoune, and yelded hym vp his suerd. And soo eyther gaf other the degree. And thenne they bothe forth with all went to the stone, and set them doune vpon hit, and toke of their helmes to kele them, and eyther kyst other an honderd tymes. And thenne anone after they took of their helmes and rode to Camelot, and there they mette with sir Gawayne and with sir Gaherys that had made promyse to Arthur neuer to come ageyne to the court tyl they had brought syr Tristram with them.

Capitulum sextum.

Retorne ageyne said sir launcelot for your quest is done, for I haue mette with sir Tristram, loo here is his owne persone. Thenne was syr Gawayne gladde, and said to sire Tristram ye are welcome, for now haue ye easyd me gretely of my labour. For what cause said sir Gawayne came ye in to this courte. Fair sir said sir Tristram I came in to thys countrey, by cause of syr Palomydes, for he and I had assygned at this day to haue done bataille to gyders at the Peroun. And I merueyle I here not of hym. And thus by aduentur my lord syre Laūcelot and I mette to gyders. With this came Kynge Arthur. And whan he wyst that there was sir Tristram, thenne he ranne vnto hym and toke hym by the hand. And saide sire Tristram ye are as welcome as ony Knyghte, that euer came to this Courte. And whanne the Kynge had herd how sire Launcelot and he had foughten, and eyther had wounded other wonderly sore, thenne the Kynge maade grete dole. Thenne sir Tristram told the Kynge how he cam thydder for to haue had adoo with sire Palomydes. And thenne he told the kynge how he had rescowed hym from the nyne knyghtes and Breuse saunce pyte. And how he fond a Knyght lyeng by a well, and that Knyght smote doune sir Palomydes and me, but his sheld was couerd with a clothe. Soo sir Palomydes lefte me, and I folowed after that Knyghte, and in many places I fonde where he had slayne Knyghtes, and foriusted many. By my hede said sir Gawayne that same Knyghte smote me doun and sire Bleoberys and hurte vs sore both, he with the couerd shelde. A sayd sir Kay that Knyght smote me adoune & hurte me passynge sore, & fayne wolde I haue knowen hym but I myzt not. Jhesu mercy said Arthur what knyghte was that with the couerd shelde. I knowe not saide sir Tristram, and so said they all, now said kyng Arthur thenne wote I for it is sir laũcelot, theñe they al loked vpon sir laũcelot & said ye haue begyled vs with your couerd shelde. Hit is not the fyrst tyme said Arthur he hath done soo. My lord sayd sir Launcelot truly wete ye wel I was the same knyght that bare the couerd shelde. And by cause I wold not be knowen that I was of your Courte I said no worship of your hows. That is trouthe said sir Gawayne, sir kay, and sir Bleoberys. Thenne kynge Arthur took sir Tristram by the hand, & wente to the table round. Thenne came Quene Gueneuer and many ladyes with her, and alle the ladyes sayden at one voyce, welcome sir Tristram, welcome said the damoysels, welcome sayd knyghtes, welcome said Arthur for one of the best knyghtes, and the gentylst of the world, and the man of mooste worship, for of alle maner of huntynge thou berest the pryce, and of alle mesures of blowynge thou arte the begynnynge, and of alle the termes of huntyng and haukyng ye are the begynner, of all Instrumentes of musyke ye ar the best, therfor gentyl knyght said Arthur ye are welcome to this courte. And also I pray you said Arthur graunte me a bone, it shall be at your commaundement said Tristram, wel said Arthur I will desyre of you that ye wille abyde in my courte. Syr saide syre Tristram therto is me lothe, for I haue adoo in many countreyes. Not soo said Arthur, ye haue promysed hit me, ye maye not say nay. Syr said sir Tristram I wille as ye wille. Thenne wente Arthur vnto the seges about the round table, and loked in euery syege, the whiche were voyde that lacked knyghtes. And thenne the kynge sawe in the siege of Marhaus letters that saiden, this is the syege of the noble knyght sir Tristram. And thenne Arthur made sir Tristram knyght of the table round with grete nobley and grete feest as myghte be thought, for sir marhaus was slayne afore by the handes of sire Tristram in an yland, and that was wel knowen at that tyme in the courte of Arthur, for this marhaus was a worthy knyght. And for euylle dedes that he dyd vnto the countrey of Cornewaile, sire Tristram and he foughte. And they foughte soo longe tracynge and trauercynge tylle they fylle bledynge to the erthe, for they were so sore wounded that they myght not stande for bledynge, and sir Tristram by fortune recouerd and syre Marhaus dyed thurgh the stroke on the hede. Soo leue we of sir Tristram and speke we of Kyng Marke.

Capitulum vii.

THENNE Kynge Marke had grete despyte of the renoume of sir Tristram, and Thanne he chaced hym oute of Cornewaile, yet was he neuewe vnto Kynge Marke, but he had grete suspecyon vnto sire Tristram by cause of his Quene la Beale Isoud, for hym semed that there was to moche loue bitwene them bothe. Soo whan sir Tristram departed oute of Cornewaile in to Englond, kynge marke herd of the grete prowesse that sir Tristram dyd there, the whiche greued hym sore. Soo he sente on his party men to aspye what dedes he dyd. And the Quene sente pryuely on her party spyes to knowe what dedes he had done, for grete loue was bitwene them tweyn. Soo whan the messagers were come home, they told the trouth as they had herd that he passed alle other knyghtes, but yf it were sir launcelot. Thenne kynge Marke was ryght heuy of these tydynges, and as glad was la Beale Isoud. Thenne in grete despyte he took with hym two good Knyztes, and two squyers, and desguysed hym self, and took his way in to Englond to the entente for to slee sir

Tristram, and one of these ii Knyghtes hyght Bersules, and the other Knyzt was called Amant. Soo as they rode Kynge marke asked a knyght that he met where he shold fynde Kynge Arthur, he said at Camelot. Also he asked that Knyghte after sire Tristram whether he herd of hym in the courte of Kynge Arthur, wete you wel said that Knyzt ye shall fynde sir Tristram ther for a man of as grete worship as is now lyuyng for thurz his prowesse he wã the turnement of the castel of maydens, that standeth by the hard roche. And sythen he hath wonne with his owne handes thyrtty Knyghtes that were men of grete honour.

And the laste batail that euer he dyde, he foughte with syre Launcelot, and that was a merueilous bataille. And not by force syr launcelot brought sir Tristram to the Courte, and of hym kynge Arthur made passynge grete ioye, and soo maade hym knyght of the table round, and his seate was where the good Knyghtes sir Marhaus seate was. Thenne was Kyng Marke passynge sory whanne he herd of the honour of sir Tristram, and soo they departed. Thenne said Kyng Marke vnto his two Knyghtes, Now wille I telle you my counceylle ye are the men that I trust moost to on lyue, and I wille that ye wete my comynge hyder is to this entente, for to destroye sir Tristram by wyles or by treason, and hit shalle be hard yf euer he escape our handes. Allas said sir Bersules what mene you, for ye be sette in suche a waye, ye are disposed shamefully. For sir Tristram is the Knyzt of moost worship that we knowe lyuynge. And therfor I warne you playnly I wyll neuer consente to doo hym to the dethe, and therfor I wyll yelde my seruyse, and forsake you. Whan kynge Mark herd hym say so, Sodenly he drewe his swerd and said A traitour, & smote syr Bersules on the hede that the suerd wente to his teeth.

Whanne Amant the knyghte sawe hym doo that vylaynous dede, and his squyers, they said hit was foul done, and meschyeuously, wherfore we wille doo the no more seruyse, and wete ye wel, we wil appeche the of treason afore Arthur.

Thenne was Kynge Marke wonderly wrothe, and wold haue slayne Amant, but he and the two squyers held them to gyders, and sette nought by his malyce. Whanne Kynge marke sawe he myght not be reuenged on them, he said thus vnto the Knyght Amant, wete thou wel, and thou apoeche me of treason, I shalle therof defende me afore Kynge Arthur, but I requyre the that thou telle not my name that I am Kyng mark what someuer com of me. As for that said sir Amant I wil not discouer your name, and soo they departed, and Amant and his felawes took the body of Bersules and buryed hit.

Capitulum Octauum.

THENNE kynge Mark rode tyl he came to a fontayne, and there he rested hym, and stode in a doubte whether he wold ryde to Arthurs courte or none, or retorne ageyne to his countrey. And as he thus rested hym by that fontayne, ther came by hym a knyght wel armed on horsbak, and he alyghte and teyed his hors vntyl a tree, and sette hym doune by the brynke of the fontayne, and there he made grete lāgour and dole, and made the dolefullest complaynte of loue, that euer man herd, and al this whyle was he not ware of kynge Marke. And this was a grete parte of his complaynte, he cryed and wepte sayenge O fayre Quene of Orkeney kynge Lots wyf and moder of sir Gawayne and to sire Gaheris and moder to many other, for thy loue I am in grete paynes. Thenne Kynge Marke arose and wente nere hym, and sayd, Fayr knyght ye haue made a pyteous complaynte. Truly said the knyght, hit is an honderd parte more reufullyr than my herte can vtter. I requyre you said Kyng Marke telle me your name. Sir said he as for my name I wil not hyde it from no knyght that bereth a shelde, and my name is sire Lamorak de galys. But whan sire Lamorak herd Kynge Mark speke thenne wist he wel by his speche that he was a Cornysshe knyght. Syr said sir Lamorak, I vnderstande by your tonge ye be of Cornewaile wherin there duelleth the shamefullest kynge that is now lyuynge, for he is a grete enemy to alle good knyghtes, and that preueth wel, for he hath chaced oute of that Countrey syr Tristram that is the worshipfullest knyght that now is lyuynge, and alle knyghtes speken of hym worship. And for Jalousnes of his quene he hath chaced hym oute of his countrey. Hit is pyte said sir Lamorak that euer ony suche fals knyght coward as kynge Marke is shold be matched with suche a fayre lady and good as la Beale Isoud is, for alle the world of hym speketh shame, and of her worshyp that ony Quene maye haue. I haue not adoo in this matere said kynge Marke, neyther noughte wille I speke therof, wel said, said syre Lamorak, syre can ye telle me ony tydynges. I can telle you said syr Lamorak, that there shalle be a grete turnement in hast besyde Camelot at the castel of Jagent, and the kynge with the C. knyztes & the kyng of Irland as I suppose make that turnement.

Thenne there came a knyght that was callid sire Dynadan, and salewed them bothe. And whan he wyst that kynge Marke was a knyght of Cornewaile, he repreued hym for the loue of kynge Marke a thousand fold more, than dyd sir lamorak, thenne he profered to Juste with kynge Mark, and he was ful lothe therto. But sir Dynadan edgyd hym soo, that he Justed with sir lamorak, & sir lamorak smote kyng marke so sore that he bare hym on his spere ende ouer his hors tayle. And thenne kynge Marke arose ageyne, and folowed after sir lamorak, but sir Dynadan wold not Juste with sire Lamorak. But he told kynge Marke that sire Lamorak was syre kay the seneschall, that is not soo said kynge Mark, for he is moche byggar than sir kay, and soo he folowed and ouertoke hym, and badde hym abyde. What wille ye doo said sir Lamorak. Syr he said, I will fyghte with a swerd, for ye haue shamed me with a spere. And ther with they dasshed to gyders with swerdes, and sir Lamorak suffred hym, and forbare hym. And kynge Marke was passyng hasty, and smote thycke strokes. Syr Lamorak sawe he wold not stynte and waxyd som what wrothe, and doubled his strokes, for he was one of the noblest knyghtes of the world, and he bete hym soo on the helme that his hede henge nyz on the sadel bowe. Whan sir lamorak sawe hym fare soo, he said, syr knyght what chere, me semeth ye haue nyghe your fylle of fyghtynge, hit were pyte to doo yow ony more harme, for ye are but a meane knyght, therfore I gyue you leue to goo where ye lyst. Gramercy said kyng Mark, For ye and I be not matches. Thenne sir dynadan mocked kyng Marke and said ye are not able to matche a good knyght, as for that said Kyng Mark at the first tyme that I Justed with this Knyzt ye refused hym. Thynke ye that it is a shame to me said syr Dynadan. Nay syr it is euer worship to a Knyzt to refuse that thyng that he may not atteyne, therfor your worship had ben moche more to haue refused hym as I dyd, for I warne you playnly he is able to bete suche fyue as ye, and I be, for ye Knyghtes of Cornewaile are no men of worship, as other Knyghtes are. And by cause ye are no men of worship, ye hate alle men of worship, for neuer was bredde in your countrey suche a Knyght as is sir Tristram.

Capitulum ix.

THENNE they rode forth alle to gyders, Kynge Mark, sir Lamorak & sir Dynadan tyl that they came to a brydge. And at the ende therof stode a fayre Toure. Thenne sawe they a Knyght on horsbak wel armed braundysshyng a spere cryenge and proferynge hym self to Juste. Now said sir Dynadan vnto Kyng Mark, yonder ar two bretheren that one hyght Aleyn, and the other hyghte Tryan that will Juste with ony that passeth this passage. Now profer your self said Dynadan to Kynge Mark, for euer ye be leide to the erthe. Thenne Kynge Marke was ashamed, and there with he feutryd hys spere, and hurtled to sir Tryan, and eyther brake their speres, all to pyeces, and passid thurgh anone. Thenne syr Trian sent Kynge Mark another spere to Juste more. But in no wyse he wold not Juste no more. Thenne they came to the castel al thre Knyghtes, and praid the lord of the castel of herburgh, ye are ryght welcome said the Knyghtes of the castel, for the loue of the lord of this castel, the whiche hyght sir Tor le fyse aries, & thenne they came in to a fayr courte wel repayred, and they had passynge good chere tyl the lieutenaunt of this castel that hyght Berluse, aspyed Kyng Marke of Cornewaile. Thenne said Berluse, syr Knyght I knowe you better than ye wene, for ye are Kynge Marke that slewe my fader afore myne owne eyen, and me hadde ye slayne hadde I not escaped in to a wood, but wete ye wel for the loue of my lord of this castel I will neyther hurte you ne harme you nor none of your felauship. But wete ye wel whan ye are past this lodgynge, I shalle hurte you and

I may, for ye slewe my fader traitourly. But fyrst for the loue of my lord sir Tor, and for the loue of sir Lamorak the honourable. Knyght that here is lodged ye shal haue none ylle lodgynge. For hit is pyte that euer ye shold be in the company of good Knyghtes, for ye ar the most vylaynous knyght or kynge that is now knowen on lyue, for ye are a destroyer of good knyghtes and alle that ye doo is but treason.

Capitulum x.

THENNE was Kynge Marke sore ashamed, and sayd but lytel ageyne. But whanne sir Lamorak and sir Dynadan wyst that he was kynge Marke, they were sory of his felauship. Soo after souper they wente to lodgynge. Soo on the morne they arose erly, and kynge Marke and sir Dynadan rode to gyders, and thre myle fro their lodgynge there met with hem thre knyghtes, and sir Berluse was one, and that other his two cosyns, Syr Berluse sawe kynge Marke, and thenne he cryed on hyghe traytour kepe the from me, for wete thou wel that I am Berluse. Syr knyght said sir Dynadan, I counceylle you to leue of at this tyme, for he is rydynge to Kynge Arthur. And by cause I haue promysed to conduyte hym to my lord kynge Arthur, nedes must I take a part with hym, how be hit I loue not his condycyon, and fayne I wold be from hym. Wel dynadan said sir Berluse me repenteth that ye wille take party with hym, but now doo your best. And theñe he hurtled to Kynge Marke and smote hym sore vpon the shelde, that he bare hym clene out of his sadel to the erthe.

That sawe sir Dynadan, and he feutryd his spere, and ranne to one of Berluses felawes, and smote hym doune of his sadel. Thenne Dynadan torned his hors, and smote the thyrdde knyght in the same wyse to the erthe, for sire Dynadan was a good knyght on horsbak, and there beganne a grete batail for Berluse and his felawes helde them to gyders strongly on fote. And soo thurgh the grete force of sir Dynadan, kyng Marke had Berluse to the erthe, and his two felawes fledde, and had not ben syre Dynadan kynge Mark wold haue slayne hym. And soo syre Dynadan rescowed hym of his lyf, for kynge Marke was but a murtherer. And thenne they took their horses, and departed, and lefte sir Berluse there sore woũded. Thenne kynge Mark and sir Dynadan rode forth a four leges englysshe tyl that they came to a brydge where houed a knyght on horsbak armed and redy to Juste. Loo sayd syr Dynadan vnto Kynge Marke, yonder houeth a Knyghte that wille Juste, for there shalle none passe this brydge, but he must Juste with that Knyght. Hit is wel said kynge marke for this Justes falleth with the. Syr Dynadan knewe the knyght wel, that he was a noble Knyght, and fayne he wold haue Justed, but he had had leuer Kyng Mark had Justed with hym, but by no meane kynge Marke wold not Juste. Thenne syr Dynadan myght not refuse hym in no maner. And thenne eyther dressid their speres and their sheldes, and smote to gyders soo that thorou fyne force syr Dynadan was smyten to the erthe, and lyghtely he arose vp, and gat his hors, and requyred that Knyght to doo bataille with suerdes. And he ansuerd and said Fair Knyght as at this tyme I may not haue adoo with you no more, for the customme of this passage is suche. Thenne was sir Dynadan passynge wrothe, that he myzt not be reuenged of that Knyghte, and soo he departed, and in no wyse wold that Knyght telle his name. But euer sir Dynadan thought he shold knowe hym by his shelde that it shold be sir Tor.

Capitulum xi.

Soo as they rode by the way, Kynge Mark thenne beganne to mocke sir Dynadan and said I wend yow Knyghtes of the table round myzt not in no wyse fynde their matches, ye say well said sir Dynadan, as for you on my lyfe I calle you none of the best knyghtes. But sythe ye haue such a despyte at me, I requyre you to Juste with me, to preue my strengthe. Not soo said Kynge Mark, for I wille not haue ado with you in no maner. But I requyre you of one thyng that whanne ye come to Arthurs courte discouer not my name, for I am there soo hated. It is shame to you said sir Dynadan, that ye gouerne you soo shamefully, for I see by you ye ar ful of cowardyse and ye are a murtherer, and that is the grettest shame that a Knyght may haue, for neuer a Knyght beynge a murtherer hath worship, nor neuer shalle haue, for I sawe but late thurz my force ye wold haue slayn sir Berluse a better Knyghte than ye, or euer ye shal be, & more of prowesse.

Thus they rode forth talkynge tyl they came to a fayre place where stood a knyght and prayd them to take their lodgynge with hym. Soo at the request of that knyght, they reposed them there and made them wel at ease, and had grete chere. For al arraunt knyghtes were welcome to hym, and specially alle tho of Arthurs courte. Thenne sire Dynadan demaunded his hoost what was the Knyghtes name that kepte the brydge. For what cause aske you it said his hoost, for hit is not long ago said syr Dynadan sythen he gaf me a falle. A fayr knyght said his hoost, therof haue ye no meruaylle for he is a passynge good knyght, and his name is sir Tor the sone of aries le vayshere. A said sir Dynadan was that sir Tor, for truly soo euer me thought. Ryght as they stode thus talkyng to gyders, they sawe come rydynge to them ouer a playne vi knyghtes of the courte of kynge Arthur wel armed at al poyntes. And there by theire sheldes sire Dynadan knewe them wel. The fyrst was the good knyght sir Uwayne the sone of Kynge Uryens, the second was the noble knyght sir Brandyles, the thyrd was Ozana le cure hardy, the fourthe was Uwayne les auenturous. The fyfthe was syr Agrauayne. The vi sir Mordred broder to sir Gawayne. Whanne sir Dynadan had sene these vi knyghtes, he thought in hym self he wold brynge kynge Marke by some wyle to Juste with one of them. And anone they toke their horses & ranne after these knyghtes wel a thre myle englysshe. Thennē was kynge Marke ware, where they sat al syxe aboute a welle, and ete and drank suche metes as they had, and their horses walkyng and somme teyed, and their sheldes henge in dyuerse places aboute them. Loo said sir Dynadan yonder ar Knyghtes arraunt that wyl Juste with vs. God forbede said Kynge Mark, for they be syx and we but two. As for that said sire Dynadan lete vs not spare, for I wille assaye the formest, and there with he maade hym redy. Whanne kynge Marke sawe hym doo soo as fast as sir Dynadan rode toward them Kynge Marke rode froward them with alle his mayneal meyny. Soo whan sire Dynadan sawe Kynge Marke was gone, he sette the spere oute of the reest, and threwe his sheld vpon his bak, and came rydynge to the felauship of the table round. And anone sire Uwayne knewe sir Dynadan, and welcomed hym, and soo dyd al his felauship.

Capitulum xii.

And thenne they asked hym of his adventures, & whether he had sene syr Tristram or sir launcelot. So god me helpe said sir Dynadan I sawe none of them sythen I departed from Camelot. What Knyght is that said sir Brandyles that soo sodenly departed from you, and rode ouer yonder felde. Syr said he, hit was a Knyghte of Cornewaile, and the moost horryble coward that euer bestrode hors. What is his name said alle these knyghtes. I wote not said sir Dynadan. Soo whan they had reposed them, and spoken to gyders, they took their horses, and rode to a castel where duellid an old knyght that made alle Knyghtes erraunt good chere. Thenne in the meane whyle that they were talkynge came in to the castel syr Gryflet le fyse de dieu, and there was he welcome, and they alle asked hym whether he had sene sire Launcelot or syre Tristram. Syrs he ansuerd I sawe hym not sythen he departed from Camelot. Soo as sir Dynadan walked and beheld the castel, there by in a chamber he aspyed Kynge Marke, and thenne he rebuked hym, and asked hym why he departed soo. Syr said he for I durst not abyde by cause they were so many. But how escaped ye said Kyng Mark, syr said sir Dynadan they were better frendes than I wend they had ben. who is Capytayn of that felauship said the Kynge. thenne for to fere hym sir Dynadan sayd that it was sir Launcelot. O Jhesu said the Kyng myghte I knowe sir Launcelot by his shelde, ye said Dynadan, for he bereth a shelde of syluer and black bendys. Alle this he said to fere the kyng, for sire launcelot was not in his felauship. Now I pray you said kyng Mark that ye wille ryde in my felauship, that is me lothe to doo said syre Dynadan by cause ye forsoke my felauship. Ryght soo sir Dynadan went from kyng Mark & wente to his own felauship and soo they mounted vpon their horses, & rode on their wayes, and talked of the Cornyssh knyghte, for Dynadan told them that he was in the castel where they were lodged, hit is wel said said sir Gryflet, for here haue I brought sir Dagonet kynge Arthurs foole that is the best felawe and the meryest, in the world. Wille ye doo wel said sir Dynadan I haue told the Cornysshe Knyght that here is sir Launcelot, and the Cornysshe Knyght asked me what shelde he bare. Truly I told hym that he bare the same shelde that sir Mordred bereth, wyl ye doo wel said sir Mordred I am hurte and maye not wel bere my shelde nor harneis. And therfore put my shelde and my harneis vpon sir Dagonet, and lete hym sette vpon the Cornysshe Knyght, that shalle be done said sir Dagonet by my feythe. Thenne anone was Dagonet armed hym in Mordreds harneis and his shelde, & he was sette on a grete hors & a spere in his hand. Now said Dagonet shewe me the Knyght, & I trowe I shalle bere hym doune. Soo alle these Knyghtes rode to a woode syde, and abode tyl Kynge Marke came by the way. Thenne they putte forth sir Dagonet, and he came on al the whyle his hors myght renne streyght vpon Kynge Mark. And whanne he came nyghe Kynge Marke, he cryed as he were wood, and said kepe the Knyghte of Cornewaile, for I will slee the. Anone as Kynge Marke beheld his shelde, he said to hym self, yonder is sir launcelot Allas now am I destroyed, and there with all he made his hors to renne as fast as it myghte thorugh thycke and thynne. And euer sire Dagonet folowed after Kynge Mark cryenge and rateynge hym as a wood man thurgh a grete forest, whanne sir Uwayne and sire Brandyles sawe dagonet soo chace Kynge Marke, they laughed all as they were wood. And thenne they toke theire horses, and rode after to see how sir Dagonet spedde, for they wold not for no good that sire Dagonet were shente, for Kyng Arthur loued hym passynge wel, and made hym Knyght his owne handes. And att euery turnement he beganne to make Kynge Arthur to laughe. Thenne the knyghtes rode here and there cryenge and chacyng after kynge Marke that alle the forest range of the noyse.

Capitulum xiii.

Soo kyng Mark rode by fortune by a welle in the way where stood a Knyght erraunte on horsbak armed att al poyntes with a grete spere in his hand. And whanne he sawe Kynge Marke comynge fleynge, he said Knyght retorne ageyne for shame and stand with me, & I shalle be thy waraunt. A fayr Knyght said Kyng Marke lete me passe, for yonder cometh after me the best knyght of the world with the blak bended shelde. Fy for shame said the knyght he is none of the worthy Knyghtes, and yf he were syre launcelot or sir Tristram I shold not doubte to mete the better of them bothe. Whanne Kynge Marke herd hym saye that word, he torned his hors and abode by hym. And thenne that stronge Knyght bare a spere to Dagonet, and smote hym so sore that he bare hym ouer his hors tayle, and nyghe he had broken his neck. And anone after hym came sir Brandyles, and whanne he sawe Dagonet haue that falle, he was passynge wrothe, and cryed Kepe the Knyght, and soo they hurtled to gyders wonder sore. But the Knyght smote sir Brandyles so sore that he wente to the erthe hors and man. Syre Uwayne came after and sawe alle this, Jhesu said he, yonder is a stronge Knyght. And thenne they feutryd their speres, and this Knyght came soo egerly that he smote doune sir Uwayne. Thenne came Ozana with the hardy hert, and he was smyten doune. Now said sire Gryflet by my counceyl lete vs sende to yonder arraunt Knyght, and wete whether he be of Arthurs Courte, for as I deme it is sir Lamorak de galys. Soo they sente vnto hym, and prayd the straunge Knyghte to telle his name, and whether he were of Arthurs courte or not. As for my name they shalle not wete, but telle hem I am a Knyzt arraunt as they ar, and lete them wete that I am no Knyghte of Kynge Arthurs Courte, and soo the squyer rode ageyne vnto them and told them his ansuer of hym. By my hede said sir Agrauayne he is one of the strongest Knyghtes that euer I sawe, for he hath ouerthrowen thre noble Knyghtes, and nedes we must encountre with hym for shame. So sir Agrauayne feutryd his spere, and that other was redy, & smote hym doune ouer his hors to the erthe. And in the same wyse he smote syr Uwayne les auoultres and also sir Gryflet, thenne had he serued hem alle, but sir Dynadan, for he was behynde, and sir Mordred was vnarmed and Dagonet had his harneis. Soo whan this was done this stronge Knyght rode on his way a softe paas, and kynge Marke rode after hym, praysynge hym mykel, but he wold ansuer no wordes, but syghed wonderly sore, hangynge doune his hede, takyng no hede to his wordes. Thus they rode wel a thre myle Englysshe, and thenne this Knyght called to hym a varlette, and badde hym ryde vntyl yonder fayr manoyre, and recommaunde me to the lady of that castel and place, and praye her to sende me refresshynge of good metes, and drynkes. And yf she aske the what I am, Telle her that I am the knyght that foloweth the Glatysaunt beest, that is in Englysshe to saye the questynge beeste for that beest where someuer he yede, he quested in the bely with suche a noyse, as it hadde ben a thyrtty couple of houndes.

Thenne the varlet wente his way and came to the manoyr and salewed the lady, and told her from whens he came. And whan she vnderstode that he came from the knyghte that folowed the questynge beeste, O swete lord Jhesu she sayd whan shalle I see that noble Knyghte my dere sone Palomydes. Allas wille he not abyde with me, and there with she swouned and wepte, and made passynge grete dole. And thenne also soone as she myghte she gaf the varlet alle that he axyd. And the varlet retorned vnto sir Palomydes, for he was a varlet of kynge Marke. And as soone as he came, he told the knyghtes name was sir Palomydes. I am wel pleasyd said kynge Marke but holde the styll and seye no thynge.

Thenne they alyghte and sette them doune and reposed them a whyle. Anone with alle kynge Marke felle on slepe, whanne syre Palomydes sawe hym sound a slepe, he took his hors and rode his way and said to them, I wille not be in the companye of a slepynge Knyghte. And soo he rode forthe a grete paas.

Capitulum xiiii.

Now torne we vnto sire Dynadan that fonde these seuen knyghtes passynge heuy. And whanne he wyste how that they sped, as heuy was he, my lord Uwayne said Dynadan, I dare ley my hede it is sir Lamorak de galys. I promyse you alle, I shalle finde hym, and he may be founde in this countrey, and soo syre Dynadan rode after this knyghte. And so dyd kyng Marke that sought hym thurgh the forest. Soo as Kyng Mark rode after sir Palomydes, he herd a noyse of a man, that made grete dole. Thenne kyng Mark rode as nyghe that noyse as he myght and as he durst. Thenne was he ware of a knyght that was descended of his hors, and hadde putte of his helme, and there he made a pyteous complaynte, and a dolorous of loue.

Now leue we that, and talke we of sire Dynadan that rode to seke syr Palomydes. And as he came within a foreste, he mette with a Knyght a chacer of a dere. Syr said sire Dynadan mette ye with a Knyghte with a shelde of syluer, and lyons hedes, ye fayr knyghte sayd the other, with suche a knyght mette I with but a whyle agone, and strayte yonder waye he yede. Gramercy said sir Dynadan, for myght I fynde the trak of his hors I shold not fayle to fynde that Knyghte. Ryghte so as sir Dynadan rode in the euen late, he herd a doleful noyse as it were of a man. Thenne sir Dynadan rode toward that noyse. And whanne he came nyghe that noyse, he alyghte of his hors, and wente nere hym on foote. Thenne was he ware of a knyght that stood vnder a tree and his hors teyed by hym, and the helme of his hede, and euer that knyght made a doleful complaynte as euer made knyghte. And alwayes he made his complaynte of la Beale Isoud the Quene of Cornewaile, and said A fayr lady why loue I the, for thou art fayrest of alle other, and yet shewest thou neuer loue to me, nor bounte. Allas yet must I loue the. And I may not blame the fayre lady, for myn eyen ben cause of this sorowe. And yet to loue the I am but a foole, for the best knyghte of the world loueth the, and ye hym ageyne, that is sir Tristram de Lyones. And the falsest kynge and Knyghte is youre husband, and the moost coward and ful of treason is your lord kyng marke. Allas that euer so fayre a lady and pyerles of alle other shold be matched with the moost vylaynous knyght of the world. Alle this langage herd Kynge Marke, what sir Palomydes said by hym, wherfore he was adradde, whanne he sawe sire Dynadan lest and he aspyed hym, that he wold telle syre Palomydes that he was Kynge Marke, and therefor he withdrewe hym and took his hors and rode to his men where he commaunded hem to abyde. And soo he rode as fast as he myght vnto Camelot, & the same day he fonde there Amant the Knyght redy that afore Arthur had appeled hym of treason, and soo lyghtely the Kynge commaunded them to do bataile. And by mysauenture kynge Marke smote Amant thorugh the body. And yet was Amant in the ryghtuous quarel. And ryghte soo he took his hors and departed from the court for drede of sir Dynadan that he wold telle syr Tristram and sir Palomydes what he was. Thenne were ther maydens, that la Beale Isoud hadde sente to sire Tristram that knewe sir Amant wel.

Capitulum xv.

THENNE by the lycence of Kynge Arthur, they went to hym and spak with hym, for whyle the troncheon of the spere stake in his body he spak. A fayr damoysels said Amant, recommaūde me vnto la Beale Isoud, and telle her that I am slayn for the loue of her and of sir Tristram. And there he told the damoysels how cowardly Kyng Mark had slayne hym and sire Bersyles his felawe. And for that dede I appeled hym of treason, and here am I slayne in a ryghtuous quarel, and alle was by cause of sir Bersyles & I wold not consente by treason to slee the noble knyght sir tristram. Thenne the two maydens cryed alowde that alle the courte myght here it, and said O swete lord Jhesu that knowest alle hydde thynges, why suffrest thow soo fals a traytour to vaynquysshe and slee a trewe knyght that fought in a ryghtuous quarel. Thenne anone hit was spronge to the Kyng and the quene and to alle the lordes that it was kynge Mark that had slayne syr Amant, and sire Bersules afore hand, wherfor they dyd theire bataille. Thenne was Kyng Arthur wroth oute of mesure, and so were alle the other knyghtes.

But whanne sire Tristram knewe alle the matere, he maade grete dole and sorowe oute of mesure, and wepte for sorou for the losse of the noble knyghtes syr Bersyles & of sir Amant. Whanne sir Launcelot aspyed sir Tristram wepe, he wente hastely to Kynge Arthur and said syre I pray you gyue me leue to retorne ageyne to yonder fals kynge and knyghte. I pray yow said kynge Arthur, fetche hym ageyne, but I wold not that ye slewe hym for my worship. Thenne sir launcelot armed hym in alle haste, and mounted vpon a grete hors, & toke a spere in his hand and rode after kynge Marke. And from thens a thre myle englysshe, sir launcelot ouertook hym, and badde hym torne recreaunt kyng and knyght. For whyder thou wilt or not thow shalt go with me to kyng Arthurs Courte. Kynge Marke retorned and loked vpon sir Launcelot, and said Faire syr what is your name, wete thou wel said he my name is sire Launcelot, and therfor defende the. And whanne Kynge Marke wiste that it was sire Launcelot, and came soo fast vpon hym with a spere, he cryed thenne on lowde I yelde me to the sir launcelot, honourable Knyghte. But sire Launcelot wold not here hym, but came fast vpon hym, kyng Marke sawe that, and maade no defence but tombled adoune oute of his sadel to the erthe as a sak, and there he lay stylle, and cryed sire launcelot mercy. Aryse recreaunt knyghte and Kynge, I wylle not fyghte said Kynge Marke. But whether that ye wille I wil goo with yow.

Allas Allas said sire Launcelot that I maye not gyue the one buffet for the loue of sire Tristram and of la Beale Isoud And for the two knyghtes that thou hast slayne traitourly. And soo he mounted vpon his hors and brouzt hym to kyng Arthur, and there Kynge Marke alyghte in that same place and threwe his helme from hym vpon the erthe, and his suerd and fylle flat to the erthe of kynge Arthurs feet and putte hym in his grace and mercy. Soo god me help said Arthur ye are welcome in a maner, and in a maner ye ar not welcome. In this maner ye are welcome that ye come hyder maulgre thy hede as I suppose. That is trouthe said kynge Marke, and els I had not ben here. For my lord sir launcelot brought me hyder thurgh his fyne force, and to hym am I yolden to as recreaunt. Wel said Arthur ye vnderstande ye oughte to doo me seruyse, homage and feaute. And neuer wold ye doo me none, but euer ye haue ben ageynst me, and a destroyer of my knyghtes, now, how wille ye acquyte you. Sir said Kynge Marke, Ryght as your lordship will requyre me vnto my power, I wille make a large amendys. For he was a fayre speker and fals there vnder. Thenne for grete pleasyr of syr Tristram to make them tweyne accorded, the kyng with held kynge Marke, as at that tyme, and made a broken loue day bitwene them.

Capitulum xvi.

Now torne we ageyne vnto sir Palomydes how sir Dynadan comforted hym in alle that he myghte from his grete sorow. What Knyghte are ye said sir Palomydes, syre I am a knyght erraunt as ye be that hath soughte you longe by your sheld. Here is my sheld said sir Palomydes, wete ye wel and ye wille oughte, there with I wille defende hit. Nay said sir Dynadan I wille not haue adoo with yow, but in good maner. And yf ye wil ye shal fynde me sone redy. Syr said sir Dynadan whyder ward ryde you this way. By my hede sayd sir Palomydes I wote not but as fortune ledeth me. Herde ye or sawe ye ought of sir Tristram. So god me help of sir Tristram I bothe herd and sawe, and not, for thenne we loued not Inwardly wel to gyders, yet at my meschyef sir Tristram rescowed me from my dethe, and yet or he and I departed by bothe our assentes we assigned a day that we shold haue met at the stony graue, that merlyon sette besyde Camelot, & there to haue done bataille to gyders, how be hit I was letted sayd sir Palomydes that I myght not holde my daye, the whiche greueth me sore, but I haue a large excuse. For I was prysoner with a lord and many other moo, and that shalle syre Tristram ryght wel vnderstande, y^t I brake hit not of fere of cowardyse. And thenne sir Palomydes told sir Dynadan the same day that they shold haue mette. Soo god me helpe sayd syre Dynadan that same day mette sire Launcelot and sir Tristram at the same graue of stone. And there was the moost myghtyest bataille that euer was sene in this land betwyxe two knyghtes, for they fought more than two houres. And there they bothe bledde soo moche blood, that alle men merueyled that euer they myght endure hit.

And so at the laste by bothe their assentes they were made frendes and sworne bretheren for euer, and no man can Juge the better knyght. And now is sir Tristram made a Knyghte of the round table, and he sytteth in the sege of the noble knyght sire Marhaus. By my hede said sir Palomydes syre Tristram is ferre bygger than sir Launcelot, and the hardyer Knyghte. Haue ye assayed them bothe saide syre Dynadan. I haue sene syre Tristram fyghte said syre Palomydes, but neuer sire Launcelot, to my wetynge. But at the fontayne where sire Launcelot laye on slepe there with one spere he smote doune sire Tristram, and me said Palomydes, but at that tyme they knewe not eyther other.

Faire Knyghte said sir Dynadan as for sir launcelot and sir Tristram lete them be, for the werst of them wille not be lyghtly matched of no knyghtes that I knowe lyuynge.

No said sire Palomydes god defende but and I had a quarel to the better of them bothe, I wold with as good a wylle fyghte with hym as with you.

Syre I requyre you telle me your name and in good feith I shalle hold you company, tyl that we come to Camelot, and there shall ye haue grete worship now at this grete turnement for there shalle be the Quene Gueneuer, and la Beale Isoud of Cornewaile. Wete yow wel syre Knyght for the loue of la Beale Isoud I wille be there and els not, but I wille not haue adoo in Kynge Arthurs courte. Sir said Dynadan I shal ryde with yow and doo you seruyse, so ye wille telle me youre name. Syre ye shalle vnderstande my name is syre palomydes brother to Safere the good and noble Knyghte. And Syre Segwarydes and I we be Sarasyns borne of fader and moder. Syre said syre Dynadan I thanke you moche, for the tellyng of your name. For I am gladde of that I knowe your name, & I promyse you by the feyth of my body ye shalle not be hurte by me by my will, but rather be auaunced. And therto wille I helpe yow with all my power I promyse you, doubte ye not. And certaynly on my lyf ye shalle wynne grete worship in the Courte of Kynge Arthur, And be ryght welcome. Soo thenne they dressid on their helmes, & putte on their sheldes, & mounted vpon their horses, and toke the brode way toward Camelot. And thenne were they ware of a castel, that was fayre and ryche, and also passyng strong as ony was within this reame.

Capitulum xvii.

Syr Palomydes said Dynadan here is a Castell that I knowe wel, and therin duelleth Quene Morgan le fay Kynge Arthurs syster. And kynge Arthur gafe her this Castel, the whiche he hath repented hym sythen a thousand tymes, for sythen kynge Arthur and she haue ben at debate and stryfe, but this castel coude he neuer gete nor wynne of her by no maner of engyne. And euer as she myght she made werre on kynge Arthur. And alle daungerous knyghtes she with holdeth with her for to destroye alle these knyghtes that Kynge Arthur loueth. And there shalle noo Knyghte passe this way but he muste Juste with one knyght or with two or with thre. And yf hit happe that Kyng Arthurs knyght be beten, he shal lese his hors and his harneis, and alle that he hath, and hard yf that he escape, but that he shalle be prysoner.

Soo god me helpe said Palomydes this is a shameful customme and a vylaynous vsaunce for a Quene to vse. And namely to make suche werre vpon her owne lord, that is called the floure of chyualry that is Crysten or hethen, and with alle my hert I wold destroye that shameful customme. And I wille that alle the world wete she shalle haue no seruyse of me. And yf she sende oute ony knyghtes, as I suppose she wil for to Juste they shalle haue bothe their handes ful.

And I shalle not fayle you said sir Dynadan vnto my puyssaunce vpon my lyf. Soo as they stode on horsbak afore the Castel, there came a Knyght with a reed sheld and ii squyers after hym. And he came streyght vnto syre Palomydes the good Knyghte, and sayd to hym, Fayre and gentyl Knyzt erraunt I requyre the for the loue thou owest vnto knyghthode that ye wille not haue adone here with these men of thys Castell, for this was sire Lamorack that thus said. For I came hydder to seke this dede, and hit is my request. And therfor I biseche you knyght lete me dele, and yf I be beten, reuenge me. In the name of god said Palomydes, lete see how ye wil spede, and we shalle behold you. Thenne anone came forth a knyght of the Castel and profered to Juste with the knyzte with the reed sheld. Anone they encountred to gyders, and he with the reed shelde smote hym soo hard that he bare hym ouer to the erthe. There with anone came another Knyght of the castel, and he was smyten so sore that he auoyded his sadel. And forth with alle came the thyrd knyghte, and the knyght with the reed shelde smote hym to the erthe. Thenne came sir Palomydes and besought hym that he myght helpe hym to Juste. Faire knyght said he vnto hym suffre me as at this tyme to haue my wylle. For and they were twenty knyghtes I shalle not doubte them. And euer there were vpon the wallys of the castel many lordes and ladyes that cryed and said wel haue ye Justed knyght with the reed shelde. But as soone as the Knyght had smyten hem doune, his squyer toke their horses, & auoyded their sadels and brydels of the horses, and tourned them in to the forest, and made the knyghtes to be kepte to the ende of the Justes. Ryght soo came oute of the castel the fourth Knyght, and fresshly proferd to Juste with the knyghte with the reed shelde, and he was redy, and he smote hym soo hard, that hors and man felle to the erthe, & the knyghtes bak brak with the falle and his neck also. O Jhesu said syr Palomydes that yonder is a passyng good knyzt, and the best Juster that euer I sawe. By my hede said sir Dynadan he is as good as euer was sir launcelot or sir Tristram what knyghte someuer he be.

Capitulum xviii.

THENNE forthe with alle came a knyght oute of the castel with a shelde bended with blak and with whyte. And anone the knyghte with the reede shelde and he encountred soo hard, that he smote the Knyght of the Castel thorou the bended shelde and thurgh the body, and brake the hors bak. Faire Knyghte said syr Palomydes ye haue ouer moche on hand, therfor I praye you lete me Juste, for ye had nede to be reposed. Why sir said the knyght, seme ye that I am weyke and feble, and sir me thynketh ye profer me wrong and to me shame whan I doo wel ynough. I telle yow now as I told you erst, for and they were twenty knyztes I shal bete them. And yf I be beten or slayne thenne may ye reuenge me. And yf ye thynke that I be wery, and ye haue an appetyte to Juste with me, I shalle fynde you Justynge ynough. Syr said Palomydes I said it not by cause I wold Juste with you, but me semeth that ye haue ouer moche on hand, & therfor and ye were gentyl said the Knyght with the reed sheld ye shold not profer me shame, therfor I requyre you to Juste with me, and ye shalle fynde that I am not wery. Syth ye requyre me said sir palomydes, take kepe to your self. Thenne they two Knyztes came to gyders as fast as their horses myght renne, and the Knyght smote sir Palomydes so sore on the shelde that the spere wente in to his syde a grete wounde and a perillous. And there with alle sir Palomydes auoyded his sadel. And that Knyght torned vnto sir Dynadan. And when he sawe hym comynge, he cryed a loude and said, syr I wyll not haue ado with you, but for that he lete it not, but cam streyghte vpon hym. Soo sire Dynadan for shame put forthe hys spere and alle to sheuerd hit vpon the Knyght. But he smote syr Dynadan ageyne soo hard that he smote hym clene from his sadel, but their horses he wold not suffre his squyers to medle with, and by cause they were knyghtes erraunt. Thenne he dressid him ageyne to the castel and Justed with seuen knyztes moo, and there was none of hem myght withstande hym, but bare hym to the erthe. And of these twelue Knyghtes he slewe in playne Justes four. And the eyght knyghtes he made them to swere on the crosse of a suerd, that they shold neuer vse the euylle custommes of the castel. And whan he had made them to swere that othe, he lete them passe. And euer stode the lordes and the ladyes on the Castel walles cryeng and sayenge, knyghte with the reed shelde ye haue merueyllously wel done as euer we sawe Knyght doo. And therwith came a knyght oute of the Castel vnarmed and said, Knyghte with the reed sheld ouer moche dammage hast thou done to vs this day, therfor retorne whyther thou wilt, for here ar no moo wille haue adoo with the, for we repente sore that euer thow camest here, for by the is fordone the old customme of this castel. And with that word he tourned ageyne in to the Castel, and shytte the yates. Thenne the knyght with the reede sheld torned and called his squyers, and so past forth on his waye and rode a grete paas. And whanne he was past sire Palomydes wente to sir Dynadan and said I had neuer suche a shame of one Knyght that euer I met. And therefore I caste me to ryde after hym, and to be reuenged with my swerd, for a horsbak I deme I shalle gete no worship of hym. Syre Palomydes said Dynadan ye shalle not medle with hym by my counceil for ye shal gete no worship of hym, and for this cause, ye haue sene hym this day haue had ouer moche to done, & ouer moche trauailed. By almyzty Jhesu said Palomydes I shall neuer be at ease tyl that I haue had adoo with hym. Syr said Dynadan I shalle gyue you my beholdynge, wel said Palomydes, thenne shall ye see how we shalle redresse our myghtes. Soo they took their horses of their varlets, and rode after the Knyght with the reed shelde, & doune in a valey besyde a fontayne they were ware where he was alyghte to repose hym, and had done of his helme, for to drynke at the welle.

Capitulum xix.

THENNE Palomydes rode faste tyl he came nyghe hym. And thēne he said Knyght remembre ye of the shame ye dyd to me ryght now at the Castel, therfore dresse the, for I wille haue adoo with the. Fair knyzt said he to Palomydes of me ye wynne no worship, for ye haue sene this daye that I haue ben trauailed sore. As for that said Palomydes I wille not lete, for wete ye wel I wil be reuenged. Wel said the knyght I may happen to endure you. And there with all he moūted vpon his hors and took a grete spere in his hand redy for to Juste. Nay said palomydes I wille not Juste, for I am sure at Justynge I gete no pryce. Fair knyght said that Knyghte It wold biseme a knyght to Juste and to fyghte on horsbak ye shalle see what I wille doo said Palomydes, and therwith he alyghte doune vpon foote, and dressid his shelde afore hym and pulled oute his swerd. Thenne the knyghte with the reed sheld descended doune from his hors, and dressid his sheld afore hym, and soo he drewe oute his suerd. And thenne they came to gyders a softe paas, and wonderly they lasshed to gyders passyng thyck the moūtenaunce of an houre, or euer they brethed. Thenne they tracyd and trauercyd and waxed wonderly wrothe, and eyther behyght other dethe, they hewe so fast with their suerdes that they cutte in doune half theire swerdes, and mayles that the bare flesshe in some place stode aboue theyr harneis. And whan sir Palomydes beheld his felawes swerd ouer hylled with his blood, hit greued hym sore, some whyle they fayned, some whyle they strake as wyld men.

But at the last sir Palomydes waxed faynte by cause of his first wounde that he had atte castel with a spere, for that wound greued hym wonderly sore. Faire knyght said Palomydes me semeth we haue assayed eyther other passyng sore, and yf hit may please the, I requyre the of thy knyghthode telle me thy name. Sir said the knyzt to Palomydes, that is me loth to doo, for thou hast done me wronge, and no knyghthode to profer me bataille, consyderynge my grete trauaylle. But and thou wolt telle me thy name, I wille telle the myn. Syr said he wete thou wel my name is palomydes. A syr ye shall vnderstande my name is sir Lamorak de galys, sone and heyre vnto the good knyghte and kynge, kynge Pellenore, and syr Tor the good knyght is my half broder. Whanne sire Palomydes herd hym saye soo he kneled doune and asked mercy for oultragyously haue I done to you this daye, consyderyng the grete dedes of armes I haue sene you done, shamefully and vnknyghtely I haue requyred you to doo bataille. A syre Palomydes said sir Lamorak, ouer moche haue ye done and sayd to me. And ther with he enbraced hym with his both handes, and said Palomydes the worthy knyght in alle this land is noo better than ye nor more of prowesse, and me repentyd sore that we shold fyghte to gyders. So it doth not me said sir Palomydes, and yet am I sorer wounded than ye ben. But as for that I shalle soone therof be hole. But certaynly I wold not for the fayrest castel in this land, but yf thou and I had met for I shalle loue you the dayes of my lyfe afore al other knyghtes excepte my broder sir Safere. I saye the same said syre Lamorak excepte my broder sir Tor. Thenne came sire Dynadan, and he made grete ioye of sir Lamorak.. Thenne theire squyers dressid bothe their sheldes and their harneis, and stopped their woundes. And there by at a pryory they rested them alle nyghte.

Capitulum xx.

Now torne we ageyne, whan sire Gaynys and sir brandyles with his felawes came to the Courte of kyng Arthur, they told the kynge, syr Launcelot and sir Tristram, how sire Dagonet the foole chaced Kynge Marke thurgh the forest, and how the stronge knyght smote them doune al seuen with one spere. There was grete laughynge and japynge atte Kynge Marke and at sire Dagonet. But alle these knyghtes coude not telle what knyzt it was that rescowed kyng mark. Thenne they asked kynge Marke yf that he knewe hym, and he ansuerd and said, he named hym self the Knyght that folowed the questynge beest, and on that name he sente one of my varlets to a place where was his moder, and when she herd from whens he cam, she made passyng grete dole and discouerd to my varlet his name and said, O my dere sone sire Palomydes why wolt thou not see me, and therfor syr said kyng mark it is to vnderstande his name is sir Palomydes a noble knyght. Thenne were alle these seuen knyghtes gladde that they knewe his name. Now torne we ageyne, for on the morne they toke their horses bothe sir Lamorak, Palomydes, Dynadā with their squyers and varlets tyl they sawe a fayre castel, that stood on a montayne wel closed, and thyder they rode and there they fond a knyght that hyght Galahalt that was lord of that castel, and there they had grete chere and were wel eased. Syr Dynadan said sire Lamorak what wil ye do. O sir said Dynadan, I wylle to morowe to the courte of kynge Arthur. By my hede said sir Palomydes I wille not ryde these thre dayes, for I am sore hurte, and moche haue I bled, And therfor I wille repose me here. Truly said sir Lamorak, and I wille abyde here with you. And whan ye ryde, thenne wille I ryde, onles that ye tary ouer longe. Thenne wyll I take myn hors, therfor I pray you syr Dynadan abyde and ryde with vs. Feythfully said Dynadan I wylle not abyde for I haue suche a talent to see sir Tristram that I may not abyde longe from hym. A Dynadan said syre Palomydes now do I vnderstande, that ye loue my mortal enemy, and therfore how shold I trust yow. Wel said Dynadan I loue my lord syre Tristram aboue all other, and hym wille I serue and do honoure. So shalle I said syre Lamorak in al that may lye in my power. Soo on the morne sir Dynadan rode vnto the court of kynge Arthur. And by the way as he rode he sawe where stode an erraunt Knyght, and made hym redy for to Juste. Not soo said Dynadan for I haue no wylle to Juste, with me shalle ye Juste said the knyght or that ye passe this waye. Whether aske ye Justes by loue or by hate. The knyght ansuerd wete ye wel, I aske hit for loue & not for hate, hit maye wel be soo said syre Dynadan, but ye profer me hard loue, whan ye wylle Juste with me with a sharp spere. But fayre knyghte sayd syre Dynadan sythe ye wylle Juste with me mete wyth me in the Courte of Kynge Arthur, and there shalle I Juste with you. Wel said the Knyght sythe ye wille not Juste with me I pray yow telle me your name. Syr knyght said he my name is syre Dynadan. A said the Knyghte, ful wel knowe I you for a good knyghte and a gentyl, and wete yow wel I loue you hertely. Thenne shalle here be no Justes sayd Dynadan betwixe vs. Soo they departed. And the same day he came to Camelot where lay Kynge Arthur. And there he salewed the Kynge and the quene, syre Launcelot and syre Tristram, and alle the Courte was gladde of sir Dynadan, for he was gentyl wyse and curteys, and a good Knyghte. And in especyal the valyaunt Knyght sir Tristram loued syre Dynadan passyng wel aboue alle other knyghtes sauf sir launcelot. Thenne the kynge asked syr Dynadan what aduentures he had sene. Sire said Dynadan I haue sene many aduentures, and of somme kyng mark knoweth, but not alle. Thenne the Kynge herkened syr Dynadan how he told that sir Palomydes and he were afore the castel of Morgan le fay, and how syr Lamorak toke the Justes afore them, and how he foriusted twelue Knyghtes, and of them four he slewe. And how after he smote doune sir Palomydes and me bothe. I may not byleue that sayd the kynge. For sir Palomydes is a passyng good knyghte, that is very trouthe said sir Dynadan, but yet I sawe hym better preued hand for hand. And thenne he told the kyng alle that batail. And how sir Palomydes was more weyker and more hurte, and more lost of his blood. And withoute doubte sayd sir dynadan had the bataille lenger lasted, palomydes had be slayn. O Jhesu said Kynge Arthur this is to me a grete merueylle. Syr said Tristram merueylle ye no thynge therof, for at myn aduys, there is not a valyaunter knyghte in the world lyuynge, for I knowe his myght. And now I wille saye yow I was neuer soo wery of knyghte but yf it were sir launcelot. And there is no knyghte in the world excepte syr Launcelot I wold dyd soo wel as sir Lamorak. Soo god me help said the kyng I wold that knyght syre Lamorak came to thys Courte, syr said Dynadan he wille be here in shorte space, and syr Palomydes bothe, but I fere that Palomydes may not yet trauayle.

Capitulum xxi.

THENNE within thre dayes after the kynge lete make a Justyng at a pryory. And there made hem redy many Knyghtes of the round table. For syr Gawayne and his bretherē made them redy to Juste. But Tristram, Laũcelot nor Dynadan wold not Juste, but suffred sir Gawayne for the loue of kyng Arthur with his bretheren to wynne the gree yf they myght. Thenne on the morne they apparayled them to Juste, syr Gawayne and his four bretheren, and dyd there grete dedes of armes, and sir Ector de marys dyd merueyllously wel. But sire Gawayne passed alle that felauship, wherfore kynge Arthur and alle the knyghtes gafe sire Gawayne the honour at the begynnynge. Ryght soo kynge Arthur was ware of a knyght and two squyers, the whiche came oute of a forest syde with a sheld couerd with leder, And thenne he came slyly and hurtlyd here and there. And anone with one spere he had smyten doune two knyghtes of the round table. Thenne with his hurtlyng he lost the keuerynge of his sheld, thenne was the kynge and alle other ware that he bare a reed shelde. O Jhesu saide Kynge Arthur see where rydeth a stoute Knyghte he with the reed shelde. And there was noyse & cryenge Beware the knyght with the reed shelde. Soo within a lytel whyle he had ouerthrowen thre bretheren of sire Gawayns. Soo god me help said Kynge Arthur me semeth yonder is the best Juster that euer I sawe, with that he sawe hym encountre with sire Gawayne, and he smote hym doune with soo grete force that he made his hors to auoyde his sadel. How now said the Kyng sire Gawayne hath a falle, wel were me, and I knewe what knyght he were with the reed shelde, I knowe hym wel said Dynadan, but as at this tyme ye shalle not knowe his name. By my hede said syr Tristram he Justed better than sir Palomydes. And yf ye lyst to knowe his name, wete ye wel his name is sir Lamorak de galys. As they stode thus talkynge, sire Gawayne and he encountred to gyders ageyne. And there he smote sir Gawayne from his hors, and brysed hym sore. And in the syghte of Kynge Arthur he smote doune twenty knyghtes besyde sire Gawayne and his bretheren. And soo clerely was the pryce yeuen hym as a knyght pyerles. Thenne slyly and merueyllously syr Lamorak with drewe hym from alle the felauship in to the forest syde. Al this aspyed Kynge Arthur, for his eye wente neuer from hym.

Thenne the Kynge syr Launcelot syr Tristram and syr dynadan took theire hackneis, and rode streyght after the good knyght syr Lamorak de galys, And there fond hym. And thus said the kyng, A fayr knyght wel be ye fonde. Whanne he sawe the kynge, he put of his helme and salewed hym, and whanne he sawe sir Tristram, he alyghte doun of his hors and ranne to hym to take hym by the thyes, but sir Tristram wold not suffre hym, but he alyghte or that he came, and eyder took other in armes, and made grete ioye of other. The kynge was gladde, and also was alle the felauship of the round table, excepte sire Gawayne and his bretheren. And whanne they wyst that he was syre Lamorak, they had grete despyte at hym and were wonderly wrothe with hym, that he had putte hym to dishonour that day. Thenne Gawayn called pryuely in coũceille alle his bretheren, and to them said thus, Faire bretheren here may ye see whome that we hate, kynge Arthur loueth, And whome that we loue he hateth. And wete ye wel my fayr bretheren, that this sir Lamorak wille neuer loue vs, bycause we slewe his fader Kynge Pellenore, for we demed that he slewe our fader Kynge of Orkeney. And for the despyte of Pellenore syr Lamorak dyd vs a shame to oure moder, therfore I wille be reuenged. Syr said sir Gawayns bretheren, lete see how ye wylle or maye be reuenged, and ye shalle fynde vs redy. Wel said Gawayne hold you stylle and we shalle aspye oure tyme.

Capitulum xxii.

Now passe we oure matere, and leue we sire Gawayn and speke of Kynge Arthur that on a day sayd vnto Kynge Marke, Syr I pray yow gyue me a yefte that I shall axe yow. Syr said Kyng Mark I will gyue you what someuer ye desyre and hit be in my power. Syre gramercy said Arthur. This I wille aske yow that ye wille be good lord vnto sir Tristram, for he is a man of grete honour, and that ye wille take hym with yow in to Cornewaile, & lete hym see his frendes, and there cherysshe hym for my sake. Syre said Kynge Marke I promyse yow by the feythe of my body and by the feythe that I owe to god and to yow I shalle worshippe hym for your sake in alle that I can or may. Syr said Arthur, and I wylle forgyue yow alle the euylle wylle that euer I oughte yow, and so be that ye swere that vpon a book afore me. With a good wille said Kynge Marke, and soo he there sware vpon a book afore hym and alle his knyghtes, & ther with kynge Mark and sire Tristram toke eyther other by the handes hard knyt to gyders. But for alle this kynge marke thought falsly, as it preued after, for he put sir Tristram in pryson, and cowardly wold haue slayne hym. Thenne soone after kynge Marke took his leue to ryde in to Cornewayl, and sir Tristram made hym redy to ryde with hym, wherof the moost party of the round table were wrothe and heuy, & in especial sir launcelot and sire Lamorak and sir Dynadan were wrothe oute of mesure. For wel they wyst kyng Marke wold slee or destroye sir Tristram. Allas said Dynadan that my lord syr Tristram shalle departe, and sir Tristram toke suche sorowe that he was amasyd lyke a foole.

Allas said sir Launcelot vnto kynge Arthur what haue ye done, for ye shall lese the moost man of worship that euer cam in to your court. It was his owne desyre said Arthur, and therfore I myghte not doo with alle, for I haue done alle that I can and made them at accord. Accord said sir launcelot fy vpon that accord. For ye shalle here that he shalle slee sir Tristram, or put hym in a pryson, for he is the moost coward and the vylaynst kyng and knyght that is now lyuyng. And ther with sire Launcelot departed, and cam to kynge Mark, and said to hym thus. Syr kyng wete thow wel the good knyght sir Tristram shalle goo with the. Beware I rede the of treason, for and thou meschyeue that knyght by ony maner of falshede or treson by the feythe I owe to god and to the ordre of knyghthode I shall slee the myn owne handes. Syr launcelot said the kyng ouer moche haue ye said to me, and I haue sworne and said ouer largely afore kynge Arthur in herynge of alle his knyghtes, that I shal not sle nor bitraye hym. It were to me ouer moche shame to breke my promyse, ye saye wel said sir Launcelot but ye are called so fals and ful of treason that no man may byleue yow. For soth it is knowen wel wherfor ye came in to this countrey, and for none other cause but for slee sir tristram. Soo with grete dole Kynge Marke and sir Tristram rode to gyders, for hit was by sir Tristrams wil and his meanes to goo with kyng Marke and all was for the entente to see la Beale Isoud, for without the syghte of her syr Tristrā myght not endure.

Capitulum xxiii.

Now torne we ageyne vnto sire Lamorak, and speke we of his bretheren, syr Tor whiche was kynge Pellenors fyrst sone and bygoten of Aryes wyf the couherd for he was a bastard and sire Aglouale was his fyrste sone begoten in wedlok, syre Lamorak, Dornar, Percyuale, these were his sones to in wedlok. Soo whanne kynge Marke and sire Tristram were departed from the Courte, there was made grete dole and sorowe for the departynge of sir Tristram. Thenne the kynge and his knyghtes made no manere of joyes eyghte dayes after.

And atte eyghte dayes ende ther cam to the courte a knyghte with a yonge squyer with hym.

And whanne this knyghte was vnarmed, he went to the kynge and requyred hym to make the yonge squyer a knyghte. Of what lygnage is he come said Kynge Arthur. Syre sayd the knyght he is the sone of kyng Pellenore that dyd you som tyme good seruyse, And he is broder vnto syr Lamorak de galys the good knyghte. Wel sayd the kynge for what cause desyre ye that of me that I shold make hym knyghte, wete you wel my lord the Kynge that this yonge squyer is broder to me as wel as to sir Lamorak, and my name is Aglauale. Syre Aglauale sayd Arthur for the loue of sire Lamorak and for his faders loue he shalle be made knyghte to morowe. Now telle me said Arthur what is his name. Syre sayd the Knyght his name is Percyuale dē Galys.

Soo on the morne the kynge made hym knyght in Camelott. But the Kynge and alle the knyghtes thoughte hit wold be longe or that he preued a good knyghte. Thenne at the dyner whanne the Kynge was set at the table, and euery knyzt after he was of prowesse, the kyng commaunded hym to be sette amonge meane Knyghtes, and soo was sire Percyuale sette as the Kynge commaunded. Thenne was there a mayden in the Quenes court that was come of hyhe blood, & she was domme & neuer spak word. Ryght so she cam streyght in to the halle, & went vnto sir Percyuale & toke hym by y^e hād & said alowde that the kyng and all the knyghtes myght here hit, Aryse syr Percyuale the noble Knyght and goddes knyght and go with me, and soo he dyd. And there she broughte hym to the ryght syde of the sege perillous, And said Fair knyghte take here thy sege, for that sege apperteyneth to the and to none other. Ryght soo she departed and asked a preste. And as she was confessid and houseld thenne she dyed. Thenne the kynge and alle the courte made grete ioye of syr Percyuale.

Capitulum xxiiii.

Now torne we vnto sir Lamorak that moche was there preysed. Thenne by the meane of sir Gawayn and his bretheren, they sente for her moder there besydes fast by a Castel besyde Camelot, and alle was to that entente to slee sir Lamorak. The Quene of Orkeney was there but a whyle but sir Lamorak wyst of their beynge, and was ful fayne, & for to make an ende of this matere he sente vnto her, and ther betwixe them was a nyght assygned that sir Lamorak shold come to her. Therof was ware syre Gaherys, and there he rode afore the same nyght and waited vpon sire Lamorak, and theñe he sawe where he came all armed, and where sire Lamorak alyghte, he teyed his hors to a preuy posterne, and so he wēt in to a parlour and vnarmed hym. And thenne he wente vnto the Quenes bedde, and she made of hym passynge grete Joye and he of her ageyne, for eyther loued other passynge sore.

Soo whan the Knyght syr Gaherys sawe his tyme, he cam to their beddes syde alle armed with his swerd naked, and sodenly gat his moder by the here and strake of her hede. Whanne sir Lamorak sawe the blood dasshe vpon hym all hote, the whiche he loued passynge wel, wete yow wel he was sore abasshed and desmayed of that dolorous knyght. And there with al sir Lamorak lepte out of the bedde in his sherte as a knyght desmayed sayenge thus, A syre Gaherys knyght of the table round foule and euylle haue ye done and to yow grete shame. Allas why haue ye slayn your moder that bare you, with more ryght ye shold haue slayn me. The offence hast thou done sayd Gaherys not withstandynge a man is borne to offre his seruyse, but yet sholdest thow beware with whome thow medlest, for thow hast putte me and my bretheren to a shame, and thy fader slewe our fader, and thow to lye by our moder is to moche shame for vs to suffre. And as for thy fader kyng Pellenore my broder sir Gawayne and I slewe hym, ye dyd hym the more wronge said sire Lamorak. For my fader slewe not your fader, it was Balyn le saueage, and as yet my faders dethe is not reuenged, leue tho wordes said sir Gaherys, For and thou speke felonsly I wil slee the. But by cause thow arte naked I am ashamed to slee the, but wete thou wel, in what place I may gete the, I shalle slee the, and now my moder is quyte of the, and withdrawe the, and take thyn armour that thow were gone. Syre Lamorak sawe there was none other bote but fast armed hym and took his hors and rode his way makynge grete sorowe. But for the shame and doloure he wold not ryde to kynge Arthurs Courte, but rode another waye. But whan hit was knowen that Gaherys had slayne his moder, the kynge was passynge wrothe and commaunded hym to goo oute of his courte. Wete ye wel sire Gawayn was wrothe that Gaherys had slayne his moder, and lete sire Lamorak escape. And for this matere was the kynge passynge wrothe and soo was sir Lamorak and many other knyghtes. Syr said sir Launcelot here is a grete meschyef befallen by felony, and by fore cast treason that your syster is thus shamefully slayne, And I dare saye that it was wrouzte by treson And I dare saye ye shalle lese that good Knyghte sir Lamorak the whiche is grete pyte. I wote wel and am sure and sir Tristram wyste hit, he wold neuer more come within your courte, the whiche shold greue yow moche more and alle youre knyghtes. God defende said the noble Kynge Arthur that I shold lese sire Lamorak or sir Tristram, for thenne tweyne of my chyef knyghtes of the table round were gone. Syre saide syre Laũcelot I am sure ye shalle lese sir Lamorak for sir Gawayne and his bretheren wille sle hym, by one meane or other, for they amonge them haue concluded and sworne to slee hym and euer they may see their tyme. That shalle I lette sayd Arthur.

Capitulum xxv.

Now leue we of sire Lamorak, and speke of sire Gawayns bretheren & specially of syr Agrauayne and syre Mordred. As they rode on theire aduentures they mette with a Knyghte fleynge sore wounded, and they asked hym what tydynges. Faire Knyghtes said he here cometh a knyght after me that wylle slee me. With that came sire Dynadan rydynge to them by aduenture, but he wold promyse them no help. But sir Agrauayne and sire Mordred promysed hym to rescowe hym. There with alle came that knyght streyght vnto them. And anone he proferd to Juste. That sawe syre Mordred and rode to hym but he strake Mordred ouer his hors tayle.

That sawe sire Agrauayn and streyghte he rode toward that knyght. And ryghte soo as he serued Mordred soo he serued Agrauayne, and said to them, Syrs wete ye wel bothe that I am Breuse saunce pyte that hath done this to yow. And yet he rode ouer Agrauayne fyue or syxe tymes.

Whan Dynadan sawe this, he muste nedes Juste with hym for shame. And so Dynadan and he encountred to gyders, that with pure strengthe sir Dynadan smote hym ouer his hors tayle. Thenne he took his hors and fledde, for he was on foot one of the valyauntest knyghtes in Arthurs dayes, and a grete destroyer of alle good knyghtes. Thenne rode sir Dynadan vnto sir Mordred and vnto sir Agrauayne. Syre knyght said they alle wel haue ye done, and wel haue ye reuenged vs, wherfor we praye yow telle vs youre name. Faire sirs ye ouzte to knowe my name the whiche is called sire Dynadan. Whanne they vnderstood that it was Dynadan, they were more wroth than they were before, for they hated hym oute of mesure by cause of sir Lamorak. For Dynadan had suche a custome that he loued alle good Knyghtes that were valyaunt, and he hated al tho that were destroyers of good knyghtes. And there were none that hated Dynadan but tho that euer were called murtherers. Thenne spack the hurt knyght that Breuse saunce pyte hadde chased, his name was Dalan, and said yf thou be Dynadan, thow slewest my fader. Hit may wel be so said Dynadan, but thenne it was in my defence and at his request. By my hede said Dalan thow shalt dye therfore, and there with he dressid his spere and his shelde. And to make the shorter tale syre Dynadan smote hym doune of his hors that his neck was nyz broken. And in the same wyse he smote syre Mordred and sir Agrauayne. And after in the quest of the Sancgreal cowardly and felloynsly they slewe Dynadan, the whiche was grete dammage, for he was a grete bourder and a passyng good knyght. And soo sire Dynadan rode to a Castel that hyght Beale valet. And there he fonde sire Palomydes that was not yet hole of the wound that syr Lamorak gaf hym. And there Dynadan told Palomydes all the tydynges that he herd and sawe of syre Tristram, and how he was gone with kynge Marke, and with hym he hath alle his wyll and desyre. There with syre Palomydes waxed wrothe, for he loued la Beale Isoud. And thenne he wyste wel that syre Tristram enioyed her.

Capitulum .xxvi.

Now leue we sire Palomydes and sire Dynadan in the castel of Beale valet, and torne we ageyne vnto kynge Arthur. There came a Knyght oute of Cornewail his name was Fergus, a felawe of the round table. And ther he told the Kynge and sir Launcelot good tydynges of sir Tristram, and there were brought goodly letters, and how he lefte hym in the castel of Tyntagil.

Thenne came the damoysel that broughte goodly letters vnto kynge Arthur and vnto sire launcelot, and there she hadde passynge good chere of the Kynge and of the Quene Gueneuer and of sire Launcelot. Thenne they wrote goodly letters ageyne. But syre Laũcelot badde euer sire Tristram beware of kynge Marke, for euer he called him in his letters Kynge Foxe. As who saith, he fareth alle with wyles and treason. Wherof sire Tristram in his herte thanked syre Laũcelot. Thenne the Damoysel went vnto la Beale Isoud and bare her letters from the Kynge and from syre Launcelot, wherof she was in passynge grete Joye.

Faire damoysel said la Beale Isoud, how fareth my Lord Arthur and the Quene Gweneuer, and the noble knyzt syr Launcelot, she ansuerd and to make short tale, moche the better that ye and sire Tristram ben in Joye.

God rewarde them said la beale Isoud, for sir Tristram suffereth grete payne for me and I for hym. So the damoysel departed and broughte letters to Kynge Marke. And whanne he had redde them, and vnderstood them, he was wrothe with sir Tristram, for he demed that he had sente the damoysel vnto Kyng Arthur. For Arthur and Launcelot in a maner threted kyng mark. And as Kynge mark redde these letters, he demed treson by syr Tristram. Damoysel said Kynge marke, wille ye ryde ageyne and bere letters from me vnto Kynge Arthur, sir she said I wille be at your commaundement to ryde whan ye wille, ye saye wel said the Kyng, come ageyne said the Kyng to morne, and fetche your letters. Thenne she departed, & told them how she shold ryde ageyne with letters vnto Arthur. Thenne we praye you said la beale Isoud and sir Tristram that whanne ye haue receyued your letters, that ye wold come by vs that we may see the pryuete of your letters. Al that I may doo madame ye wote wel I must doo for sir Tristram for I haue ben longe his owne mayden. Soo on the morne the damoysel went to kynge marke to haue had his letters and to departe. I am not auysed said kynge marke as at this tyme to sende my letters. Thenne pryuely and secretely he sent letters vnto kynge Arthur and vnto Quene Gueneuer, and vnto sir launcelot. So the varlet departed, and fond the Kyng and the Quene in Walys at Carlyon. And as the kyng and the Quene were at masse the varlet came with the letters. And whanne masse was done the kynge and the Quene opened the letters pryuely by them self. And the begynnynge of the kynges letters spak wonderly short vnto Kynge Arthur, and badde hym entermete with hym self and with his wyf, & of his knyghtes, For he was able ynough to rule and kepe his wyf.

Capitulum xxvii.

WHANNE kynge Arthur vnderstood the letter, he musyd of many thynges, & thouzt on his systers wordes quene Morgan le fay that she had sayd betwixe quene gueneuer and sir Launcelot. And in this thoughte he studyed a grete whyle. Thenne he bethought hym ageyne how his syster was his owne enemy, and that she hated the Quene and sir launcelot, and soo he putte all that oute of his thoughte. Thenne Kyng Arthur redde the letter ageyne, and the latter clause said that Kynge Marke tooke sire Tristram for his mortal enemy, wherfor he put Arthur oute of doubte he wold be reuenged of sir Tristram. Thenne was kyng Arthur wroth with kynge Marke.

And whanne quene Gueneuer redde her letter and vnderstood hit, she was wrothe oute of mesure, for the letter spak shame by her, and by sir launcelot. And soo pryuely she sente the letter vnto sir Launcelot. And whanne he wyste the entent of the letter, he was soo wrothe that he leyd hym doune on his bedde to slepe, wherof sir Dynadan was ware, for hit was his maner to be preuy with alle good knyghtes. And as sire launcelot slepte he stale the letter oute of his hand and red it word by word. And thenne he made grete sorow for anger, and soo sir Launcelot awaked, and went to a wyndowe, and redde the letter ageyne, the whiche maade hym angry. Syre said Dynadan wherfore be ye angry, discouer your hert to me. For sothe ye wote wel I owe yow good wylle, how be hit I am a poure knyght and a seruytour vnto yow and to alle good knyghtes. For though I be not of worship my self I loue alle tho that ben of worship. It is trouth said sir Launcelot, ye are a trusty knyght, and for grete trust I wille shewe yow my counceylle. And whan Dynadan vnderstood alle, he said this is my counceyl, Sette you ryght nought by these thretys, For kynge marke is soo vylaynous, that by fayre speche shalle neuer man gete of hym. But ye shalle see what I shalle doo. I wille make a lay for hym, & whan hit is made I shalle make an harper to synge hit afore hym. Soo anone he wente and made hit, and taughte hit an harper that hyght Elyot. And whanne he coude hit, he taught hit to many harpers. And soo by the wylle of sire Launcelot and of Arthur the harpers went streyghte in to Walys, and in to Cornewaile to synge the laye that sire Dynadan made by kynge Marke, the whiche was the werste lay that euer harper sange with harp or with ony other Instrumentys.

Capitulum xxviii.

Now torne we ageyne vnto sire Tristram and to Kyng Marke. As syr Tristram was at Justes and att turnement, hit fortuned he was sore hurte bothe with a spere and with a swerd, but yet he wanne alweyes the degre. And for to repose hym, he wente to a good knyght that duelled in Cornewaile in a Castel whos name was Syr

Dynas le Seneschall. Thenne by mysfortune there came oute of Sessoyne a grete nombre of men of armes, and an hydous hoost, & they entred nyghe the castel of Tyntagyl, and her Capytayns name was Elyas a good man of armes. Whan Kyng Mark vnderstode his enemyes were entred in to his land, he maade grete dole and sorow, for in no wyse by his wille kyng Mark wold not sende for sir Tristram for he hated hym dedely. Soo whan his counceill was come, they deuysed and cast many peryls of the strengthe of her enemyes. And thenne they concluded all at ones and said thus vnto kynge Marke, Syr wete ye wel ye must sende for sire Tristram the good knyghte or els they wylle neuer be ouercome. For by sire Tristram they must be foughten with alle, or els we rowe ageynst the streme.

Wel said Kynge Mark I wille doo by your counceylle, but yet he was ful lothe ther to, but nede constrayned hym to sende for hym. Thenne was he sente for in alle hast that myzte be that he shold come to Kynge Marke. And whanne he vnderstood that Kynge Marke had sente for hym, he mounted vpon a softe ambuler and rode to Kynge Marke. And when he was come, the Kynge said thus, Faire neuewe syr Tristrā this is alle. Here be come oure enemyes of Sessoyne, that are here nyghe hand, and withoute taryenge they must be mette with shortly or els they wylle destroye this countrey. Syr said sir Tristram wete ye wel alle my power is at your commaundement. And wete ye wel syre, these eyght dayes I may bere none armes for my woundes ben not yet hole. And by that day I shalle doo what I may, ye saye wel said kynge Marke. Thenne goo ye ageyne and repose yow and make yow fresshe. And I shalle go and mete the Sessoyns with alle my power. Soo the Kyng departed vnto Tyntagyl and sir Tristram went to repose hym, and the Kyng made a grete hoost and departed them in thre. The fyrste parte ledde syr Dynas the Seneschall and sir Andred ledde the second parte, and sir Arguys ledde the thyrd parte, and he was of the blood of Kyng Mark, and the Sessoyns had thre grete batails, and many good men of armes. And soo Kynge Marke by the aduyse of his Knyghtes yssued oute of the Castel of Tyntagyl vpon his enemyes. And Dynas the good knyghte rode oute afore, and slewe ii Knyghtes his owne handes, and thenne beganne the batayls.

And there was merueyllous brekyng of speres and smytyng of suerdes, and slewe doune many good knyghtes. And euer was syr Dynas the Seneschal the best of Kyng Markes party. And thus the bataille endured longe with grete mortalyte. But at the last Kynge Mark and sire Dynas were they neuer soo lothe they withdrewen hem to the castel of Tyntagyll, with grete slaughter of peple, and the Sessoyns folowed on fast, that ten of them were put within the gates and four slayne with the porte coloyse. Thenne Kyng Marke sente for sire Tristram by a varlet that told hym alle the mortalyte.

Thenne he sente the varlet ageyne and bad hym telle Kyng Mark that I wille come as soone as I am hole, for erste I maye doo hym noo good. Thenne Kynge Mark hadde his ansuer. There with came Elyas and badde the Kynge yelde vp the castel, for ye maye not holde it no whyle. Sir Elyas said the kyng so wyll I yelde vp the castel yf I be not soone rescowed. Anone Kyng Marke sente ageyne for rescowe to sir tristram. By thenne sir Tristram was hoole, and he hadde goten hym ten good Knyghtes of Arthurs. And with hem he rode vnto Tyntagyl. And whanne he sawe the grete hoost of Sessoyns he merueylled wonder gretely. And thenne sir Trystram rode by the woodes and by the dyches as secretely as he myght tyl he came nyghe the gatys. And there dressid a Knyghte to hym, whan he sawe that sir Tristram wold entre, & sir tristram smote hym doune dede. And soo he serued thre mo. And eueryche of these ten knyghtes slewe a man of armes. Soo sir tristram entryd in to the castel of Tyntagyl. And whan kynge Marke wyst that sir Tristram was come he was glad of his comyng, and soo was alle the felaushyp, and of hym they made grete Joye.

Capitulum xxix.

Soo on the morne Elyas the capytayne came, and bad kynge Marke come oute, and doo bataille, for now the good knyghte sir Tristram is entryd. It wylle be shame to the sayd Elyas for to kepe thy walles. Whan kynge Mark vnderstode this, he was wrothe and sayd no word, but went vnto sir Tristram and axed hym his counceyl. Sire said sir Tristram wylle ye that I gyue hym his ansuer. I wille wel sayd Kynge Marke. Thenne sir Tristram said thus to the messagere, Bere thy lord word from the kynge and me, that we wyl do batail with hym to morne in the playne felde. What is your name said the messager, wete thou wel, my name is sir Trystram de Lyones. There with alle the messager departed, and told his lord Elyas alle that he had herd. Syr saide sire Tristram vnto Kynge Marke I praye yow gyue me leue to haue the rule of the bataill. I pray yow take the rule said kyng mark. Thenne sire Tristram lete deuyse the bataille in what manere that it shold be. He lete departe his hoost in syxe partyes, and ordeyned sir Dynas the Seneschal to haue the fore ward, & other knyghtes to rule the remenaunt. And the same nyghte syre Tristram brente alle the Sessoyns shyppes vnto the cold water. Anone as Elyas wyst that he said hit was of sir Tristrams doynge, for he casteth that we shalle neuer escape moder sone of vs. Therfore fayre felawes fyghte frely to morowe, & myscomforte yow noughte for ony knyzt though he be the best knyght in the world, he maye not haue adoo with vs alle. Thenne they ordeyned theyr batails in four partyes wonderly wel apparailled and garnysshed with men of armes. Thus they within yssued, and they withoute sette frely vpon them, and there sir Dynas dyd grete dedes of armes, not for thenne sir Dynas and his felauship were put to the werse. With that came sire Tristram and slewe two Knyghtes with one spere, thenne he slewe on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand, that men merueylled that euer he myght do suche dedes of armes. And thenne he myght see somtyme the bataille was dryuen a bowe draughte from the castel, and somtyme it was at the gates of the Castel. Thenne came Elyas Capytayne rasshynge here and there, and hytte kynge Mark so sore vpon the helme that he made hym to auoyde the sadel. And thenne sir Dynas gate kynge Mark ageyne to horsbak. There with alle came in sir Tristram lyke a lyon, and there he mette with Elyas, and he smote hym so sore vpon the helme that he auoyded his sadel. And thus they fought tyl it was nyghte, and for grete slauzter and for wounded peple eueryche party drewe to their reste. And whan kynge Marke was come within the castel of Tyntagyl, he lacked of his knyghtes an honderd and they withoute lacked two honderd, and they serched the wounded men on bothe partyes. And thenne they wente to counceil, and wete yow wel eyther party were lothe to fyghte more, soo that eyther myght escape with their worship.

Whan Elyas the capytayn vnderstode the dethe of his men, he made grete dole. And whan he wyst that they were lothe to goo to bataille ageyne, he was wrothe oute of mesure. Thenne Elyas sente word vnto Kyng Mark in grete despyte whether he wold fynde a Knyght that wold fyghte for hym, body for body. And yf that he myght slee Kynge Markes knyghte, he to haue the truage of Cornewaile yerely. And yf that his knyght slee myn, I fully releece my clayme for euer. Thenne the messager departed vnto Kynge Marke and told hym how that his lord Elyas had sente hym word to fynde a Knyght to doo bataille with hym body for body. Whanne kyng Marke vnderstood the messager he badde hym abyde, and he shold haue his ansuer. Thenne called he alle the Baronage to gyder to wete what was the best counceyll. They sayd all at ones to fyghte in a felde we haue no lust, for had not ben syr Tristrams prowesse, hit had ben lykely that we neuer shold haue escaped. And therfor sir as we deme, hit were wel done to fynde a knyzt that wold do batail with hym for he knyztly profereth.

Capitulum xxx.

Not for thenne whan alle this was said, they coude fynde no Knyght that wold doo bataille with hym. Syre kynge said they alle, here is no knyght that dare fyghte wyth Elyas. Allas said kynge Marke thenne am I vtterly ashamed and vtterly destroyed, onles that my neuewe sire Tristram wylle take the bataille vpon hym. Wete yow wel they sayd alle he had yesterday ouer moche on hand, and he is wery for trauaille, and sore wounded. where is he said Kyng mark. Syr said they he is in his bedde to repose hym. Allas said kynge Marke, but I haue the socoure of my neuewe sir Tristram I am vtterly destroyed for euer. There with one wente to syr Tristram there he lay and told hym what kynge Marke had sayd. And there with sire Tristram aroos lyghtely, and putt on hym a longe gowne, and came afore the Kynge and al the lordes. And whan he sawe hem alle soo desmayed, he asked the Kynge and the lordes what tydynges were with hem. Neuer werse said the Kynge. And there with he told hym alle how he had word of Elyas to fynde a knyzt to fyghte for the truage of Cornewail, and none can I fynde. And as for yow said the kynge and alle the lordes we maye aske no more of yow for shame. For thurgh your hardynes yesterday ye saued alle your lyues. Syre said syr Tristram now I vnderstande ye wold haue my socour, reason wold that I shold doo al that lyeth in my power to doo, sauynge my worship, and my lyf, how be hit I am sore brysed and hurte. And sythen sir Elyas profereth soo largely, I shalle fyghte with hym or els I will be slayne in the felde, or els I wille delyuer Cornewaile from the old truage. And therfore lyghtely calle his messager and he shalle be ansuerd, for as yet my woundes ben grene and they wille be sorer a seuen nyght after than they ben now. And therfor he shalle haue his ansuere, that I will doo bataill to morn with hym. Thenne was the messager departed brought before kynge Marke. Herke my felawe said sir Tristram goo fast vnto thy lord and bydde hym make true assuraunce on his party, for the truage, as the kyng here shalle make on his party, and thene telle thy lord sir Elyas that I sir Tristram kynge Arthurs knyght, and knyghte of the table round, wylle as to morne mete with thy lord on horsbak, to doo batail as longe as my hors maye endure. And after that to doo bataille with hym on foote to the vtteraunce, the messager behelde syre Tristram from the top to the too. And there with alle he departed and came to his lord and told hym how he was ansuerd of sir Tristram. And there with alle was made hostage on bothe partyes, and made hit as sure as hit myghte be, that whether party had the vyctory, soo to ende. And thenne were bothe hostes assembled on bothe partyes of the felde withoute the castel of Tyntagyl, & ther was none but sir Tristram & sir Elyas armed. Soo whan the poyntement was made they departed in sonder, and they came to gyders with alle the myght that their horses myghte renne. And eyther knyghte smote other soo hard that bothe horses and knyghtes wente to the erthe. Not for thenne they bothe lyghtely aroos and dressid their sheldes on their sholders with naked swerdes in their handes, and they dasshed to gyders that hit semed a flammynge fyre about them. Thus they tracyd and trauercyd and hewe on helmes and hawberkes, and cutte awaye many cantels of their sheldes, and eyther wounded other passynge sore, so that the hote blood felle fresshly vpon the erthe. And by thenne they had foughten the mountenaunce of an houre, sir Tristram waxte faynte and forbledde, and gaf sore a bak. That sawe sire Elyas, and folowed fyersly vpon hym, and wounded hym in many places. And euer sire Tristram tracyd and trauercyd, and wente froward hym here and there, and couerd hym with his shelde as he myghte alle weykely, that alle men said he was ouercome. For sir Elyas hadde gyuen hym twenty strokes ageynst one. Thenne was there laughyng of the Sessoyns party and grete dole on Kynge Markys party. Allas said the Kynge we are ashamed and destroyed all for euer, for as the book saith syr Tristram was neuer so matched but yf it were sir launcelot. Thus as they stode and beheld bothe partyes, that one party laughynge and the other party wepynge, Syre Tristram remembryd hym of his lady la beale Isoud that loked vpon hym. And how he was lykely neuer to come in her presence. Thenne he pulled vp his shelde that erst henge ful lowe. And thenne he dressid vp his shelde vnto Elyas, and gaf hym many sadde strokes twenty ageynst one and alle to brake his shelde and his hauberk, that the hote blood ranne doune to the erthe. Thenne beganne kynge Mark to laughe and alle Cornysshe men, and that other party to wepe. And euer sir Tristram said to sir Elyas yelde the. Thenne whanne sir Tristram sawe hym soo stakkerynge on the groūd, he said syr Elyas I am ryght sory for the, for thou arte a passynge good knyghte as euer I mette with alle excepte sire Launcelot, ther with alle sir Elyas fylle to the erthe, & there dyed. What shalle I doo said sir Tristram vnto Kynge marke for this bataille is at an ende. Thenne they of Elyas party departed, and kynge Marke took of hem many prysoners to redresse the harmes and the scathes that he had of them, and the remenaunt he sente in to their countrey to borowe oute their felawes. Thenne was sire Tristram serched and wel helyd, yet for alle this Kynge Marke wold fayne haue slayne sir Tristram. But for alle that euer sire Tristram sawe or herd by kynge Marke yet wold he neuer beware of his treason, but euer he wold be there as la Beale Isoud was.

Capitulum xxxi.

Now wille we passe of this mater, and speke we of the harpers that sir Launcelot and sir Dynadan hadde sente in to Cornewaile. And at the grete feest that kyng marke made for Joye that the Sessoyns were putte oute of his Countrey. Thenne came Elyas the harper with the lay that Dynadan had made and secretely broughte hit vnto sir Tristram and told hym the lay that Dynadan had made by kynge Marke. And whan sir Tristram herd hit, he said O lord Jhesu that Dynadan can make wonderly wel and ylle, there as it shalle be. Syr said Elyas dare I synge this songe afore Kynge Marke, ye on my perylle said sire Tristram, for I shalle be thy waraunt. Thenne at the mete cam in Elyas the harper, & by cause he was a curyous harper men herd hym synge the same lay that Dynadan had made, the whiche spak the moost vylony by Kyng Marke of his treason, that euer man herd. Whan the harper had songe his songe to the ende, kynge Marke was wonderly wrothe. And sayd, thow harper how durst thow be soo bold on thy heede to synge thys songe afore me. Syr said Elyas wete yow wel I am a mynstrel, and I must doo as I am commaūded of these lordes that I bere the armes of. And syre wete ye wel that sir Dynadan a knyghte of the table round made this songe, and made me to synge hit afore yow. Thou sayest wel sayd kynge Marke. And by cause thow arte a mynstral, thow shalt go quyte, but I charge the hyhe the fast oute of my syghte. Soo the harper departed and wente to sir Tristram and told hym how he had sped. Thenne syre Tristram lete make letters as goodely as he coude to launcelot and to sire Dynadan. And soo he lete conduyte the harper oute of the coūtrey, but to say y^t Kyng Mark was wonderly wrothe he was, for he demed that the lay that was songe afore hym was made by sir Tristrams counceylle, wherfore he thoughte to slee hym, and alle his wel wyllars, in that countrey.

Capitulum xxxii.

Now torne we to another mater that felle betwene kyng Marke and his broder that was called the good prynce Bodwyne that alle the peple of the countrey loued passynge wel. So hit befelle on a tyme that the mescreaunts Sarasyns londed in the countreye of Cornewaile soone after these Sessoyns were gone. And thene the good prynce Boudwyne at the landynge he areysed the countrey pryuely and hastly. And or hit were day, he lete put wylde fyre in thre of his owne shyppes, and sodenly he pulled vp the sayle. And with the wynde he made tho shyppes to be dryuen amonge the nauye of the Sarasyns. And to make shorte tale tho thre shippes set on fyre alle the shippes that none were saued. And atte poynt of the day the good prynce Boudwyn with all his felauship sette on the mescreauntes with shoutes and cryes and slewe to the nombre of xl M, and lefte none on lyue. Whan kynge Marke wyst this he was wonderly wrothe that his broder shold wynne suche worship. And by cause this prynce was better byloued than he in all that countrey, And that al so Boudwyn loued wel sir Tristram, therefore he thoughte to slee hym. And thus hastly as a man oute of his wytte he sente for prynce boudwyn, & Anglides his wyf, & bad them brynge theyre yonge sone with them that he myght see hym. Alle this he dyd to the entente to slee the child as wel as his fader, for he was the falsest traitour that euer was borne. Allas for his goodenes and for his good dedes this gentyl prynce Boudwyn was slayne. Soo whan he came with his wyf Anglydes the Kynge made them fayre semblaunt tyl they had dyned.

And whanne they had dyned, Kynge Marke sente for his broder and said thus, Broder how spedde yow whan the mescreaunts aryued by yow, me semeth hit had be youre parte to haue sente me word that I myght haue ben at that Journeye, for it had ben reason that I had had the honour and not you. Syre said the Prynce Boudwyn it was soo that and I had taryed tyl that I had sente for yow, tho myscreauntes hadde destroyed my countrey. Thou lyest fals traytour said Kynge Marke, for thou arte euer aboute for to wynne worship from me, and put me to dishonour, and thow cheryst that I hate. And there with he stroke hym to the hert with a daggar, that he neuer after spake word. Thenne the lady Anglydes made grete dole and swouned, for she sawe her lord slayne afore her face. Thenne was there no more to doo but prynce Boudwyn was despoylled and brought to buryels. But Anglydes pryuely gat her husbandes dobblet and his sherte, and that she kepte secretely. Thenne was there moche sorowe and cryenge, and grete dole made sir Tristram, sir Dynas, sir Fergus, and so dyd alle knyghtes that were there, for that prynce was passyngly wel byloued. Soo la Beale Isoud sente vnto Anglydes the prynce Boudwyns wyf and badde her auoyde lyztely or els her yonge sone Alysander le Orphelyn shold be slaye. Whanne she herd this, she took her hors and her child, and rode with suche poure men as durst ryde with her.

Capitulum xxxiii.

Not withstandynge whan Kyng Marke had done this dede, yet he thought to doo more vengeaunce, and with his swerd in his hand, he sought from chamber to chamber to seke Anglydes and her yonge sone. And when she was myste, he called a good knyghte that hyghte Sadok, and charged hym by payne of dethe to fetche Anglydes ageyne, and her yonge sone. So syre Sadok departed, and rode after Anglydes. And within ten myle he ouertoke her, and badde her torne ageyne and ryde with hym to Kynge Marke. Allas fair knyzt she said, what shalle ye wynne by my sones deth or by myn, I haue hadde ouer moche harme and to grete a losse. Madame said Sadok, of your losse is dole and pyte, but madame said Sadok wold ye departe oute of this countrey with your sone, and kepe hym tyl he be of age, that he may reuenge his faders dethe, thenne wold I suffer yow to departe from me. So ye promyse me to reuenge the dethe of prynce Boudwyn. A gentyl knyght Jhesu thanke the, and yf euer my sone Alysander le Orphelyn lyue to be a knyght, he shal haue his faders dobblet and his shert with the blody markes, and I shalle gyue hym suche a charge that he shalle remembre hit whyles he lyueth. And there with al Sadok departed from her, and eyther bytoke other to god. And when Sadok came to kyng Marke he told hym feythfully that he had drouned yong Alysander her sone, and therof kynge Marke was ful gladde.

Now torne we vnto Anglydes that rode bothe nyghte and day by aduenture oute of Cornewaile, and lytyl and in fewe places she rested, but euer she drewe southward to the see syde, tyl by fortune she came to a castel that is called Magouns, & now hit is called Arundel in southsex, and the Conestable of the castel welcomed her and said she was welcome to her owne castel, and there was Anglydes worshipfully receyued, for the Conestables wyf was nyghe her cosyn, and the Conestables name was Belangere, and that same Conestable told Anglydes that the same Castel was hers by ryght enherytaunce.

Thus Anglydes endured yeres and wynters tyl Alysander was bygge and stronge, there was none soo wyght in all that Countrey, neyther there was none that myghte doo no manere of maystry afore hym.

Capitulum xxxiiii.

Thenne vpon a day Bellangere the Conestable came to Anglydes and sayd Madame it were tyme my lord Alysander were made knyzt, for he is a passyng strong yonge man. Syre said she I wold he were made knyghte. But thenne must I yeue hym the moost charge that euer synful moder gaf to her childe. Doo as ye lyste sayd Bellangere, and I shalle gyue hym warnynge that he shalle be maade knyght. Now hit wyl be wel done that he may be made knyght at oure lady day in lente. Be hit soo said Anglydes, and I pray yow make redy therfore. Soo came the Conestable to Alysander and told hym that he shold at oure lady day in lente be made knyghte. I thanke god said Alysander these are the best tydynges that euer came to me. Thenne the Conestable ordeyned twenty of the grettest gentylmens sones and the best born men of the countrey that shold be maade knyghtes that same day that Alysander was made knyght. Soo on the same daye that Alysander and his twenty felawes were made Knyghtes, at the offrynge of the masse there came Anglydes vnto her sone and sayd thus. O fayre swete sone I charge the vpon my blessynge and of the hyghe ordre of chyualry that thou takest here this day, that thow vnderstande what I shalle saye, and charge the with alle. There with alle she pulled out a blody dobblet and a blody sherte that were bebledde with old blood. Whanne Alysander sawe this, he starte abak and waxed paale, and sayd fayre moder what maye this meane. I shall telle the fayre sone, this was thyne owne faders dobblett and sherte that he ware vpon hym that same daye that he was slayne, and there she told hym why and wherfore. And hou for his goodenes kynge Marke slewe hym with his daggar afore myn owne eyen. And therfor this shalle be your charge that I shalle gyue the.

Capitulum xxxv.

Now I requyre the, and charge the vpon my blessyng and vpon the hyghe ordre of knyzthode that thow be reuengyd vpon kynge Marke for the dethe of thy fader, and there with all she swouned. Thenne Alysander lepte to his moder, and took her vp in his armes and sayd Fair moder ye haue gyuen me a grete charge, and here I promyse yow I shalle be auengyd vpon Kynge Marke, whanne that I may, and that I promyse to god and to yow. Soo this feest was endyd, and the conestabyl by the aduyse of anglydes lete purueye that Alysander was wel horsed and harneysid. Thenne he Justed with his twenty felawes that were made knyghtes with hym, but for to make a shorte tale he ouerthrewe alle tho twenty that none myght withstande hym a buffet. Thenne one of tho Knyghtes departed vnto Kynge Marke, and told hym alle how Alysander was maade Knyghte, and alle the charge that his moder gaf hym as ye haue herd afore tyme.

Allas fals treason said Kynge Marke I wende that yonge traitour had ben dede. Allas whome may I truste. And there with alle kynge Marke took a swerd in his hand, and soughte sire Sadok from chamber to chamber to slee hym.

Whanne sir Sadok sawe kynge Marke come with his suerd in his hand, he sayd thus. Beware Kynge Marke and come not nyghe me, for wete thow wel that I saued Alysander his lyf, of whiche I neuer repente me, for thow falsly and cowardly slewe his fader Boudwyn traytourly for his good dedes, wherfore I pray almyghty Jhesu sende Alysander myghte and strengthe to be reuengyd vpon the, and now beware Kynge Marke of yonge Alysander, for he is made a knyghte. Alas said Kynge Marke that euer I shold here a traytour saye soo afore me. And there with foure Knyghtes of kynge Markes drewe theire swerdes to slee syre Sadok, but anone sir Sadok slewe hem alle in Kynge Markes presence. And thenne sire Sadok past forthe in to his chamber, and toke his hors and his harneis, and rode on his waye a good paas. For there was neyther syre Tristram, neyther syre Dynas nor syre Fergus that wold sir Sadok ony euylle wylle. Thenne was Kynge Marke wrothe, and thoughte to destroye syre Alysander and syre Sadok that had saued hym, for kynge Marke dredde and hated Alisander moost of ony man lyuynge. Whanne sir Tristram vnderstood that Alysander was made knyghte, Anone forth with alle he sente hym a letter prayenge hym and chargynge hym that he wold drawe hym to the Courte of Kynge Arthur, and that he putte hym in the rule and in the handes of sire Launcelot.

Soo this letter was sente to Alysander from his cosyn syr Tristram. And at that tyme he thought to doo after his commaundement. Thenne kynge Mark called a knyght that broughte hym the tydynges from Alysander, and badde hym abyde stylle in that countrey. Syre sayd that knyght soo muste I doo, for in myn owne countrey I dare not come. No force said Kynge Marke, I shalle gyue the here double as moche landes as euer thow haddest of thyne owne. But within short space sir Sadok mette with that fals knyght, and slewe hym. Thenne was Kynge Marke wode wrothe oute of mesure.

Thenne he sente vnto Quene Morgan le fay, and to the quene of Northgalys prayenge them in his letters that they two sorceresses wold sette alle the countrey in fyre with ladyes that were enchauntresses. And by suche that were daungerous knyghtes as Malgryn, Breuse saunce pyte, that by no meane Alysander le Orphelyn shold escape, but outher he shold be taken or slayne. This ordenaunce made kyng Marke for to destroye Alysander.

Capitulum xxxvi.

Now torne we ageyne vnto sire Alysander that at his departynge his moder toke with hym his faders blody sherte. Soo that he bare with hym alweyes tylle hys dethe daye in tokenynge to thynke on his faders dethe.

Soo was Alysander purposed to ryde to london by the coūceille of sire Tristram to syre Launcelot. And by fortune he wente by the see syde, and rode wronge, and there he wanne at a turnement the gree, that Kynge Carados made. And there he smote doune Kynge Carados and twenty of his knyghtes and also sire Safere a good knyght that was sire Palomydes broder the good knyght. Alle this sawę a damoysel, and sawe the best knyghte Juste that euer he sawe. And euer as he smote doune knyghtes, he made them to swere to were none harneis in a twelue monethe and a day. This is wel sayd, saide Morgan le fay, this is the knyght that I wold fayne see. And soo she took her palfroy and rode a grete whyle, and thenne she rested her in her pauelione. So there came four knyghtes, two were armed and two were vnarmed, and they told Morgan le fay their names, the fyrst was Elyas de gomeret, the second was Carde Gomoret, tho were armed, that other tweyne were of Camylyard, cosyns vnto Quene Gueneuer, and that one hyzt Guy, and that other hyght Garaūt, tho were vnarmed. There these four Knyghtes told Morgan le fay how a yonge knyghte had smyten them doune before a Castel. For the mayden of that Castel said that he was but late made knyghte and yonge. But as we suppose but yf it were sire Tristram or sire Launcelot or sire Lamorak the good knyzt there is none that myzt sytte hym a buffet with a spere. Well said Morgan le fay I shalle mete that knyght or it be longe tyme, and he dwelle in that countrey.

Soo torne we to the damoysell of the Castel that whanne Alysander le Orphelyn hadde foriusted the four Knyghtes she called hym to her and said thus, Syre knyghte wolt thou for my sake Juste and fyghte with a knyghte for my sake of this countrey that is and hath ben long tyme an euyll neyghbour to me, his name is Malgryne, and he wylle not suffer me to be maryed in no maner wyse for all that I can doo, or ony knyght for my sake.

Damoysel said Alysander and he come whyles I am here I wylle fyghte with hym, and my poure body for your sake I wille jeoparde. And there with alle she sente for hym, for he was at her commaundement. And whan eyther hadde a syghte of other, they made hem redy for to Juste, and they cam to gyder egerly, and Malgryn brysed his spere vpon Alysander, and alisander smote hym ageyne so hard that he bare hym quyte from his sadell to the erthe. But this Malgryne aroos lyghtly and dressid his sheld and drewe his suerd, and badde hym alyzte, sayēg thouz thou haue the better of me on horsbak thow shalt fynde that I shalle endure lyke a knyght on foot. It is wel said said Alysander, and soo lyghtly he auoyded his hors and bitoke hym to his varlet. And thenne they rasshed to gyders lyke two bores and leyd on their helmes and sheldes longe tyme by the space of thre houres that neuer man coude saye whiche was the better Knyghte.

And in the mene whyle came Morgan le fay to the damoysel of the Castel, and they beheld the bataylle. But this malgryne was an olde roted Knyghte, and he was called one of the daungerous knyghtes of the world to doo bataille on foot but on horsbak there were many better. And euer this Malgryne awayted to slee Alysander, and soo wounded hym wonderly sore, that it was merueylle that euer he myghte stande, for he had bledde soo moche blood, for Alysander fought wyldly and not wyttely. And that other was a felonous knyzte and awayted hym, and smote hym sore. And somtyme they rasshed to gyders with their sheldes lyke two bores or rammes and fylle grouelynge bothe to the erthe.

Now knyghte sayd Malgryn hold thy hand a whyle, & telle me what thow arte, I wylle not said Alysander, but yf me lyst. But telle me thy name, and why thow kepest thys countrey, or els thow shalt dye of my handes, wete thow well sayd Malgryne that for this maydens loue of this Castel I haue slayne ten good knyghtes by myshap, and by outerage and orgulyte of my self I haue slayne ten other knyghtes. Soo god me helpe sayd Alysander this is the fowlest confessyon that euer I herd knyghte make, nor neuer herd I speke of other men of suche a shameful confession, wherfore hit were grete pyte & grete shame vnto me that I shold lete the lyue ony lenger, therfore kepe the as wel as euer thow mayst, for as I am true knyghte eyther thow shalte slee me or els I shal slee the, I promyse the feythfully.

Thenne they lasshed to gyders fyersly, And at the last Alysander smote Malegryne to the erthe. And thenne he racyd of his helme, and smote of his hede lyghtely. And whanne he hadde done and ended this bataille, anone he called to hym his varlet the whiche brought hym his hors. And thēne he wenyng to be strong ynouz wold haue mōuted. And soo she leyd sire Alysander in an hors lyttar and ledde hym in to the Castel, for he had no foote ne myzt to stande vpon the erthe, for he had syxtene grete woundes, and in especyal one of them was lyke to be his dethe.

Capitulum xxxvii.

THENNE Quene Morgan le fay serched his woundes, and gaf suche an oynement vnto hym that he shold haue dyed. And on the morne whanne she came to hym he complayned hym sore. And thenne she put other oynements vpon hym. And thenne he was out of his payne. Thenne cam the damoysel of the Castel and said vnto Morgan le fay, I pray yow helpe me that this Knyghte myghte wedde me, for he hath wonne me with his handes, ye shalle see said Morgan le fay what I shalle saye. Thenne Morgan le fay wente vnto Alysander and bad in ony wyse that he shold refuse this lady and she desyre to wedde yow, for she is not for yow. Soo the damoysel came and desyred of hym maryage, damoysel sayd Orphelyn I thanke yow but as yet I caste me not to marye in this countrey. Syre she said sythen ye will not mary me, I pray yow in soo moche as ye haue wonne me that ye wyl gyue me to a Knyghte of this countrey that hath ben my frende, & loued me many yeres, with alle my herte said Alysander I wylle assente therto. Thenne was the Knyzte sente for, his name was Geryne le grose. And anone he made them hand fast, and wedded them. Thenne came Quene Morgan le fay to Alysander and badde hym aryse and putte hym in an hors lyttar and gaf hym suche a drynke that in thre dayes and thre nyghtes he waked neuer but slepte, and soo she brought hym to her owne castel that at that tyme was called la Beale regard. Thenne Morgan le fay came to Alysander and asked hym yf he wold fayne be hole, who wold be seke said Alysander and he myghte be hole. Wel said Morgan le fay thenne shalle ye promyse me by youre knyghthode that this daye twelue monethe and a daye ye shalle not passe the compas of thys Castel, and withoute doubte ye shalle lyghtely be hole. I assente said sire Alysaunder. And there he made her a promyse, thenne was he soone hole. And whanne Alysander was hole, thenne he repentyd hym of his othe, for he myghte not be reuengyd vpon kynge Marke. Ryght soo there came a damoysel that was cosyn to the Erle of pase, and she was cosyn to Morgan le fay, and by ryght that castel of la Beale regard shold haue ben hers by true enherytaunce. Soo this damoysel entred in to this castel, where lay Alysander, and there she fond hym vpon his bed passynge heuy and alle sad.

Capitulum xxxviii.

SYRE knyghte said the damoysel, and ye wold be mery I coude telle yow good tydynges, wel were me said Alysander, and I myghte here of good tydynges, for now I stande as a prysoner by my promyse. Syr she sayd wete ye wel that ye be a prysoner and werse than ye wene, for my lady my cosyn Quene Morgan le fay kepeth yow here for none other entente but for to doo her pleasyr with yow whan hit lyked her. O Jhesu defende me said Alysander from suche pleasyr for I had leuer cutte awey my hangers than I wold do her suche pleasyr. As Jhesu helpe me said the damoysel, and ye wold loue me and be ruled by me I shalle make youre delyueraunce with your worshyp. Telle me said Alysander, by what meane, and ye shalle haue my loue, fayre knyghte sayd she, this castel of ryght ought to be myn. And I haue an vnkel the whiche is a myghty Erle, he is Erle of pase and of al folkes he hateth moost Morgan le fay, and I shalle sende vnto hym, and praye hym for my sake to destroye this castel, for the euylle custommes that ben vsed therin. And thenne wylle he come and sette wylde fyre on euery parte of the castel, and I shalle gete yow oute at a pryuy posterne, and there shall ye haue your hors and your harneis. Ye say wel damoysel sayd Alysander, and thenne she sayd ye may kepe the rome of thys Castel this twelue moneth, and a day, thenne breke ye not your othe. Truly fayr damoysel said Alysander ye saye sothe. And thenne he kyste her and dyd to her plesaunce as it pleased them bothe at tymes and leysers. Soo anone she sent vnto her vnkel and badde hym come and destroye that castel, for as the book saith, he wold haue destroyed that castel afore tyme, had not that damoysel ben. Whanne the Erle vnderstood her letters, he sente her word ageyne that on suche a day he wold come and destroye that castel. Soo whan that day came she shewed Alysander a posterne where thorou he shold flee in to a gardyn, and there he shold fynde his armour and his hors. Whanne the day came that was sette, thydder came the erle of pase with four honderd knyghtes, and sette on fyre all the partyes of the castel, that or they seaced they lefte not a stone standynge. And alle this whyle that the fyre was in the Castell, he abode in the gardyn. And whan the fyre was done, he lete make a crye that he wold kepe that pyece of erthe, there as the castel of la beale regard was a twelue monethe and a daye, from alle manere knyghtes that wold come. Soo hit happed there was a duke that hyzte Ansirus, and he was of the kyn of sir launcelot. And this knyght was a grete pylgrym, for euery thyrdde yere he wold be at Jherusalem. And by cause he vsed alle his lyf to goo in pylgremage men called hym duke Anserus the pylgrym. And this duke had a douzter that hyzt Alys that was a passyng fayre woman. And by cause of her fader she was called Alys la beale pylgrym. And anone as she herd of this crye, she wente vnto Arthurs courte & sayd openly in heryng of many knyghtes, that what Knyghte maye ouercome that Knyght that kepeth that pyece of erthe shal haue me and alle my landes. Whan the Knyghtes of the round table herd her saye thus, many were gladde, for she was passynge fayre and of grete rentes. Ryght so she lete crye in castels and townes as faste on her syde as Alysander dyd on his syde. Thenne she dressid her pauelione streyghte by the pyece of the erthe that Alysander kepte. So she was not so soone there, but there came a Knyght of Arthurs courte that hyghte Sagramore le desyrus, and he proferd to Juste with Alysander, & they encountred, and Sagramore le desyrus brysed his spere vpon sire Alysander, but sire Alysander smote hym soo harde that he auoyded his sadel. And whanne la Beale Alys sawe hym Juste soo wel, she thought hym a passynge goodly knyzt on horsbak. And thenne she lepte oute of her pauelione, & toke sir Alysander by the brydel, and thus she sayd, fayre knyght I requyre the of thy knyghthode, shewe me thy vysage. I dar wel said Alysander shewe my vysage. And thenne he put of his helme, and she sawe his vysage, she said, O swete Jhesu, the I must loue, and neuer other. thenne shewe me your vysage said he.

Capitulum xxxix.

THENNE she vnwympeled her vysage. And whanne he sawe her, he said here haue I fond my loue and my lady. Truly fayre lady said he I promyse yow to be your knyghte, and none other that bereth the lyf. Now gentil knyghte said she telle me your name. My name is said he Alysander le Orphelyn. Now damoysel telle me your name sayd he, my name is said she, Alys la beale pilggrym. And whan we be more at oure hertes ease both ye and I shalle telle other of what blood we be come. Soo there was grete loue betwyxe them. And as they thus talked, there came a Knyghte that hyghte Harsouse le Berbuse and axed parte of sir Alysanders speres. Thenne sire Alysander encountred with hym, and at the fyrst syr Alysander smote hym ouer his hors croupe.

And thenne there came another knyghte that hyzt sire Hewgon. And sire Alysander smote hym doune as he dyd that other. Thenne sire Heugon profered to do bataille on foote, syre Alysander ouercame hym with thre strokes, and there wold haue slayne hym had he not yelded hym. Soo thenne Alisander made bothe tho Knyghtes to swere to were none armour in a twelue moneth and a day. Thenne sire Alisander alyzte doun and wente to reste hym and repose hym. Thenne the damoysel that halp sire Alysander oute of the castel in her play told Alys all to gyder how he was prysoner in the castel of la beale regard, and there she told her how she gat hym oute of pryson. Syr said Alys la Beale pylgrym me semeth ye ar moche beholdynge to this mayden, that is trouth said sir Alysander. And there Alys told hym of what blood she was come. Syre wete ye wel she said that I am of the blood of Kynge Ban that was fader vnto sir Launcelot. ye wys fayr lady sayd Alysander my moder told me that my fader was broder vnto a kynge, and I am nyghe cosyn vnto sire Tristram. Thēne this whyle came there thre knyghtes, that one hyzt Vayns, and the other hyght Haruys de les marches, and the thyrdde hyght Peryn de la montayne, and with one spere sire Alysander smote them doune alle thre, and gaf them suche fallys, that they hadde no lyste to fyghte vpon foote. Soo he made them to swere to were none armes in a twelue moneth. Soo whanne they were departed sire Alysander beheld his lady Alys on horsbak as he stood in her pauelione. And thenne was he soo enamoured vpon her that he wyst not whether he were on horsbak or on foote. Ryght so came the fals Knyght syr Mordred and sawe sir Alysander was assoted vpon his lady, and ther with alle he took his hors by the brydel, and ledde hym here & there, and had cast to haue ledde hym oute of that place to haue shamed hym. Whanne the damoysel that halpe hym out of that Castel sawe how shamefully he was ledde, Anone she lete arme her and sette a sheld vpon her sholder, And ther with she mounted vpon his hors, and gatte a naked swerd in her hand, and she threst vnto Alysander with alle her myght, and she gaf hym suche a buffet that he thought the fyre flewe oute of his eyen. And whanne Alysander felte that stroke he loked about hym, and drewe his swerd. And whan he sawe that she fledde, and soo dyd Mordred in to the forest, and the damoysel fledde in to the pauelione. So whanne Alysander vnderstood hym self how the fals knyght wold haue shamed hym, hadde not the damoysel ben, thenne was he wrothe with hym self that syre Mordred was soo escaped his handes. But thenne sire Alysander and Alys hadde good game at the damoysel hou sadly she hytte hym vpon the helme. Thenne sir Alysander Justed thus day by day, and on foot he dyd many batails with many knyghtes of kynge Arthurs court and with many knyghtes straungers, therfore to telle alle the batails that he did it were ouer moche to reherse, for euery day within that twelue moneth he had adoo with one Knyght or with other, and some day he had adoo with thre or with foure. And there was neuer knyght that putte hym to the werse, & at the twelue monethes ende he departed with his lady Alys la beale pylgrym, and the damoysel wold neuer goo from hym, and soo they went in to theyr countrey of Benoye, and lyued there in grete joye.

Capitulum xl.

But as the book sayth, kyng marke wold neuer stynte tyll he had slayne hym by treason, and by Alys he gat a child that hyght Bellengerus le Beuse, and by good fortune he came to the courte of Kynge Arthur, and preued a passynge good Knyghte, and he reuenged his faders dethe for the fals Kynge Marke slewe bothe syre Tristram & Alysander falsly and felonsly, and hit happed so that Alysander hadde neuer grace ne fortune to come to Kynge Arthurs court. For and he had comen to sire launcelot alle knyghtes sayd, that knewe hym, he was one of the strengest knyghtes that was in Arthurs dayes, and grete dole was made for hym.

Soo lete we of hym passe and torne we to another tale. So hit befelle that sire Galahalt the haute prynce was lord of the countrey of Surluse, wherof came many good knyghtes. And this noble prynce was a passynge good man of armes and euer he helde a noble felaushyp to gyders. And thenne he came to Arthurs court, & told hym his entent, how this was his wyll, hou he wold lete crye a Justes in the coūtrey of Surluse, the whiche countrey was within the landes of kynge Arthur, and there he axed leue to lete crye a Justes. I wyl gyue yow leue said Kynge Arthur. But wete thow wel sayd Kynge Arthur, I maye not be there. Syre said Quene Gueneuer please hit you to gyue me leue to be at that Justes. With ryght good wille said Arthur, for sire Galahalt the haute prynce shall haue yow in gouernaunce. Syr said Galahalt I wille as ye wylle, sir thenne the quene I wille take with me and suche knyghtes as pleasen me best, do as ye lyst said kynge Arthur. So anone she commaunded sire Launcelot to make hym redy with suche knyghtes as he thought best. Soo in euery good towne and castel of this land was made a crye, that in the countrey of Surluse syre Galahalt sholde make a Justes that shold laste eyghte dayes. And how the haute prynce with the help of Quene Gueneuers knyghtes shold Juste ageyne alle manere of men that wold come. Whanne this crye was knowen, kynges and prynces, dukes and Erles, Barons and noble knyghtes made them redy to be at that Justes. And at the daye of Justyng there came in sire Dynadan, disguysed, and dyd many grete dedes of armes.

Capitulum xli.

THENNE at the request of Quene Gueneuer and of kynge Bagdemagus, sir Laũcelot came in to the rayeng but he was desguysed, and that was the cause that fewe folke knewe hym, and there mette with hym sir Ector de marys his owne broder, and eyther brake their speres vpon other to theyr handes. And thenne eyther gate another spere. And thenne sire launcelot smote doune sire Ector de marys his owne broder. That sawe sire Bleoberys, and he smote sir launcelot suche a buffet vpon the helme that he wyst not wel where he was. Thenne sir launcelot was wrothe, and smote sir Bleoberys so sore vpon the helme that his hede bowed doune backward. And he smote efte another buffet that he auoyded his sadel, and soo he rode by, and threst forth to the thyckest. Whan the kynge of Northgalys sawe sire Ector and Bleoberys lye on the ground, thenne was he wroth, for they came on his party ageynst them of Surluse. So the kynge of Northgalys ran to sire Launcelot, and brake a spere vpon hym all to pyeces. There with sire Launcelot ouertook the kynge of Northgalys and smote hym suche a buffet on the helme with his suerd that he made hym to auoyde his hors, and anone the kyng was horsed ageyne. So bothe the kynge Bagdemagus and the kyng of Northgalys party hurled to other, and thenne beganne a stronge medle, but they of Northgalys were ferre bygger.

Whanne sire launcelot sawe his party goo to the werst, he thrange in to the thyckest prees with a suerd in his hand, & there he smote doune on the ryght hand and on the lyft hand and pulled doune knyghtes and racyd of their helmes that alle men hadde wonder that euer one knyght myghte doo such dedes of armes. Whanne sire Mellegaunt that was sone vnto kyng Bagdemagus saw how sir Launcelot ferd, he merueiled gretely. And whan he vnderstood that it was he, he wyst wel that he was desguysed for his sake. Thenne sire Malegeaunt prayd a Knyghte to slee sir launcelots hors outher with suerd or with spere. At that tyme Kynge Bagdemagus mette wyth a Knyghte that hyght Sauseyse a good knyghte, to whom he sayd, Now fayr Sauseyse encounter with my sone Malegeaunt, and gyue hym large payment, for I wold he were well beten of thy handes that he myghte departe oute of this feld. And thenne sir Sauseyse encountred with syr Malegeaunt, and eyther smote other doune. And then̄e they fought on fote, and there Sauseyse had wonne syre Malegeaunt, hadde not there come rescowes. So thenne the haute prynce blewe to lodgynge. And euery knyghte vnarmed hym, and wente to the grete feest. Thenne in the meane whyle there came a damoysel to the haute prynce, and complayned that there was a knyghte that hyght Goneryes that withhelde her alle her landes. Thenne the knyghte was there presente and caste his gloue to hym or to ony that wold fyghte in her name. Soo the damoysel took vp the gloue alle heuyly for defaute of a champyon. Thenne there came a varlet to her and sayd damoysel, wille ye doo after me, ful fayne said the damoysel, thenne goo ye vnto suche a knyght that lyeth here besyde in an eremytage, and that foloweth the questyng best, and pray hym to take the bataille vpon hym, and anone I wote wel he wille graunte yow.

So anone she took her palfroy, and within a whyle she fond that knyght that was sire Palomydes. And whan she requyred hym, he armed hym and rode with her, and made her to go to the haute prynce, and to aske leue for her knyght to doo batail. I wille wel said the haute prynce. Thenne the knyghtes were redy in the feld to Juste on horsbak, and eyther gatte a spere in their handes and mette soo fyersly to gyders that their speres alle to sheuerd. Thenne they flange out swerdes, and syr Palomydes smote sire Gonereys doune to the erthe. And thenne he racyd of his helme and smote of his hede. Thenne they wente to souper, and the damoysel loued Palomydes as peramour, but the book saith she was of his kyn. Soo thenne Palomydes desguysed hym self in this manere, in his shelde he bare the questynge beest and in alle his trappours. And whanne he was thus redy, he sente to the haute prynce to gyue hym leue to Juste with other knyghtes, but he was adoubted of sire launcelot. The haute prynce sente hym word ageyne, that he shold be welcome, and that syre Launcelot shold not Juste with hym. Thenne sire Galahalt the haute prynce lete crye what knyght someuer he were that smote doune sir Palomydes shold haue his damoysel to hym self.

Capitulum xlii.

Here begynneth the second daye. Anone as sire Palomydes came in to the felde, syr Galahalt the haute prynce was at the raunge ende, and mette with sire Palomydes, and he with hym with grete speres. And thenne they cam soo hard to gyders that their speres alle to sheuered. But syr Galahalt smote hym soo hard that he bare hym backward ouer his hors, but yet he lost not his styropes. Thenne they drewe their swerdes and lasshed to gyder many sadde strokes, that many worshipful knyghtes lefte their besynes to behold them. But at the last sire Galahalt the haut prynce smote a stroke of myghte vnto Palomydes sore vpon the helme, but the helme was soo hard that the swerd myght not byte but slypped and smote of the hede of the hors of sir Palomydes. Whan the haut prynce wyst and sawe the good knyght falle vnto the erthe, he was ashamed of that stroke. And there with he alyghte doune of his owne hors, and prayd the good knyghte Palomydes to take that hors of his yefte, and to forgyue hym that dede. Syre said Palomydes I thanke yow of your grete goodnes, for euer of a man of worship, a knyghte shalle neuer haue disworship, and soo he mounted vpon that hors, and the haute prynce had another anone. Now said the haute prynce I relece to yow that maiden, for ye haue wonne her. A said palomydes the damoysel and I be at your commaundement. So they departed and sire Galahalt dyd grete dedes of armes. And ryght soo came Dynadan, and encountred with syr Galahalt, and eyther came to other so fast with theire speres that their speres brak to their handes. But Dynadan had wende the haute prynce had ben more wery than he was. And thenne he smote many sadde strokes at the haute prynce, but whan dynadan sawe he myght not gete hym to the erthe, he said My lord I pray yow leue me, and take another, the haute prynce knewe not Dynadan, and lefte goodely for his fayr wordes. And soo they departed, but soone there came another, and told the haute prynce that hit was Dynadan, for soth sayd the prynce therfor am I heuy that he is soo escaped from me, for with his mockes and japes, now shalle I neuer haue done with hym. And thenne Galahalt rode fast after hym, and bad hym abyde Dynadan for kynge Arthurs sake. Nay said Dynadan soo god me helpe we mete no more to gyder this daye. Thenne in that wrathe the haute prynce mette with Melyagaunt, and he smote hym in the throte that and he had fallen his neck had broken, and with the same spere he smote doune another knyght. Thenne came in they of Northgalys, and many straūgers and were lyke to haue putte them of Surluse to the werse, for syr Galahalt the haut prynce had euer moche in hand. Soo there came the good knyghte Semound the valyaunt wyth fourty knyghtes, and he bete them al abak. Thenne the Quene Gueneuer and sire launcelot lete blowe to lodgynge, and euery knyghte vnarmed hym, and dressid hem to the feeste.

Capitulum xliii.

WHANNE Palomydes was vnarmed he axed lodgynge for hym self and the damoysel. Anone the haute prynce commaunded them to lodgynge. And he was not so soone in his lodgynge, but there came a Knyghte that hyght Archade, he was broder vnto Gomoryes that Palomydes slewe afore in the damoysels quarel. And this Knyght Archade called syre Palomydes traytour, and appelyd hym for the dethe of his broder. By the leue of the haute prynce sayd

Palomydes I shalle ansuer the. Whan sire Galahalt vnderstood theyre quarel, he badde them goo to dyner, and as soone as ye haue dyned, loke that eyther knyghte be redy in the felde. So when they hadde dyned they were armed bothe, and tooke their horses, and the quene and the prynce and syr Launcelot were set to behold them, and soo they lete renne their horses, and there sir Palomydes bare Archade on his spere ouer his hors tayle. And thenne Palomydes alyght and drewe his swerd, but syr Archade myght not aryse, and there syr Palomydes racyd of his helme, and smote of his hede. Thenne the haute prynce and Quene Gueneuer wente vnto souper. Thenne Kynge Bagdemagus sente aweye his sone Melyagaunt by cause syr Launcelot shold not mete with hym, for he hated sire launcelot, and that knewe he not.

Capitulum xliiii.

Now begynneth the thyrdde daye of Justynge, and att that daye Kynge Bagdemagus made hym redy, and there came ageynst hym kynge Marsyl, that had in yefte an Iland of syre Galahalt the haute prynce. And this yland had the name Pomytayn. Thenne hit befelle that Kyng Bagdemagus and kynge Marsyl of Pomytayn mette to gyders with speres, and Kynge Marsyl had suche a buffet that he felle ouer his hors croupe. Thenne came therin a Knyght of Kynge Marsyl to reuenge his lord. And kynge Bagdemagus smote hym doune hors and man to the erthe.

Soo there came an Erle that hyght arrouse, and sir Breuse and an honderd knyghtes with hem of Pometayne, and the Kynge of Northgalys was with hem. And alle these were ageynst them of Surluse. And thenne there beganne grete bataylle, and many Knyghtes were caste vnder hors feet. And euer Kynge Bagdemagus dyd best, for he fyrste beganne, & euer he helde on. Gaherys Gawayns broder smote euer at the face of Kynge Bagdemagus. And at the laste kynge Bagdemagus hurtled doune Gaherys hors and man.

Thenne by aduenture syre Palomydes the good Knyghte mette with syre Bleoberys de Ganys, syre Bleoberys broder. And eyther smote other with grete speres, that both theyre horses and Knyghtes felle to the erthe. But syre Blamore had suche a falle that he had al moost broken his neck, for the blood braste oute at nose, mouthe and his eres, but at the laste h recouerd well by good surgyens. Thenne there cam in the duke Chaleyns of Claraunce and in his gouernaunce there came a knyghte that hyghte Elys la noyre. And there encountred with hym Kynge Bagdemagus, and he smote Elys that he made hym to auoyde his sadel. Soo the Duke Chaleyns of Claraunce dyd there grete dedes of armes, and of soo late as he came in the thyrdde daye there was no man dyd soo wel excepte kynge Bagdemagus and sire Palomydes that the pryce was gyuen that day to Kynge Bagdemagus.

And thenne they blewe vnto lodgynge and vnarmed hem and wente to the feest. Ryght soo came Dynadan and mocked and japed with Kynge Bagdemagus that alle knyghtes lough at hym, for he was a fine japer and wel louynge alle good knyghtes. Soo anone as they had dyned, there came a varlet berynge foure speres on his bak, & he came to Palomydes, & sayd thus, here is a Knyzte by hath sente yow the choyse of foure speres, and requyreth yow for your lady sake to take that one half of these speres, and Juste with hym in the felde. Telle hym said Palomydes I wyll not fayle hym. Whanne sire Galahalt wyste of this, he badde Palomydes make hym redy. So the Quene Gueneuer, the haute prynce and sire Launcelot they were set vpon scafholdes to gyue the jugement of these two Knyghtes.

Thenne syre Palomydes and the straunge knyght ranne so egerly to gyders that their speres brake to their handes. Anon with alle eyther of them tooke a grete spere in his hand and alle to sheuered them in pyeces. And thenne eyther tooke a gretter spere. And thenne the knyghte smote doune syre Palomydes hors and man to the erthe. And as he wold haue passed ouer hym, the straunge knyghtes hors stumbled and felle doune vpon Palomydes. Thenne they drewe their swerdes and lasshed to gyders wonderly sore a grete whyle. Thenne the haute prynce and sire Launcelot sayd they sawe neuer two knyghtes fyghte better than they dyd, but euer the straunge knyght doubled his strokes, and putte Palomydes abak, there with alle the haute prynce cryed hoo, and thenne they wente to lodgynge. And whanne they were vnarmed, they knewe hit was the noble knyzt syr Lamorak. Whanne syr Launcelot knewe that hit was sir Lamorak he made moche of hym, for aboue alle erthely men he loued hym best excepte sire Tristram. Thenne Quene Gueneuer commended hym, and soo dyd alle other good knyghtes made moche of hym excepte sire Gawayns bretheren. Thenne quene Gueneuer said vnto sire launcelot syr I requyre yow that & ye Juste ony more, that ye Juste with none of the blood of my lord Arthur, soo he promysed he wold not as at that tyme.

Capitulum xlv.

HERE begynneth the fourthe daye. thenne came in to the felde the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, and alle they of Northgalys and the duke chaleyns of Claraunce, and Kynge Marsyl of pomatyn, and there came Safyr, Palomydes broder, and there he told hym tydynges of his moder, and his name was called the Erle. And so he appeled hym afore kynge Arthur, for he made warre vpon oure fader and moder, and there I slewe hym in playne bataille. Soo they wente in to the feld, and the damoysel wyth them, and there came to encountre ageyne them sire Bleoberys de ganys, and sir Ector de marys, sire Palomydes encoūtred with sir Bleoberys, and eyther smote other doune. And in the same wyse dyd sire Safere and sir Ector, and tho two couples dyd bataille on foote. Thenne came in sire Lamorak & he encountred with the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, and smote hym quyte ouer his hors tayle. And in the same wyse he serued the kynge of Northgalys, and also he smote doune Kynge Marsyl. And so or euer he stynte, he smote doune with his spere and with his suerd thyrtty knyghtes. Whan Duke Chaleyns sawe Lamorak doo soo grete prowesse, he wolde not medle with hym for shame, and thenne he charged all his knyghtes in payne of dethe that none of yow touche hym. For hit were shame to alle good knyghtes and that Knyght were shamed. Thenne the two

Kynges gadred them to gyders, and alle they sette vpon sire Lamorak, and he faylled them not, but rasshed here and there smytyng on the ryght hand and on the lyfte & racyd of many helmes, so that the haute prynce and Quene Gueneuer said they sawe neuer knyghte do suche dedes of armes on horsbak. Allas sayd Launcelot to kynge Bagdemagus, I wylle arme me, and helpe syre Lamorak, and I wylle ryde with yow said kyng bagdemagus. And whanne they two were horsed they came to sir Lamorak that stood amonge thyrtty knyghtes, and wel was hym that myght retche hym a buffet, and euer he smote ageyn myghtely. Thenne came there in to the prees sir launcelot, and he threwe doune sir Mador de la porte. And with the truncheon of that spere he threwe doune many knyghtes. And kynge Bagdemagus smote on the lyfte hand and on the ryzt hand merueylously wel. And thenne the thre kynges fledde abak. There with all thenne sire Galahalt lete blowe to lodgynge, & alle the heroudes gaf sire Lamorak the pryce. And alle this whyle foughte Palomydes, sire Bleoberys, sire Safere, sir Ector on foot, neuer were there foure knyghtes euener matched. And thenne they were departed and had vnto their lodgyng and vnarmed hem, and soo they wente to the grete feeste.

But whanne sire Lamorack was come in to the courte quene Gueneuer took hym in her armes and sayd syr wel haue ye done this daye. Thenne came the haute prynce and he maade of hym grete Joye, and soo dyd Dynadan for he wepte for joye. But the Joye that sire Launcelot made of sir Lamorak there myghte no man telle, thenne they wente vnto rest, and on the morne the haute prynce lete blowe vnto the felde.

Capitulum xlvi.

HERE begynneth the fyfthe daye. soo hit befelle that syre Palomydes came in the morne tyde, and profered to juste there as kynge Arthur was in a Castel there besydes Surluse, and there encountred with hym a worshipful duke, and there sire Palomydes smote hym ouer his hors croupe. And this duke was vnkel vnto kynge Arthur.

Thenne sire Elyses sone rode vnto Palomydes, and Palomydes serued Elyse in the same wyse. Whanne sire Uwayne sawe thys he was wrothe. Thenne he took his hors and encountred with syr Palomydes, and Palomydes smote hym soo hard, that he wente to the erthe hors and man. And for to make a short tale, he smote doune thre bretheren of syre Gawayns, that is for to say Mordred, Gaherys and Agrauayne. O Jhesu said Arthur this is a grete despyte of a Sarasyn that he shalle smyte doune my blood. And there with alle kyng Arthur was woode wrothe, and thoughte to haue made hym redy to Juste.

That aspyed sire Lamorak that Arthur and his blood were discomfyte. And anone he was redy and axed Palomydes yf he wold ony more Juste. Why shold I not said Palomydes. Thenne they hurtled to gyders and brake their speres, and alle to sheuerd them, that alle the castel range of theyr dyntys. Thenne eyther gate a gretter spere in his hand, and they came soo fyersly to gyders, but sir Palomydes spere all to brast and syre Lamorak dyd holde, there with alle sire Palomydes lost his steroppes and lay vp ryght on his horsbak. And theñe sire Palomydes retorned ageyne and took his damoysel, and sir Safere retorned his way. Soo whan he was departed kynge Arthur came to syr Lamorak and thanked hym of his goodnes, and prayd him to telle hym his name. Syr sayd Lamorak wete thow wel, I owe yow my seruyse, but as att this tyme I wylle not abyde here, for I see of myn enemyes many aboute me. Allas sayd Arthur now wote I wel, it is syre Lamorak de galys. O Lamorak abyde with me, and by my croune I shalle neuer fayle the; and not soo hardy in Gawayns hede, nor none of his bretheren to doo the ony wronge. Syre said syre Lamorak wronge haue they done me and to yow bothe. That is trouth sayd the kyng for they slewe theyre owne moder and my syster, the whiche me sore greueth. It hadde ben moche fayrer and better that ye had wedded her, for ye are a kynges sone as wel as they. O Jhesu sayd the noble Knyght sire Lamorack vnto Arthur, her dethe shalle I neuer forgete. I promyse yow and make myn auowe vnto god I shalle reuenge her dethe as soone as I see tyme couenable. And yf hit were not at the reuerence of your hyhenes, I shold now haue ben reuenged vpon syre Gawayn & his bretheren, truly said arthur I wil make you at acord. Syr said Lamorak as at this tyme I may not abyde with yow, for I muste to the Justes. Where is syre launcelot and the haute prynce syre Galahalt. Thenne there was a damoysel that was doughter to kynge Bandes, and there was a Sarasyn knyghte that hyghte Corsabryn, and he loued the damoysel, and in no wyse he wold suffre her to be maryed, for euer this Corsabryn noysed her and named her that she was oute of her mynde, and thus he lette her that she myght not be maryed.

Capitulum xlvii.

Soo by fortune this damoysel herd telle that Palomydes dyd moche for damoysels sake, soo she sent to hym a pensel, and prayd hym to fyghte with sire Corsabryn for her loue, and he shold haue her, and her landes of her faders that shold falle to her. Thenne the damoysel sente vnto corsabryn and badde hym goo vnto sire Palomydes that was a paynym as wel as he, and she gaf hym warnyng that she had sente hym her pensel, and yf he myghte ouercome Palomydes she wold wedde hym. Whanne Corsabryn wyste of her dedes, thenne was he wood wroth and angry, and rode vnto Surluse where the haute prynce was, and there he fond sire Palomydes redy the whiche had the pensel. Soo there they waged batail either with other afore Galahalt. Wel said the haute prynce, this daye muste noble knyghtes Juste, and at after dyner we shall see how ye can spede. Thenne they blewe to Justes, And in cam Dynadan, and mette with sir Geryn a good knyght, and he threwe hym doune ouer his hors croupe, and sire Dynadan ouerthrewe four knyztes moo, and there he dyd grete dedes of armes, for he was a good knyzt, but he was a scoffer, and a japer, and the meryest knyght among felauship that was that tyme lyuynge. And he hadde suche a customme that he loued euery good knyghte, and euery good knyght loued hym ageyne. Soo thenne whanne the haute prynce sawe Dynadan doo soo wel, he sente vnto syre launcelot, and bad hym stryke doune syre Dynadan. And whan that ye haue done so brynge hym afore me and the noble quene Gueneuer. Thenne sir Launcelot dyd as he was requyred. Thenne sire Lamorak and he smote doune many knyghtes, & racyd of helmes, and drofe alle the knyghtes afore them. And soo sire Launcelot smote doune sire Dynadan, and made his men to vnarme hym, and soo brought hym to the quene and the haute prynce and then lough at dynadan so sore that they myghte not stande, wel said sire Dynadan yet haue I no shame, for the old shrewe sire Launcelot smote me doune. So they wente to dyner, alle the Courte had good sporte at Dynadan. Thenne whanne the dyner was done, they blewe to the felde to beholde sire Palomydes and Corsabryn. Syre Palomydes pyght his pensell in myddes of the felde, & thēne they hurtled to gyders with their speres as it were thonder, and eyther smote other to the erthe. And thenne they pulled oute their swerdes, and dressid their sheldes, and lasshed to gyders myghtely as myghty knyztes, that wel nyghe there was no pyece of harneis wold hold them, for this Corsabryn was a passynge felonous knyghte. Corsabryn said Palomydes wylte thow releace me yonder damoysel, and the pensell. Thenne was Corsabryn wrothe oute of mesure, and gaf Palomydes suche a buffet that he kneled on his knee.

Thenne Palomydes arose lyghtely, and smote hym vpon the helme, that he felle doune ryzt to the erthe. And ther with he racyd of his helme, and sayd Corsabryn yelde the or ellys thou shalt dye of my handes. Fy on the said Corsabryn, doo thy werst, thenne he smote of his hede. And there with all cam a stynke of his body whan the soule departed, that there myzt no body abyde the sauoure. Soo was the corps hadde aweye and buryed in a wood by cause he was a paynym.

Thenne they blewe vnto lodgynge, and Palomydes was vnarmed. Thenne he wente vnto Quene Gueneuer, to the haute prynce, and to syre launcelot. Syre sayd the haute prynce, here haue ye sene this day a grete myrakel by Corsabryn, what sauour there was whanne the soule departed from the body. Therefor syre we wylle requyre yow to take the baptym vpon yow, and I promyse yow alle knyghtes wyll sette the more by yow, and say more worship by yow. Syre said Palomydes I wille that ye alle knowe, that in to this land I came to be crystened, and in my herte I am crystened, and crystend wille

I be. But I haue made suche an auowe that I maye not be crystend tyl I haue done seuen true batails for Jhesus sake. And thenne wil I be crystend. And I truste god wylle take myn entent for I meane truly. Thenne sire Palomydes prayed Quene Gueneuer and the haute prynce to soupe with hym. And soo they dyd bothe sire Launcelot and sire Lamorak, and many other good knyghtes. Soo on the morne they herd their masse, and blewe the felde, and thenne knyghtes made them redy.

Capitulum xlviii.

Here begynneth the syxthe day. Thenne came therin syr Gaherys, and there encountred with hym syre Ossaise of Surluse, and sir Gaherys smote hym ouer his hors croupe. And thenne eyther party encountred with other, and there were many speres broken, and many knyghtes cast vnder feete. Soo there came in sir Dornard and sir Aglouale that were bretheren vnto sire Lamorak, and they mette with other two knyghtes, and eyther smote other soo hard that all four knyghtes and horses felle to the erthe. Whan sire Lamorak sawe his two bretheren doune, he was wrothe oute of mesure. And thenne he gat a grete spere in his hand, and there with alle he smote doune four good knyztes, and thenne his spere brake. Thenne he pulled oute his suerd, and smote aboute hym on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand, and racyd of helmes and pulled doune knyghtes that alle men merueylled of suche dedes of armes as he dyd, for he ferd so that many knyghtes fledde. Thenne he horsed his bretheren ageyne and sayd bretheren ye oughte to be ashamed to falle so of your horses, what is a Knyght but whan he is on horsbak. I sett not by a knyght whanne he is on foote, for all batails on fote ar but pelowres batails. For there shold no Knyghte fyghte on foote, but yf hit were for treason, or els he were dryuen therto by force, therfore bretheren sytte faste on your horses or els fyghte neuer more afore me. With that cam in the duke Chaleyns of Claraunce, and there encountred with hym the Erle Ulbawes of Surluse, and eyther of hem smote other doune. Thenne the knyghtes of bothe partyes horsed their lordes ageyne, for syr Ector and Bleoberys were on foote waytynge on the duke Chaleyns. And the kynge with the honderd knyghtes was with the erle of Ulbawes. With that came Gaherys, and lasshed to the Kynge with the honderd Knyghtes and he to hym ageyne. Thenne came the Duke Chaleyns, and departed them, thenne they blewe to lodgynge, and the knyztes vnarmed them and drewe them to their dyner, and atte myddes of their dyner in came Dynadan and beganne to rayle. Thenne he beheld the haute prynce that semed wrothe with somme faute that he sawe, for he hadde a customme he loued no fysshe, and by cause he was serued with fysshe, the whiche he hated, therfore he was not mery. Whan sir Dynadan had aspyed the haute prynce, he aspyed where was a fysshe with a grete hede, and that he gatte betwixe two dysshes, and serued the haute prynce with that fysshe. And thenne he said thus, sir galahalt wel may I lyken yow to a wolf, for he wille neuer ete fysshe but flesshe, thenne the haute prynce lough at his wordes. Wel wel said Dynadan to launcelot, what deuylle doo ye in this Countrey, for here may no meane knyztes wynne no worship for the, sir Dynadan said Laūcelot I ensure the I shalle no more mete with the nor with thy grete spere, for I maye not sytte in my sadel when that spere hytteth me. And yf I be happy I shalle beware of that boystous body that thow berest, wel said launcelot make good watche euer, god forbede that euer we mete but yf hit be at a dysshe of mete. Thenne lough the Quene and the haute prynce, that they myghte not sytte at their table. thus they made grete joye tyl on the morn, And thenne they herd masse, and blewe to felde. And quene Gueneuer and all the estates were set and juges armed clene with their sheldes to kepe the ryghte.

Capitulum xlix.

Now begynneth the seuenth bataill. there cam in the duke Cambynes, and there encountred with hym syr Arystaunce that was counted a good knyghte, & they mette soo hard that eyther bare other doune hors and man. Thenne came there the Erle of lambayle and helped the duke ageyne to hors. Thenne came there syr Ossayse of Surluse, and he smote the erle Lambayle doune from his hors. Thenne beganne they to doo grete dedes of armes, and many speres were broken and many knyghtes were caste to the erthe.

Thenne the kynge of Northgalys and the Erle Ulbawes smote to gyders that alle the juges thought it was lyke mortal dethe. This meane whyle quene Gueneuer and the haute prynce and syr laūcelot made there syre Dynadan make hym redy to Juste. I wold said Dynadan ryde in to the felde, but thenne one of yow tweyne wille mete with me. Per dieu sayd the haute prynce ye maye see hou we sytte here as juges with oure sheldes, and alweyes mayst thow beholde whether we sytte here or not. Soo syr Dynadan departed and tooke his hors and mette with many knyghtes, and dyd passynge wel. And as he was departed, syre Launcelot desguysed hym self, and putte vpon his armour a maydens garment fresshely attyered. Thenne sire Launcelot made sire Galyhodyn to lede hym thorugh the raunge, and alle men had wonder what damoysel it was. And soo as sire Dynadan came in to the raunge, sire Launcelot that was in the damoysels araye gatte Galyhodyns spere and ranne vnto sir Dynadan. And alwayes sire Dynadan loked vp there as syre Launcelot was, and thenne he sawe one sytte in the stede of sire Launcelot armed. But whanne Dynadan sawe a maner of a damoysel he drad peryls that it was syre launcelot desguysed, but syre Launcelot came on hym so fast that he smote hym ouer his hors croupe, and thenne grete scornes gate sire Dynadan in to the forest there besyde, & there they dispoylled hym vnto his sherte and putte vpon hym a womans garment, and so brought hym in to the felde, and soo they blewe vnto lodgynge. And euery knyght wente and vnarmed them, thenne was sir Dynadan brought in among them alle. And whanne Quene Gueneuer sawe sir Dynadan brought soo amonge them alle, thenne she lough that she fylle doune, and soo dyd alle that there were. Wel sayd Dynadan to launcelot thow arte soo fals that I can neuer beware of the. Thenne by alle the assente they gaf syre Launcelot the pryce, the next was sire Lamorak de galys, the thyrd was sir Palomydes, the fourthe was kynge Bagdemagus. soo these four Knyghtes had the pryce, and there was grete joye, and grete nobley in alle the Courte. And on the morne Quene Gueneuer and sir Launcelot departed vnto kynge Arthur, but in noo wyse syr Lamorak wold not go with them. I shalle yndertake said sire launcelot that and ye wyll goo with us, kynge Arthur shalle charge syre Gawayne and his bretheren, neuer to doo yow hurte. As for that sayd syre Lamorak I wylle not truste sire Gawayne nor none of his bretheren, and wete ye wel sir Launcelot, and hit were not for my lord Kynge Arthurs sake, I shold matche sire Gawayn and his bretheren wel ynouz. But to say that I shold truste them, that shal I neuer, and therfor I pray you recommaunde me vnto my lord Arthur and vnto alle my lordes of the round table. And in what place that euer I come I shal do you seruyse to my power, and syr it is but late that I reuengyd that whan my lord Arthurs kynne were put to the werse by sire Palomydes. Thenne sir Lamorak departed from sir laūcelot, and eyther wepte at their departynge.

Capitulum L.

Now torne we fro this mater, and speke we of sir tristram of whome this booke is pryncipal of, and leue we the kynge and the quene, syr Launcelot, and syre Lamorak. and here begynneth the treason of kynge Mark that he ordeyned ageynst syr Tristram. There was cryed by the costes of Cornewaile a grete turnement and Justes, and al was done by sir Galahalt the haut prynce, and kynge Bagdemagus to the entent to slee Launcelot or els vtterly destroye hym and shame hym, by cause sir launcelot had alweyes the hyher degree, therfore this prynce and this kynge made this Justes ageynst sire Launcelot. And thus her coūceyll was discouerd vnto Kynge Marke wherof he was ful gladde. Thenne Kyng Marke bethoughte hym that he wold haue syre Tristram vnto that turnement desguysed that no man shold knowe hym, to that entente that the haute prynce shold wene that sir Tristram were syre launcelot. Soo at these Justes came in syr Tristram. And at that tyme sire launcelot was not there, but whan they sawe a Knyzt desguysed doo suche dedes of armes, they wende hit had ben sir launcelot. And in especyal Kynge Mark sayd hit was syre launcelot playnly. Thenne they sette vpon hym bothe Kynge Bagdemagus and the haute prynce and theyre Knyghtes that hit was wonder that euer sire Tristram myght endure that payne. Not withstandynge for alle the payne that he had, syr Tristram wanne the degree at that turnement, and there he hurte many Knyztes and brysed them, and they hurte hym and brysed hym wonderly sore. So whanne the Justes were alle done, they knewe wel that hit was sire Tristram de Lyones, and all that were on Kyng markes party were glad that sir Tristram was hurte, and the remenaunt were sory of his hurte, for syre Tristram was not soo behated as was syre Launcelot within the Reame of Englond. Thenne came Kyng Marke vnto syre Tristram, and sayd fayre neuewe I am sory of your hurtes. Gramercy my lord said syre Tristram.

Thenne Kynge Marke made sir Tristram to be putte in an hors bere in grete sygne of loue, and said fayre cosyn I shalle be your leche my self, and soo he rode forthe with sire Tristram and brought hym to a Castel by day lyghte. And thenne Kynge Mark made syre Tristram to ete. And thenne after he gaf hym a drynke, the whiche as soone as he had dronke, he fell on slepe. And whanne it was nyghte he made hym to be caryed to another castel, and there he putte hym in a stronge pryson, & there he ordeyned a man and a woman to gyue hym his mete and drynke. Soo there he was a grete whyle, thenne was syr Tristram myssed, and no creature wyst where he was become. When la beale Isoud herd hou he was myssed pryuely she went vnto sir Sadok & praid hym to aspye where was sir Tristram. Thenne when Sadok wyst hou sir tristram was myssed & anon aspyed that he was put in pryson by kyng mark & the traitours of Magōs, thenē sadok & two of his cosyns leid them in an enbusshement fast by the castel of Tyntagyl in armes. And as by fortune there came rydynge Kynge Marke and foure of his neuewes, and a certayn of the traytours of Magouns. Whanne sir Sadok aspyed them, he brake oute of the busshement, and sette there vpon them. And whan kynge Mark aspyed sire Sadok, he fledde as fast as he myghte, and there sir Sadok slewe alle the four neuewes vnto Kynge Marke.

But these traitours of Magons slewe one of Sadoks cosyns a grete wound in the neck, but Sadok smote the other to the dethe. Thenne sir Sadok rode vpon his way vnto a Castel that was called Lyonas, and there he aspyed of the treason and felony of kynge Marke. Soo they of that castel rode with syre Sadok tyl that they came to a Castel that hyghte Arbray, & there in the toune they fond syre Dynas the Seneschal, that was a good Knyght. But whan sire Sadok had told syre Dynas of alle the treason of Kynge Marke, he defyed suche a Kynge, and sayd he wold gyue vp his landes that he held of hym. And whanne he said these wordes alle manere Knyghtes sayd as syre Dynas said. Thenne by his aduys and of sire Sadoks he lete stuffe alle the townes and Castels within the Countrey of Lyones and assembled all the peple that they myght make.

Capitulum li.

Now torne we vnto Kynge Marke that whan he was escaped from sir Sadok, he rode vnto the Castel of Tyntagyl, and there he made grete crye and noyse, & cryed vnto harneis alle that myghte bere armes. Thenne they sought and fond where were dede four cosyns of kyng Markes and the traytour of Magouns. Thenne the kynge lete entyere them in a chappel, thenne the kynge lete crye in alle the countrey that helde of hym to goo vnto armes, for he vnderstood to the werre he must nedes. Whanne Kynge Marke herde and vnderstood how syre Sadok and sir Dynas were arysen in the Countrey of Lyones, he remembryd of wyles and treason. Lo thus he dyd, he lete make and counterfete letters from the pope and dyd make a straunge clerke to bere them vnto kyng mark, the whiche letters specyfyed that kynge Marke shold make hym redy vpon payne of cursyng with his hoost to come to the pope to helpe to goo to Jherusalem for to make warre vpon the Saracyns. Whan this clerk was come by the meane of the Kynge, anone with alle kyng marke sente these letters vnto sire Tristram and badde hym saye thus, that and he wold goo were vpon the mescreauntes, he shold be had oute of pryson, and to haue alle his power. Whanne sire Tristram vnderstood this letter, thenne he sayd thus to the Clerke, A kynge Marke euer hast thou ben a traytour, and euer wylle be, but Clerke said sire Tristram, Say thou thus vnto Kynge marke. Syn the Appostle pope hath sente for hym, bydde hym goo thyder hym self, for telle hym traitour Kynge as he is, I wylle not goo at his commaūdement, gete I oute of pryson as I may for I see I am wel rewarded for my true seruyse. Thenne the Clerke retorned vnto kynge Marke and told hym of the ansuer of sire Tristram. Wel sayd Kynge marke yet shal he be begyled. Soo he wente in to his chamber and counterfete letters, and the letters specyfyed that the pope desyred sire Tristram to come hym self to make werre vpon the mescreauntes. Whan the Clerke was come ageyne to sir Tristram and tooke hym these letters, thenne sire Tristram behelde these letters, & anone aspyed they were of kynge Markes counterfetynge. A said syre Tristram fals hast thow ben euer kynge Marke, and soo wolt thou ende. Thenne the Clerke departed from sire Tristram and came to kynge Marke ageyne. By thenne there were come four wounded knyghtes within the castel of Tyntagil, and one of them his neck was nyghe broken in tweyn. Another had his arme stryken awey, the thyrdde was borne thurgh with a spere, the fourth had his teeth stryken in tweyn.

And whanne they came afore kynge Marke they cryed and sayd, kynge, why fleest thow not for alle this countrey is arysen clerely ageynst the. thenne was kynge Marke wrothe oute of mesure, and in the meane whyle there came in to the countrey sire Percyuale de galys to seke sire Tristram. And whan he herd that syre Tristram was in pryson, syr Percyual made clerely the delyueraunce of sir Tristram by his knyghtly meanes. And whan he was soo delyuerd, he made grete joye of syre Percyuale, and soo echone of other. Syr Tristram sayd vnto sire Percyuale, and ye wille abyde in these marches I wylle ryde with yow. Nay said Percyuale in this countrey I maye not tary, for I muste nedes in to Walys. Soo syre Percyuale departed from sire Tristram, and rode streyghte vnto Kynge Marke, and told hym how he had delyuerd syre Tristram, and also he told the kyng that he had done hym self grete shame for to putte sir Tristram in pryson. For he is now the knyght of moost renomme in this world lyuynge.

And wete thow wel the noblest knyghtes of the worlde loue syr

Tristram, and yf he wille make werre vpon yow, ye maye not abyde hit. That is trouthe said kynge Marke, but I may not loue sire Tristram by cause he loueth my Quene and my wyf la beale Isoud. A fy for shame said syr Percyuale say ye neuer so more. Are ye not unkel vnto sir Tristram, and he your neuewe, ye shold neuer thynke that soo noble a Knyghte as sire Tristram is that he wold doo hym self soo grete a vylony to holde his vnkels wyf, how be it said syr Percyuale he may loue your Quene synles by cause she is called one of the fayrest ladyes of the world. Thenne syr Percyuale departed from Kynge Marke. Soo whan he was departed Kyng Mark bethought hym of more treson. Not withstādyng kyng mark graunted syre Percyuale neuer by no manere of meanes to hurte sire Tristram. Soo anone Kynge Marke sente vnto syre Dynas the Seneschal that he shold putte doune alle the peple that he had reysed, for he sente hym an othe that he wold goo hym self vnto the pope of Rome to warre vpon the mescreauntes, and this is a fayrer werre than thus to areyse the peple ageynst youre kynge. Whanne sir Dynas vnderstood that kynge marke wold goo vpon the mescreauntes, thenne sire Dynas in alle the hast putte doune alle the peple, and whan the peple were departed euery man to his home, thenē Kyng mark aspyed where was sire Tristram with la Beale Isoud, and there by treason Kynge Marke lete take hym and put hym in pryson contrary to his promyse that he made vnto syre Percyuale. Whan Quene Isoud vnderstood that syr Tristram was in pryson, she made as grete sorowe as euer made lady or gentylwoman. Thenne sire Tristram sent a letter vnto la Beale Isoud and praid her to be his good lady, and yf hit pleased her to make a vessel redy for her and hym, he wold goo with her vnto the reame of Logrys that is this land. Whanne la beale Isoud vnderstood syre Tristrams letters and his entent she sente hym another, and badde hym be of good comforte, for she wold doo make the vessel redy and alle thynge to purpos. Thenne la beale Isoud sente vnto syre Dynas and to sadok and prayd hem in ony wyse to take Kynge Marke, and put hym in pryson vnto the tyme that she and syre Tristram were departed vnto the Royamme of Logrys. Whan sir Dynas the Seneschall vnderstood the treason of Kynge Marke, he promysed her ageyne and sente her word that Kynge Marke shold be put in pryson. And as they deuysed hit soo it was done, And thenne syre Tristram was delyuerd oute of pryson, and anone in alle the haste Quene Isoud and syr Tristram went and took their counceyll with (*those*) that they wold haue with them whan they departed.

Capitulum liii.

THENNE la Beale Isoud and sire Tristram took their vessel, and came by water in to this land, and so they were not in this land four dayes, but there came a crye of a justes and turnement that Kynge Arthur lete make. Whanne sire Tristram herd telle of that turnement he desguysed hym self, and la Beale Isoud, and rode vnto that turnement. And whan he came there he sawe many Knyghtes Juste and turneye, and so syr Tristram dressid hym to the raunge, and to make short conclusion, he ouerthrewe fourten Knyghtes of the round table. Whanne sir Launcelot sawe these Knyghtes thus ouerthrowen, sire launcelot dressid hym to sir Tristram. That sawe la Beale Isoud how sire launcelot was come in to the felde. Thenne la Beale Isoud sente vnto sire Launcelot a rynge, and badde hym wete that it was sir Tristram de lyones. Whanne sir launcelot vnderstood that there was syre Tristram he was ful gladde, and wold not Juste. thẽne sire Launcelot aspyed whyder syre Tristram yede, and after hym he rode, and thenne eyther made of other grete Joye. And soo sire Launcelot broughte sire Tristram and la beale Isoud unto Joyous gard that was his owne Castel that he had wonne with his owne handes. And there sire Launcelot put them in to welde for their owne. And wete ye wel that Castel was garnysshed and furnysshed for a Kynge and a quene Royal there to haue soiourned, and syre Launcelot charged alle his people to honoure them and loue them as they wold doo hym self.

Soo sire launcelot departed vnto kynge Arthur, and thenne he told Quene Gueneuer how he that Justed soo wel atte last turnement was sire Tristram, and there he told her how he hadde with hym la beale Isoud maulgre kynge Marke, & soo Quene Gueneuer told alle this vnto kynge Arthur.

Whanne kynge Arthur wyste that sire Tristram was escaped and comen from kynge Marke, and had broughte la beale Isoud with hym, thenne was he passynge gladde. So by cause of sire Tristram kynge Arthur lete make a crye, that on may day shold be a Justes before the castel of Lonazep. And that castel was fast by Joyous gard. And thus Arthur deuysed that alle the knyghtes of this land and of Cornewaile and of Northwalys shold Juſte ageynste alle these countreyes. Irland, Scotland, and the remenaunt of Walys & the countrey of Gore and Surluse and of Lysſtynoyse, & they of Northumberland and alle they that helde landes of arthur a this half the see. Whanne this crye was made, many knyghtes were gladde and many were ungladde. Syre said laũcelot vnto Arthur by this crye that ye haue made ye wyll put vs that ben aboute yow in grete jeopardy, for there be many Knyghtes that haue grete enuye to vs, therfore when we shal mete at the daye of Justes there wille be hard shyfte amonge vs. As for that said Arthur I care not, there shal we preue who shal be best of his handes. Soo whan sir launcelot vnderstode wherfore kynge Arthur made this Justyng thẽne he made suche purueaunce that la beale Isoud shold behold the Justes in a secrete place that was honest for her estate.

Now torne we vnto sire Tristram and to la beale Isoud, how they maade grete joye dayly to gyders with alle manere of myrthes that they coud deuyse, and euery day sir Tristram wold goo ryde on huntynge, for sire Tristram was that tyme called the best chacer of the world, and the noblest blower of an horne of alle manere of mesures, for as bookes reporte, of syre Tristram came alle the good termes of venery and hũtynge and all the syses and mesures of blowynge of an horne, and of hym we had fyrste alle the termes of haukyng, & whiche were beestes of chace and beestes of venery, and whiche were vermyns, and alle the blastes that longen to all maner of gamen. Fyrste to the vncoupelynge, to the sekynge, to the rechate, to the flyghte, to the dethe, and to strake, and many other blastes and termes, that all maner of gentylmen haue cause to the worldes ende to preyse sir Tristram and to praye for his soule.

Capitulum liiii.

Soo on a daye la beale Isoud sayd vnto sir Tristram, I merueyle me moche said she, that ye remembre not your self how ye be here in a straunge countrey and here be many peryllous knyghtes, and wel ye wote that kyng Marke is ful of treason, and that ye wylle ryde thus to chace and to hunte vnarmed, ye myghte be destroyed. My fayr lady and my loue I crye you mercy, I wille no more doo soo. Soo thenne sire Tristram rode dayly on huntynge armed and his men berynge his shelde and his spere. Soo on a day a lytyl afore the monethe of may syre Tristram chaced an hert passynge egerly, and soo the herte passed by a fayr welle. And thenne sir Tristram alyghte and putte of his helme to drynke of that burbley water. Ryght soo he herd and sawe the questynge beest come to the welle. Whan syre Tristram sawe that beest, he putte on his helme for he demed he shold here of sir Palomydes, for that beste was his quest. Ryght so sir Tristram sawe where came a knyghte armed vpon a noble courser, and he salewed hym, and they spake of many thynges, and thys knyghtes name was Breuse saunce pyte, and ryght so with alle there came vnto them the noble knyghte sire Palomydes, and eyther salewed other, and spake fair to other.

Fair knyghtes said sir Palomydes I canne telle yow tydynges, what is that sayd tho knyghtes. Syrs wete ye wel that Kynge Marke is put in pryson by his owne knyghtes, and alle was for loue of sire Tristram, for kynge Marke hadde put syre Tristram twyes in pryson. And ones sire Percyuale delyuerd the noble knyghte sire Tristram oute of pryson.

And at the laste tyme Quene La beale Isoud delyuerd hym, and wente cleryly aweye with hym in to this reame, & alle this whyle kynge Marke the fals traytour is in pryson. Is this trouthe said Palomydes. Thenne shall we hastely here of sire Tristram. And as for to say that I loue la Beale Isoud peramours I dare make good that I doo, and that she hath my seruyse aboue alle other ladyes; and shalle haue the terme of my lyf. And ryght soo as they stood talkynge, they sawe afore them where came a Knyghte alle armed on a grete hors, and one of his men bare his sheld, and the other his speres. And anone as that Knyght aspyed them he gatte his shelde and his spere, and dressid him to Juste.

Fair felawes said sire Tristram yonder is a Knyghte wil Juste with vs, lete see whiche of vs shalle encountre with hym for I see wel he is of the courte of Kynge Arthur..

It shalle not be longe or he be mette with alle said sire Palomydes, for I fonde neuer noo knyght in my queste of this Glastynge beest, but and he wold Juste I neuer refused hym. As wel may I said Breuse saunce pyte folowe that beest as ye. Thenne shalle ye doo bataille with me said Palomydes. Soo syre Palomydes dressid hym vnto that other Knyghte syre Bleoberys that was a ful noble Knyghte nyghe kynne vnto sire Launcelot. And soo they mette soo hard, that syre Palomydes felle to the erthe hors and alle.

Thenne sir Bleoberis cryed a lowde and said thus, make the redy thou fals traytour knyghte Breuse saunce pyte, for wete thow certaynly I wille haue adoo with the to the vtteraunce for the noble knyghtes and ladyes that thou hast falsly bitraid. Whanne this false knyght and traitour Breuse saunce pyte herd hym saye soo, he took his hors by the brydel and fledde his waye as faste as euer his hors myghte renne, for sore he was of hym aferd. Whan syr Bleoberys sawe hym flee he folowed faste after thorugh thycke and thorugh thynne. And by fortune as sir Breuse fledde, he sawe euen afore hym thre knyghtes of the table round, of the whiche tho one hyghte sire Ector de marys, the other hyghte syre Percyuale de galys, the thyrdde hyghte sir Harre de fyse lake a good knyght and an hardy. And as for syr Percyuale he was called that tyme of his tyme one of the best knyghtes of the world and the best assured. When Breuse sawe these knyghtes he rode streyghte vnto them and cryed vnto them & prayd them of rescowes. What nede haue ye said sire Ector. A fayr knyghtes saide syre Breuse here foloweth me the moost traytour knyght and moost coward and moost of vylony, his name is Breuse saunce pyte, and yf he may gete me he wylle slee me withoute mercy and pyte. Abyde with vs said sir percyuale and we shalle waraunt yow. Thenne were they ware of syre Bleoberys that came rydynge alle that he myghte. Thenne sir Ector put hym self forth to Juste afore them alle. When sire Bleoberis sawe that they were four knyghtes, and he but hym self, he stode in a doubte, whether he wold torne or hold his waye. Thenne he said to hym self I am a knyght of the table round, and rather than I shold shame myn othe & my blood I wille hold my way what soo euer falle therof. And thenne sire Ector dressid his spere and smote either other passynge sore, but sire Ector felle to the erthe. That sawe sir Percyuale and he dressid his hors toward hym all that he myghte dryue, but sir Percyuale had suche a stroke that hors and man felle to the erth. Whanne sir Harre sawe that they were bothe to the erthe, thenne he said to hym self, neuer was Breuse of suche prowesse. Soo sire Harre dressid his hors, & they mette to gyders soo strongly that bothe the horses and knyghtes felle to the erthe, but sire Bleoberis hors beganne to recouer ageyne. That sawe sire Breuse and he came hurtlyng, & smote hym ouer and ouer and wolde haue slayne hym as he lay on the ground. Thenne syr Harre le fyse lake arose lyghtely and toke the brydel of sir Breuse hors and said, Fy for shame stryke neuer a Knyght when he is at the erthe, for this Knyght may be called no shameful knyghte of his dedes, for yet as men may see there as he lyeth on the groūd he hath done worshipfully, and putte to the werse passynge good knyghtes. Therfore wylle I not lete saide sire Breuse, thow shalte not chese said syr Harre as at this tyme. Thenne whanne sir Breuse sawe that he myghte not chese nor haue his wylle, he spak fayre. Thenne syre Harre lete hym goo. And thenne anone he made his hors to renne ouer syre Bleoberys, and rasshed hym to the erthe lyke yf he wold haue slayne hym. Whanne syre Harre sawe hym doo so vyloynsly, he cryed traytour knyzt leue of for shame, and as sir Harre wold haue taken his hors to fyghte with sir breuse, thenne sir Breuse ranne vpon hym as he was half vpon his hors and smote hym doune hors & man to the erthe, and had nere slayne syr Harre the good knyght. That sawe sire Percyuale, and thenne he cryed traitour knyghte what dost thou. And whan sire Percyuale was vpon his hors, syr Breuse tooke his hors and fledde all that euer he myght, and syre Percyuale and syre Harre folowed after hym fast, but euer the lenger they chaced the ferther were they behynde. Thenne they torned ageyne and came to syr Ector de marys and to syre Bleoberys. A fayr knyghtes said Bleoberys why haue ye socoured that fals knyght & traitour, why said sire Harre what knyght is he, for wel I wote hit is a fals knyght said sir Harre and a coward and a felonous knyght. Syr sayd Bleoberys he is the moost coward knyghte, and a deuourer of ladyes and a destroyer of good Knyghtes and specyally of Arthurs. What is your name saide sir Ector, my name is Syr bleoberys de ganys. Allas fair cosyn sayde Ector, forgyue it me, for I am sir Ector de marys. thenne syre Percyuale and sire Harre made grete ioye that they met with bleoberys, but alle they were heuy that syr breuse was escaped them wherof they made grete dole.

Capitulum liiii.

Ryght soo as they stood thus, there came sir Palomydes. And whanne he sawe the shelde of bleoberys lye on the erthe, Thenne said Palomydes he that oweth that sheld, lete hym dresse hym to me, for he smote me doune here fast by at a fontayne, and therfore I wylle fyghte for hym on foote. I am redy said Bleoberys here to ansuer the, for wete thow wel syr knyzt it was I, and my name is Bleoberys de ganys. Wel arte thou met saide Palomydes, and wete thow wel my name is Palomydes the sarasyn, and eyther of them hated other to the dethe. Syre Palomydes sayd Ector wete thow wel there is neyther thow nor none knyght that bereth the lyf that sleeth ony of oure blood, but he shalle dye for hit, therfor and thow lyste to fyghte goo seche sire laũcelot or sir Tristram and there shalle ye fynde your matche, with hem haue I mette said Palomydes, but I had neuer no worship of them, was there neuer no maner of knyghte said sire Ector but they that euer matched with yow, yes sayd Palomydes, there was the thyrdde a good knyght as ony of them, and of his age he was the best that euer I fond, for and he myghte haue lyued tyl he had ben an hardyer man, there lyueth no knyghte now suche, and his name was syre Lamorak de galys. And as he had Justed at a turnement, there he ouerthrewe me, and xxx knyghtes moo, and there he wanne the degree. And at his departynge there mette hym syre

Gawayne and his bretheren, & with grete payne they slewe hym felonsly vnto alle good knyghtes grete domage. Anone as sir Percyuale herd that his broder was dede syr Lamorak, he felle ouer his hors mane swounynge, and there he made the grettest dole that euer maade knyghte. And whan syr Percyuale aroos, he said, Allas my good and noble broder syre Lamorak, now shalle we neuer mete, and I trowe in alle the wyde world a man maye not fynde suche a knyght as he was of his age, and hit is to moche to suffre the dethe of our fader kynge Pellenore, & now the dethe of our good broder sir Lamorak. Thenne in the meane whyle there came a varlet from the court of kyng Arthur and told them of the grete turnement that shold be at Lonazep, and how these landes Cornewail, & Northgalys shold be ageynst alle them that wold come.

Capitulum lv.

Now torne we vnto sir Tristram that as he rode on huntynge, he mette with sire Dynadan that was comen in to that countrey to seke syre Tristram. Thenne sire Dynadan told sire Tristram his name, but sire Tristram wold not telle hym his name, wherfore syr Dynadan was wrothe. For suche a foolysshe knyghte as ye are said sire Dynadan I sawe but late this day lyenge by a welle, and he fared as he slepte, and there he lay lyke a foole grymmynge and wold not speke, and his shelde lay by hym, and his hors stode by hym, and wel I wote he was a louer. A fayr syr said syre Tristram are ye not a louer, mary fy on that crafte said sir dynadan, that is euylle said, said sire Tristram, for a knyzt maye neuer be of prowesse, but yf he be a louer, it is wel said, said sir Dynadan. Now telle me your name syth ye be a louer, or els I shalle doo bataille with yow. As for that said sir Tristram, hit is no reason to fyghte with me, but I telle yow my name. And as for that my name shalle ye not wete as at this tyme. Fy for shame said Dynadan arte thow a knyghte and darste not telle thy name to me, therfore I wil fyghte with the. As for that said sir Tristram I wylle be aduysed, for I wil not doo batail, but yf me lyst. And yf I doo batail said sire Tristram ye are not able to withstande me. Fy on the coward sayd syre Dynadan, and thus as they houed styl they sawe a knyght came rydyng ageynst them. Lo said sir Tristram see where cometh a knyght rydynge wyll Juste with you. Anon as sir Dynadan beheld hym he said that is the same doted knyzt that I sawe lye by the welle neither slepyng ne wakyng. Wel sayde sire Tristram I knowe that knyght wel with the couerd shelde of asure, he is the kynges sone of Northumberland, his name is Epynegrys, and he is as grete a louer as I knowe, and he loueth the kynges doughter of Walys a ful fayre lady. And now I suppose said sire Tristram, and ye requyre hym, he wille Juste with yow, and thenne shalle ye preue whether a louer be a better knyghte or ye that wylle not loue no lady. Wel said Dynadan now shalt thou see what I shall do. There with alle sire Dynadan spake on hyghe and said sir knyghte make the redy to Juste with me, for it is the custome of erraũt knyztes one to Juste with other. Sir said Epynegrys is yͭ the rule of yow arraunt knyghtes for to make a knyght to Juste will he or nyll. As for that sayd Dynadan make the redy, for here is for me. And there with al they spored theyr horses & mett to gyders soo hard that Epynegrys smote doune sir Dynadan. Thenne sir Tristram rode to sire Dynadan and sayd how now me semeth the louer hath wel spedde. Fy on the Coward sayd syre Dynadan, and yf thow be a good Knyghte reuenge me. Nay said syr Tristram I wylle not Juste as at this tyme, but take your hors and lete vs goo hens. God defende me sayd syre Dynadan from thy felaushyp. For I neuer sped wel syn I mette with the, and soo they departed. Wel sayd sir tristram, peraduenture I coude telle yow tydynges of sir tristram. God defende me said Dynadan from thy felaushyp, for sir tristram were mykel the werse, and he were in thy company, and thenne they departed. Syre said sir Tristram, yet it may happen I shal mete with you in other places. so rode syr Tristram vnto Joyous gard, and there he herd in that toune grete noyse and crye. What is this noyse said sire Tristram. Syre sayd they here is a knyght of this castel that hath ben longe among vs, and ryght now he is slayne with two knyghtes. And for none other cause, but that oure knyghte sayd that sir Laũcelot were a better Knyght than syre Gawayne. that was a symple cause said sir

Tristram for to slee a good knyght for to saye wel by his mayster. That is lytel remedy to vs sayde the men of the toune. For and sire Launcelot had ben here, soone we shold haue ben reuenged vpon the fals knyghtes. whan syre Tristram herd them saye soo, he sente for his shelde, & for his spere, and lyghtly within a whyle he had ouertake them, and badde them torne and amende that they had mysdone.

What amendes woldest thow haue sayd the one Knyghte, & therwith they tooke theyr cours, and eyther mette other so hard that syr Tristram smote doune that knyghte ouer his hors tayle. Thenne the other knyght dressid hym to syr Tristram, and in the same wyse he serued the other knyghte. And thenne they gate of their horses as wel as they myghte and dressyd their sheldes and swerdes to do their bataile to the vtteraunce. Knyghtes said sire Tristram ye shalle telle me of whens ye ar and what be youre names, for suche men ye myzte be ye shold hard escape my handes. and ye myghte be suche men of suche a countre, that for alle your euylle dedes ye shold passe quyte. Wete thow wel syre Knyghte sayde they we feare not to telle the oure names, for my name is syr Agrauayne, and my name is Gaherys bretheren vnto the good Knyghte sire Gawayne, and we be neuewes vnto kyng Arthur. Wel sayd sir tristram for Kynge Arthurs sake I shalle lete yow passe as att this tyme. But hit is shame said sire Tristram that sire Gawayne and ye be comen of soo grete a blood that ye foure bretheren are soo named as ye be. For ye be called the grettest destroyers and murtherers of good Knyghtes that ben now in this reame, for it is but as I herde saye that syr Gawayne & ye slewe amonge yow a better knyght than euer ye were, that was the noble knyghte syre Lamorak de galys, and hit hadde pleased god sayd syre Tristram I wold I had ben by syre Lamorak at his deth, thenne sholdest thou haue gone the same way said sir Gaherys. Fayre knyghte said syre Tristram ther must haue ben many moo knyghtes than ye are. And there with alle sire Tristram departed fro them toward Joyous gard. And whanne he was departed, they took theyre horses, and the one said to the other, we wylle ouertake hym and be reuenged vpon hym in the despyte of sire Lamorak.

Capitulum lvi.

Soo when they hadde ouertake sire Tristram, sir Agrauayne badde hym torne traytour knyght, that is euyll sayd, said sir Tristram, and ther with he pulled out his suerd, and smote syr Agrauayne suche a buffet vpon the helme that he tombled doune of his hors in a swoune, and he hadde a greuous wounde. And thenne he torned to Gaherys, and sire Tristram smote his swerd and his helme to gyders with suche a myght that Gaherys felle oute of his sadel, and soo sir Tristram rode vnto Joyous gard and there he alyght and vnarmed hym. Soo sire Tristram told la beale Isoud of alle his aduenture as ye haue herd to forne. And whan she herd hym telle of sire Dynadan, syr said she is not that he that made the song by kynge Marke, that same is he said sire Tristram, for he is the best bourder and japer and a noble knyghte of his handes, and the best felawe that I knowe, and alle good knyghtes loue his felauship. Allas syre said she why broughte ye not hym with yow, haue ye no care sayd syr Tristram, for he rydeth to seke me in this countre, and therfore he wylle not awey tyl he haue met with me. And there sire Tristram told la Beale Isoud how sir Dynadan helde ageynste alle louers. Ryght so there came in a varlet and told sir Tristram how there was come an erraunt knyght in to the toune with suche colours vpon his sheld, that is syre Dynadan said syre Tristram, wete ye what ye shalle doo said sire Tristram, send ye for hym my lady Isoud, and I wylle not be sene and ye shal here the meryest knyghte that euer ye spak with alle and the maddest talker, and I praye yow hertely that ye make hym good chere. Thenne anone la beale Isoud sente in to the toune, and prayd syr Dynadan that he wold come in to the castel, & repose hym there with a lady, with a good wylle sayd syre Dynadan, & soo he mounted vpon his hors and rode in to the castel, & there he alyghte, and was vnarmed, & brought in to the castel. Anone la Beale Isoud came vnto hym, and eyther salewed other, thenne she asked hym of whens that he was. Madame sayd Dynadan I am of the courte of Kynge Arthur, & knyzte of the table round, and my name is syre Dynadan. What doo ye in this countrey sayd la Beale Isoud. Madame sayd he I seke syre Tristram the good knyght, for hit was told me that he was in this countrey, hit may wel be said la Beale Isoud, but I am not ware of hym. madame said Dynadan I merueylle of sire Tristram and moo other louers what eyleth them to be soo mad and soo soted vpon wymmen. Why said la beale Isoud, are ye a Knyght and be no louer, it is shame to you, wherfor ye may not be called a good knyzte, but yf ye make a quarel for a lady. God defende me sayd Dynadan, for the joye of loue is to short, and the sorow therof and what cometh therof dureth ouer longe. A said la Beale Isoud say ye not soo, for here fast by was the good knyght sire Bleoberys that foughte with thre knyghtes at ones for a damoysels sake, & he wanne her afore the kynge of Northumberland. hit was so said sire Dynadan for I knowe hym wel for a good knyzte and a noble and comen of noble blood, for alle ben noble knyghtes of whome he is comen of, that is sire Launcelot du lake. Now I pray yow said la Beale Isoud, telle me wylle ye fyghte for my loue with thre knyghtes that done me grete wronge, and in soo moche as ye be a knyzt of kyng Arthurs, I requyre yow to doo batail for me. Thenne syr Dynadan sayd I shalle say yow ye be as fayr a lady as euer I sawe ony, and moche fayrer than is my lady quene Gueneuer, but wete ye wel at one word I wylle not fyghte for yow wyth thre knyghtes. Jhesu defende me. Thenne Isoud lough, & had good game at hym. Soo he had alle the chere that she myghte make hym, and there he lay alle that nyght. And on the morn erly syr Tristram armed hym and la beale Isoud gaf hym a good helme, and thenne he promysed her that he wold mete with syr Dynadan. And they two wold ryde to gyders vnto Lonazep where the turnement shold be, and there shal I make redy for yow where ye shalle see the turnement. Thenne departed sir Tristram with two squyers that bare his sheld & his speres that were grete and longe.

Capitulum lvii.

THENNE after that syr Dynadan departed, and rode his way a grete paas vntyl he had ouertake sir Tristram. And when syr Dynadan had ouertake hym, he knewe hym anone, and he hated the felauship of hym aboue all other knyghtes. A said syre Dynadan art thow that coward knyght that I mette with yesterday, kepe the, for thou shalte Juste with me maulgre thy hede. Wel said syre Tristram and I am lothe to Juste, and soo they lete theyr horses renne, and syr Tristram myssid of hym a purpos, & sir Dynadan brak a spere vpon sire Tristram, and there with syre Dynadan dressid hym to drawe out his swerd. Not soo said sir Tristram, why are ye soo wrothe, I wille not fyghte. Fy on the coward sayd Dynadan thow shamest alle knyghtes. As for that said syre Tristram I care not, for I wille wayte vpon you and be vnder your protectyon, for by cause ye are so good a knyght ye may saue me. The deuylle delyuer me of the said syr Dynadan, for thou arte as goodely a man of armes and of thy persone as euer I sawe and the moost coward that euer I sawe. What wolt thow doo with tho grete speres that thou caryest with the. I shalle gyue them said sir Tristram to somme good knyght whan I come to the turnement. And yf I see yow doo best, I shalle gyue them to yow. Soo thus as they rode talkyng they sawe where came an erraunt knyght afore them that dressyd hym to Juste. Loo said syr Tristram yonder is one wylle Juste, now dresse the to hym, a shame betyde the said sire Dynadan. Nay not soo said Tristram for that knyght besemeth a shrewe. Thenne shalle I said syr Dynadan and soo they dressid their sheldes and their speres, and they mette to gyders soo hard, that the other knyght smote doun sir Dynadan from hys hors. Loo said sir Tristram hit had ben better ye had lefte. Fy on the coward said sire Dynadan. Thenne sir Dynadan starte vp and gat his swerd in his hande, and profered to do batail on foote. Whether in loue or in wrathe saide the other knyghte, lete vs doo bataille in loue said sir Dynadan. What is your name said that knyght I pray yow telle me. Wete ye wel my name is sir Dynadan. A Dynadan said that knyght and my name is Gareth the yongest broder vnto syre Gawayne. thenne eyther made of other grete chere, for this Gareth was the best knyghte of alle the bretheren, and he preued a good Knyghte. Thenne they took their horses, and there they spak of sir Tristram how suche a coward he was, and euery word sir Tristram herd and lough them to scorne. Thenne were they ware where came a knyght afore them wel horsed and wel armed, and he made hym redy to Juste. Fair knyghtes said syr Tristram, loke betwixe yow who shalle Juste with yonder knyghte, for I warne yow I wille not haue adoo with hym, thenne shall I said syr Gareth, and soo they encountred to gyders, and there that knyght smote doune sire Gareth ouer his hors croupe.

How now saide sire Tristram vnto syre Dynadan, dresse the now and reuenge the good knyght Gareth. That shall I not said sir Dynadan, for he hath stryken doune a moche bygger knyghte than I am. A said sire Tristram now sire Dynadan I see and fele wel your herte fayleth yow, therfore now shalle ye see what I shalle doo. And thenne sire Tristram hurtled vnto that knyghte, and smote hym quyte from his hors. And whanne sire Dynadan sawe that, he merueyled gretely. And thenne he demed that it was sire Tristram. Thenne this knyght that was on foot pulled oute his swerd to doo bataille. What is your name said sire Tristram. Wete ye wel sayde that knyghte my name is syre Palomydes. What knyghte hate ye moost said syr Tristram. Syr knyght said he I hate sir Tristram to the dethe, for and I may mete with hym the one of vs shalle dye, ye saye wel said sir Tristram, and wete ye wel that I am sire Tristram de lyones, and now doo your werste. Whanne sire Palomydes herd hym say soo he was astonyed. And thenne he said thus I praye yow sir Tristram forgyue me alle myn euylle wylle. And yf I lyue I shal doo you seruyse aboue alle other knyghtes that ben lyuynge, and there as I haue owed yow euylle wylle me sore repenteth. I wote not what eyleth me, for me semeth that ye are a good knyghte, & none other Knyghte that named hym self a good knyghte shold not hate yow therfor I requyre yow syr tristram take no displeasyr at myn vnkynde wordes. Syr Palomydes said sire Tristram ye say wel, and wel I wote ye are a good knyghte for I haue sene you preued and many grete enterpryses haue ye taken vpon yow, and wel encheued them, therfor said sire Tristram and ye haue ony euyll wille to me, now maye ye ryghte hit, for I am redy at your hand. Not soo my lord sire Tristram I wille doo yow knyghtly seruyse in alle thyng as ye wyl commaunde, and ryght soo I will take yow said syre Tristram, and soo they rode forthe on theyr wayes talkyng of many thynges. O my lord sire Tristram said Dynadan, foule haue ye mocked me, for god knoweth I cam in to this coūtrey for your sake, and by the aduyse of my lord sire Launcelot. And yet wold not sire Launcelot telle me the certeynte of you where I shold fynde yow. Truly said sir Tristram syre Launcelot wiste wel where I was, for I abode within his owne castel.

Capitulum lviii.

THUS they rode vntyl they were ware of the Castel lonazep. And thenne were they ware of foure honderd tentys and pauelions, and merueylous grete ordenaunce. Soo god me helpe saide sire Tristram yonder I see the grettest ordenaunce that euer I sawe. Syre said Palomydes, me semeth that there was as grete an ordenaunce att the castel of maydens vpon the roche where ye wanne the pryce, for I sawe my self where ye foriusted thyrtty knyghtes. Syr sayd Dynadan and in Surluse at that turnement that Galahalt of the longe Isles maade the whiche there dured seuen dayes, was as grete a gadrynge as is here, for there were many nacyons. Who was the best said sire Tristram, sire it was sir Launcelot du lake and the noble knyghte sire Lamorak de galys, and sir launcelot wanne the degree. I doubte not said sir Tristram but he wanne the degree. So he had not ben ouermatched with many knyghtes, and of the dethe of sire Lamorak sayd syre Tristram hit was ouer grete pyte, for I dare say, he was the clenest myzted man and the best wynded of his age, that was on lyue, for I knewe hym that he was the byggest knyght that euer I mette with all but yf hit were sire Launcelot. Allas said sire Tristram ful woo is me for his deth. And yf they were not the cosyns of my lord Arthur that slewe hym, they shold dye for hit, and all tho that were consentyng to his dethe. And for suche thynges said sire Tristram I feare to drawe vnto the courte of my lord Arthur. I wylle that ye wete hit said sire Tristram vnto Gareth. Syre I blame yow not said Gareth. For wel I vnderstande the vengeaunce of my bretheren sire Gawayne, Agrauayne, Gaherys, and Mordred. But as for me said sire Gareth I medle not of their maters, therfore there is none of them that loueth me. And for I vnderstande they be murtherers of good knyghtes I lefte theyre company, and god wold I had ben by sayd Gareth whanne the noble knyghte syre Lamorak was slayne. Now as Jhesu be my help said sir Tristram, it is wel said of you, for I had leuer than al the gold betwixe this & Rome I had ben there. Ye wys said palomydes & soo wold I had ben there, & yet had I neuer the degree at no Justes nor turnement there as he was, but he put me to the werse or on foot or on horsbak, & that day that he was slayne he dyd the most dedes of armes that euer I sawe knyghte doo in alle my lyfe dayes.

And whan hym was gyuen the degree by my lord Arthur, syre Gawayne and his thre bretheren Agrauayne, Gaherys and sire Mordred sette vpon syre Lamorack in a pryuy place, and there they slewe his hors, and so they fought with hym on foote more than thre houres bothe biforne hym and behynd hym, and sire Mordred gaf hym his dethes wound, behynde hym at his bak, and alle to hewe hym, for one of his squyers told me that sawe hit. Fy vpon treason said sir Trystram, for hit kylleth my herte to here this tale. So it doth myn said Gareth bretheren as they be myn I shall neuer loue them nor drawe in their felauship for that dede. Now speke we of other dedes said Palomydes, and lete hym be, for his lyf ye maye not gete ageyne, that is the more pyte said Dynadan. For sire Gawayne and his bretheren excepte yow sire Gareth, haten alle the good knyghtes of the round table for the most party, for wel I wote and they myght pryuely, they hate my lord sire Launcelot and al his kynne, and grete pryuy despyte they haue at hym, and that is my lorde syre launcelot wel ware of, and that causeth hym to haue the good knyghtes of his kyn aboute hym.

Capitulum lix.

Syre said Palomydes lete vs leue of this matere, and lete vs see how we shalle doo at this turnement. By myn aduyse said Palomydes lete vs foure holde to gyders ageynste alle that wyl come. Not by my counceil said sire Tristram, for I see by their pauelions ther wil be four honderd knyghtes, and doubte ye not said sir Tristram but there wil be many good knyghtes, and be a man neuer soo valyaunt nor soo bygge, yet he may be ouermatched. And soo haue I sene knyghtes done many tymes. And whanne they wend best to haue wonne worship they loste hit. For manhode is not worthe, but yf it be medled with wysedome. And as for me said sir Trystram hit maye happen I shalle kepe myn owne hede as wel as another. Soo thus they rode vntyl that they came to humber bank where they herd a crye and a doleful noyse. Thenne were they ware in the wynde where came a ryche vessel hylled ouer with reed sylke, and the vessel londed fast by them. There with sire Tristram alyghte and his knyghtes. And so syre Tristram wente afore and entred in to that vessel. And whanne he came within he sawe a fayre bedde rychely couerd, and there vpon laye a dede semely knyghte all armed sauf the hede was al bebledde with dedely woundes vpon hym, the whiche semed to be a passynge good knyghte. How may thys be said sire Tristram, that this knyghte is thus slayne. Thenne syre Tristram was ware of a letter in the dede knyztes hande. Maister maronners said sire Tristram what meaneth that letter. Syre sayd they, in that letter ye shalle here and knowe hou he was slayne, and for what cause, and what was his name. But sire said the maronners wete ye wel that no man shall take that letter and rede hit but yf he be a good knyghte, and that he wille feythfully promyse to reuenge his dethe, els shal there no knyghte see that letter open. Wete ye wel said sir Tristram that somme of vs may reuenge his dethe as wel as other. And yf hit be soo as ye maronners saye, his dethe shalle be reuenged. And there with sire Tristram took the letter oute of the knyghtes hande, and hit sayd thus. Harmaunce kynge & lord of the reed Cyte I send vnto alle knyghtes erraunt recommaundynge

99521

vnto yow noble knyghtes of Arthurs courte I byseche them alle amonge them to fynde one knyghte that wylle fyghte for my sake with two bretheren that I brought vp of nought and felonsly and traytourly they haue slayne me, wherfore I byseche one good knyghte to reuenge my deth. And he that reuenged my dethe I wille that he haue my rede Cyte and alle my castels. Syre said the maronners wete ye wel this kynge and knyghte that here lyeth was a ful worshipful man and of ful grete prowesse, and ful wel he loued alle maner knyghtes errauntes. Soo god me help said sire Tristram here is a pyteous caas, and ful fayne I wold take this enterpryse vpon me, but I haue made suche a promyse that nedes I muste be at this grete turnement, or els I am shamed. For wel I wote for my sake in especyal my lord Arthur lete make this Justes and turnement in this countrey, and well I wote that many worshipful people wylle be there att that turnement for to see me, therfor I fere me to take this enterpryse vpon me that I shal not come ageyne by tyme to this Justys. Syr said Palomydes, I pray yow gyue me this enterpryse, and ye shall see me encheue it worshipfully, outher els I shal dye in this quarel. Wel said sire Tristram, and this enterpryce I gyue yow with this that ye be with me at this turnement, that shalle be as this day seuen nyght. Syre said Palomydes, I promyse yow that I shalle be with yow by that day, yf I be vnslayne or vnmaymed.

Capitulum lx.

THENNE departed sire Tristram, Gareth, and sir Dynadan, and lefte sire Palomydes in the vessel, and so sir Tristram behelde the maronners how they sayled ouer longe humber. And whan sir Palomydes was oute of theyre syghte, they toke theyr horses and beheld aboute them. And thenne were they ware of a Knyght that came rydyng ageynst them vnarmed, and nothynge aboute hym but a swerd. And whan this knyghte came nyghe them, he salewed them, & they hym ageyne. Faire knyghtes sayd that knyght I praye yow in soo moche as ye be knyghtes erraunt that ye wille come and see my castel and take suche as ye fynde there. I praye yow hertely, and soo they rode with hym vntyl his Castel, & there they were brought in to the halle that was wel apparailled, and soo they were there vnarmed and sette at a bord, & whan this knyghte sawe sire Tristram anone he knewe hym. And thenne this Knyght waxed pale and wroth at sir tristram. Whan sire Tristram sawe his hoost make suche chere, he merueylled and said, Syre myn hoost what chere make yow, wete thou wel said he I fare the werse for the, for I knowe the sir Tristram de lyones, thou slewest my broder. And therfore I gyue the somons I wille slee the, and euer I maye gete the at large. Syr knyght said sir Tristram I am neuer aduysed that euer I slewe ony broder of yours. And yf ye say that I dyd I wille make amendys vnto my power. I wyll none amendys said the knyzt but kepe the from me. So whan he had dyned sir Tristram asked his armes & departed, & so they rode on their wayes, & within a whyle, sir Dynadan sawe where cam a knyzt wel armed & wel horsed without shelde, syre Tristram said sir Dynadan take kepe to your self, for I dar vndertake yonder cometh your hoost that will haue ado with you. Lete hym come said sir Tristram I shall abyde hym as wel as I maye. Anone the knyghte whanne he came nyghe sir Tristram he cryed and bad hym abyde and kepe hym. So they hurtled to gyders, but sir Tristram smote the other knyght so sore that he bare hym ouer his hors croupe. That knyght arose lyghtely and took his hors ageyne, and soo rode fyersly to sir Tristram and smote hym twyes hard vpon the helme. Sir knyzte said sir Tristram I pray yow leue of and smyte me no more, for I wold be lothe to dele with yow, & I myzt chese, for I haue your mete and your drynke within my body, for al that he wold not leue, and thēne sir Tristram gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme that he felle vp soo doune fro his hors, that the blood brast oute at the ventayls of his helme, and soo he lay styll lykely to be dede. Thenne sire Tristram said me repenteth of this buffet that I smote so sore, for as I suppose he is dede, and soo they lefte hym and rode on their wayes. So they had not ryden but a whyle but they sawe rydyng agenst them two ful lykely knyghtes wel armed and wel horsed & goodly seruauntes aboute them, the one was Berrannt, le apres, and he was called the kynge with the honderd Knyztes and the other was sir Segwarydes whiche were renomed two noble Knyghtes. So as they cam eyther by other, the Kynge loked vpon sir Dynadan that at that tyme he had syre Trystrams helme vpon his sholder, the whiche helme the kynge had sene to fore with the Quene of Northgalys, and that quene the kynge loued as peramour, & that helme the quene of northgalys had gyuen to la Beale Isoud, & the quene la Beale Isoud gaf it to sir Tristram. Syr Knyghte sayd Berraunt, where had ye that helme. What wold ye said sire Dynadan, for I wylle haue adoo with the said the kyng for the loue of her that owed that helme, and therfore kepe yow. Soo they departed and came to gyders with alle their myghtes of theyr horses, and there the kyng with the honderd knyghtes smote sire Dynadan hors and alle to the erthe, and thenne he commaunded his seruaunt goo and take thou his helme of, and kepe hit. Soo the varlet wente to vnbockel his helme. What helme, what wolt thou doo said sir Tristram, leue that helme, to what entente sayd the kynge wille ye sire knyghte medle with that helme. Wete yow wel said sir Tristram that helme shalle not departe from me or it be derer boughte. Thenne make you redy said sir Beraunce vnto sire Tristram. Soo they hurtled to gyders, and there syr Tristram smote hym doun ouer his hors tayle, and thenne the kynge arose lyghtely, and gatte his hors lyghtely ageyne. And thenne he strake fyersly att syre Tristram many grete strokes. And thenne syre Tristram gaf sir Beraunce suche a buffet vpon the helme, that he felle doune ouer his hors sore stonyed. Loo said Dynadan that helme is vnhappy to vs tweyne, for I had a falle for hit, and now sir kynge haue ye another falle.

Thenne Segwarydes asked who shal Juste with me. I praye the said syre Gareth vnto Dynadan, lete me haue this Justes. syr said Dynadan I pray yow take it as for me, that is no reason said tristrā, for this Justes shold be yours. Att a word said Dynadan I wille not therof. Thenne Gareth dressid hym to syre Segwarides, and there syre Segwarides smote Gareth and his hors to the erthe. Now sayd syr Tristram to Dynadan Juste with yonder knyghte. I wil not therof said Dynadan. Thenne wille I said syr Tristram, and thenne syr Tristram ranne to hym, and gaf hym a falle, and soo they lefte them on foote, and syre Tristram rode vnto Joyous gard, and there sir Gareth wold not of his curtosy haue gone in to this castel, but syre Tristram wold not suffre hym to departe. And soo they alyghte and vnarmed them, & hadde grete chere. But whan Dynadan came afore la Beale Isoud he cursed the tyme that euer he bare syr Tristrams helme, and there he tolde her how syre Tristram had mocked hym. Thenne was there laughyng and japynge at syr Dynadan that they wiste not what to doo with hym.

Capitulum lxi.

Now wille we leue them mery within Joyous gard & speke we of syr palomydes. theñe sir palomydes sailled euen longes hūber to the costes of the see, where was a fair castel. And at that tyme hit was erly in the mornynge afore daye. Thenne the maronners wente vnto sire palomydes, that slepte fast. Syre knyghte saide the maronners ye muste aryse, for here is a castel there ye muste goo in to. I assente me sayd sire Palomydes, and there with alle he aryued. And thenne he blewe his horne that the maronners had yeuen hym.

And whanne they within the Castel herd that horne, they put forthe many knyghtes and there they stode vpon the walles, and said with one voys, welcome be ye to this castel, and thenne it waxed clere day, and sire Palomydes entred in to the castel. And within a whyle he was serued with many dyuerse metes. Thenne sire Palomydes herd aboute hym moche wepynge and grete dole. What may this meane said sir palomydes, I loue not to here suche a sorou, and fayne I wold knowe what it meaneth, thenne there came afore hym one whos name was sir Ebel that said thus, wete ye wel sir knyghte this dole and sorowe is here made euery daye. And for this cause, we had a kynge that hyght Hermaunce and he was kynge of the reed cyte, and this kyng that was lord, was a noble knyght large and lyberal of his expense. And in the world he loued no thynge soo moche as he dyd erraunt knyztes of kynge Arthurs courte, and alle justynge, huntynge, and al maner of knyztly games, for so kynde a kynge and knyghte had neuer the rule of poure peple as he was, and by cause of his goodenes and gentylnesse we bemone hym, and euer shalle. And alle kynges and estates may beware by oure lord for he was destroyed in his owne defaute, for had he cherisshed them of his blood, he hadde yet lyued with grete rychesse and reste, but alle estates may beware by our kynge. But allas sayd Ebel that we shalle gyue alle other warnynge by his dethe.

Telle me said palomydes, and in what manere was youre lord slayne and by whome. Syr said sir Ebel, oure kyng brought vp of children two men that now are peryllous knyghtes, & these two knyghtes oure kynge had soo in cherete that he loued no man nor trusted no man of his blood, nor none other that was aboute hym. And by these two knyghtes oure kyng was gouerned, and soo they ruled hym peasybly and his landes, and neuer wolde they suffre none of his blood to haue no rule with oure kynge. And also he was soo free and soo gentyl, and they so fals and deceyuable that they ruled hym peasybly, and that aspyed the lordes of our kynges blood, & departed from hym vnto their owne lyuelode. Thenne whan these two traytours vnderstoode that they had dryuen alle the lordes of his blood from hym, they were not pleased with that rule, but thenne they thoughte to haue more, as euer hit is an old sawe, gyue a chorle rule, and there by he wylle not be suffysed, for what someuer he be that is ruled by a vylayne born and the lord of the soyle to be a gentilman born, the same vylayne shalle destroye alle the gentylmen aboute hym, therfor al estates and lordes, beware, whome ye take aboute yow. And yf ye be a knyght of Kyng Arthurs courte remembre this tale, for this is the ende and conclusion. My lord and kyng rode vnto the forest here by by the aduyse of these traytours, and there he chaced at the reed dere armed at alle pyeces ful lyke a good knyght, and soo for labour he waxed drye. And thenne he alyghte, and dranke at a welle. And whan he was alyghte by the assente of these two traytours that one that hyght Helyus he sodenly smote our kynge thurgh the body with a spere, and soo they lefte hym there. And whan they were departed, thenne by fortune I came to the welle, and fond my lord and kyng wounded to the dethe. And whan I herd his complaynte, I lete brynge hym to the water syde, and in that same shyp I put hym a lyue. And whan my lord kynge hermaunce was in that vessel, he requyred me for the true feyth I owed vnto hym for to wryte a letter in this maner.

Capitulum lxii.

Recommaundynge vnto kyng Arthur & to al his knyztes erraũt bisechyng them al that in so moche as I kyng Hermaũce kyng of the reed cyte thus am slayn by felony & treason thurz two knyghtes of myn own & of myn own bryngyng vp & of myn owne makyng that som worshipful knyzt wil reuenge my deth, in so moche I haue ben euer to my power wel willyng vnto Arthurs court, & who that wil aduenture his lyf with these two traitours for my sake in one batail, I kyng hermaũce kyng of the rede cyte frely gyue hym all my landes and rentes that euer I welded in my lyf. This letter said Ebel I wrote by my lordes commaundement, and thenne he receyued his creatoure, and whan he was dede, he commanded me or euer he were cold to put that letter fast in his hand. And thenne he commaunded me to putte forthe that same vessel doune humber, and I shold gyue these maronners in commaundement neuer to stynte vntyl that they came vnto Logris where all the noble knyghtes shall assemble at this tyme, & there shalle somme good knyghte haue pyte on me to reuenge my dethe, for there was neuer kynge nor lord falslyer ne traitourlyer slayne than I am here to my dethe. Thus was the complaynte of our kyng Hermaũce. Now said sir Ebel ye knowe alle how our lord was bitrayed, we requyre you for goddes sake haue pyte vpon his dethe, and worshipfully reuenge his dethe, and thenne may ye weld alle thise landes. For we alle wete wel, that & ye may slee these two traytours the reed cyte and all tho that ben therin will take you for their lord. Truly said sire Palomydes hit greueth my herte for to here you telle this doleful tale, and to saye the trouthe I sawe the same letter that ye speke of, and one of the best knyghtes on the erthe redde that letter to me, and by his commaundement I cam hydder to reuenge your Kynges deth, and therfor haue done, and lete me wete where I shall fynde tho traitours, for I shal neuer be at ease in my herte tyl I be in handes with them.

Syr said sire Ebel thenne take your ship ageyne, and that shyp must brynge you vnto the delectable yle fast by the reed Cyte, and we in this castel shalle pray for yow, and abyde your ageyne comynge, for this same castel and ye spede wel must nedes be yours, for oure kyng Harmaunce lete make this castel for the loue of the two traytours, and so we kepte it with stronge hande, & therfore ful sore are we threted. Wote ye what ye shal do said sir Palomydes what somme euer come of me, loke ye kepe wel this castel, for & it mysfortune me soo to be slayn in this quest, I am sure there wil come one of the best knyghtes of the world for to reuenge my deth, and that is sir Tristram de lyones or els sir Launcelot du lake.

Thenne sir Palomydes departed from that castel. And as he cam nyghe the Cyte, there cam out of a shyp a goodly knyzt armed ageynst hym with his shelde on his sholder, and his hand vpon his swerd. And anone as he came nyghe sir Palomydes he said sir knyghte what seke ye here, leue this queste for it is myn, and myn it was or euer it was yours, & therfor I wille haue hit. Syr knyght said Palomydes it may wel be that this quest was yours or it was myn, but when the letter was take oute of the dede kynges hand at that tyme by lykelyhode there was no knyght had vndertake to reuenge the deth of the kynge. And soo at that tyme I promysed to reuenge his dethe. And soo I shalle or els I am ashamed, ye say wel sayd the knyghte, but wete ye wel thenne wille I fyzte with yow, and who be the better knyghte of vs bothe, lete hym take the bataille vpon hand. I assente me said sire Palomydes, & thenne they dressid their sheldes, and pulled out their swerdes and lasshed to gyder many sadde strokes as men of myghte, & this fyztyng was more than houre, but at the last sir Palomydes waxed bygge and better wynded, soo that thenne he smote that knyght suche a stroke, that he made hym to knele vpon his knees. Thenne that knyghte spak on hyghe, and sayd gentyll knyght hold thy hand. Syr Palomydes was goodely & with drewe his hand. Thenne this knyght sayd wete ye wel knyzt that thou arte better worthy to haue this bataille than I, and requyre the of knyghthode telle me thy name. Syr my name is Palomydes a knyghte of Kynge Arthurs and of the table round that hyder I came to reuenge the dethe of this dede kynge.

Capitulum lxiii.

WEL be ye fond said the knyghte to Palomydes, for of alle knyghtes that ben on lyue excepte thre I had leuest haue yow. The fyrste is sire Launcelot du lake & sir Tristram de lyones, the thyrd is my nyz cosyn syr Lamorak de galys, and I am broder vnto kynge Harmaunce that is dede & my name is sir Hermynde. ye saye wel said sir Palomydes, & ye shal see how I shal spede, & yf I be there slayn, goo ye to my lord sir laūcelot or els to my lord sir Tristram, & pray them to reuenge my deth, for as for sir Lamorak hym shal ye neuer see in this world. Allas said sir Hermynde how may that be, he is slayne said sire Palomydes by sire Gawayne and his bretheren. Soo god me helpe said Hermynd there was not one for one that slewe hym, that is trouthe said sire Palomydes, for they were four daungerous knyghtes that slewe hym, as Syr Gawayne, syr Agrauayne, sire Gaherys and sire Mordred, but sire Gareth the fyfthe broder was awey, the best knyght of them alle. And soo syre Palomydes told Hermynde alle the manere, and how they slewe sir Lamorak all only by treason. So sir Palomydes took his ship, and aryued vp at the delectable yle. And in the meane whyle syr Hermynde that was the kynges broder he arryued vp att the reed Cyte, and there he told them how there was comen a knyghte of kynge Arthurs to auenge kynge Hermaunce dethe, and his name is sire Palomydes the good knyght, that for the moost party he foloweth the best Glatysaunt. Thenne alle the Cyte made grete joye, for mykel had they herd of sire Palomydes and of his noble prowesse. Soo lete they ordeyne a messager and sente vnto the .ii. bretheren, and bad them to make them redy, for there was a knyght comen that wold fyghte with them bothe. Soo the messager wente vnto them where they were at a Castel there besyde and there he told them how there was a knyght comen of kynge Arthurs courte to fyghte with them bothe at ones, he is welcome said they. But telle vs we pray yow yf hit be sire launcelot or ony of his blood, he is none of that blood said the messager, thenne we care the lesse said the two bretheren, for with none of the blood of sire launcelot we kepe not to haue adoo with alle. Wete ye wel said the messager that his name is sire Palomydes that yet is vncrystened a noble knyght, well said they and he be now vncrystened, he shalle neuer be crystend. Soo they apoynted to be at the cyte within two dayes.

And whanne sire Palomydes was come to the Cyte they made passynge grete joye of hym, and thenne they beheld hym, and sawe that he was wel made, clenely and byggely, and vnmaymed of his lymmes, and neyther to yonge nor to old, and soo alle the peple preysed hym, and though he was not crystened yet he byleued in the best maner, and was fulfeythful & true of his promyse, and wel condycyoned. And by cause he made his auowe that he wold neuer be crystened vnto the tyme that he had encheued the beste Glatysaunt, the whiche was a ful wonderful beest and a grete sygnyfycacyon, for Merlyn profecyed moche of that beest. And also sire Palomydes auowed neuer to take ful crystendome vnto the tyme that he had done seuen batails within the lystys. So within the thyrd day there came to the Cyte these two bretheren, the one hyght Helyus, the other hyzt Helake, the whiche were men of grete prowesse how be hit that they were fals and ful of treason, and but poure men borne, yet were they noble knyztes of their handes. And with hem they brought fourty knyghtes to that entent, that they shold be bygge ynough for the reed Cyte. Thus came the two bretheren with grete bobaunce and pryde, for they had put the reed Cyte in fere and dammage. Thenne they were broughte to the lystes, and sire Palomydes came in to the place and sayd thus, be ye the two bretheren Helyus & Helake that slewe your kynge and lord syr Hermaunce by felony and treason, for whome that I am comen hyder to reuenge his dethe. Wete thow wel said sir Helyus and sir Helake that we ar the same knyghtes that slewe kyng Harmaunce. And wete thow wel sire Palomydes sarasyn, that we shalle handle the so or thou departe that thou shalt wysshe that thou werest crystened. Hit maye wel be, said sir Palomydes, for yet I wold not dye or I were crystened, and yet soo am I not aferd of yow both, but I truste to god that I shal dye a better crysten man than ony of yow both, and doubte ye not said sir Palomydes eyther ye or I shalle be lefte dede in this place.

Capitulum lxiiii.

THĒNE they departed and the two bretheren came ayenst sir Palomydes, and he ageynst them as fast as their horses myght renne. And by fortune sir Palomydes smote Helake thorou his shelde and thurgh the brest more than a fadom. Alle this whyle sir Helyus helde vp his spere, and for pryde and orgulyte he wold not smyte sire Palomydes wyth his spere, but whan he sawe his broder lye on the erth, and sawe he myzt not helpe hym self, theñe he said vnto sir palomydes, helpe thy self, and there with he came hurtlynge vnto sir Palomydes with his spere, and smote hym quyte from his sadel.

Thenne sire Helyus rode ouer sir Palomydes twyes or thryes. And there with sir Palomydes was ashamed, & gat the hors of sir Helyus by the brydel, & therwith al the hors areryd, & sir Palomydes halp after, & so they felle both to the erthe, but anone sir Helyus starte vp lyghtely & there he smote sir Palomydes a grete stroke vpon the helme that he kneled vpon his owne knee. Thenne they lasshed to gyder many sad strokes, & tracyd and trauercyd now bakward, now sydelyng hurtlyng to gyders lyke two bores, & that same tyme they felle both grouelyñg to the erthe. Thus they fought styll withoute ony reposynge two houres and neuer brethed, & theñe sir Palomydes waxed faynt and wery, & sir Helyus waxed passyng strong & doubled his strokes, & drofe sir Palomydes ouerthwart and endlonge alle the feld, that they of the cyte whan they sawe sir Palomydes in this caas they wept & cryed & made grete dole, & the other party made as grete joye. Allas said the men of the Cyte that this noble knyght shold thus be slayne for our kynges sake, & as they were thus wepyng & cryeng, sir Palomydes that had suffred an honderd strokes that it was wonder, that he stode on his feet. At the last sire Palomydes beheld as he myght the comen peple how they wepte for hym, and thenne he said to hym self, A fy for shame syr palomydes why hangest thou thy hede soo lowe, & there with he bare vp his sheld, & loked sir Helyus in the vysage, and he smote hym a grete stroke vpon the helme, and after that another and another. And thenne he smote sir Helyus with suche a myghte that he felle to the erthe grouelynge, and thenne he rassyd of his helme from his hede, and there he smote hym suche a buffet that he departed his hede from the body. And thenne were the peple of the Cyte the joyefullest peple that myght be. Soo they brought hym to his lodgynge with grete solempnyte, and there alle the peple became his men. And thenne sire Palomydes prayd them all to take kepe vnto alle the lordship of Kynge Hermaunce, for fair sirs wete ye wel I maye not as at this tyme abyde with yow, for I muste in alle haste be with my lord kyng Arthur at the castel of Lonazep the whiche I haue promysed.

Thenne was the peple ful heuy at his departynge, for alle that Cyte profered sir Palomydes the thyrd parte of their goodes, soo that he wold abyde with hem, but in no wyse as at that tyme he wold not abyde, and soo sire Palomydes departed, and soo he came vnto the castel there as sire Ebel was lieutenaunt. And whanne they in the castel wyste hou sire Palomydes had sped, there was a joyeful meyny, and soo sir Palomydes departed, and came to the castell of Lonazep. And whanne he wyst that sire Tristram was not there, he took his way ouer humber and came vnto Joyous gard where as sir Tristram was and la Beale Isoud. Syr Tristram had commaunded that what knyght erraunt came within the Joyous gard as in the toune that they shold warne sire Tristram. Soo there came a man of the toune, and told sire Tristram how there was a Knyghte in the toune a passynge goodely man. What manere of man is he said sire Tristram, and what sygne bereth he. Soo the man told sire Tristram alle the tokens of hym. that is Palomydes said Dynadan, it maye wel be said sir Tristram, go ye to hym said sire Tristram vnto Dynadan. Soo Dynadan wente vnto sire Palomydes, and there eyther made of other grete joy, and soo they laye to gyder that nyghte. And on the morne erly came sire Tristram and sire Gareth, and took them in theyr beddes, and soo they arose and brake their fast.

Capitulum lxv.

And thenne sire Tristram desyred sire Palomydes to ryde in to the feldes and woodes. So they were accorded to repose them in the foreste. And whanne they hadde played them a grete whyle, they rode vnto a fayre welle, and anone they were ware of an armed knyght that came rydyng ageynste them, and there eyther salewed other. Thenne this armed knyghte spak to sire Tristram and asked what were these knyghtes that were lodged in Joyous gard. I wote not what they ar said sir Tristram. What knyztes be ye said that knyzte for me semeth ye be no knyghtes erraunt by cause ye ryde vnarmed. Whether we be Knyghtes or not, we lyste not to telle the oure name. Wilt thou not telle me thy name said that knyght, thenne kepe the for thou shalt dye of my handes, & therewith he gate his spere in his handes, and wold haue ronne sir Tristram thurgh, that sawe sir palomydes, and smote his hors trauerse in myddes of the syde, that man and hors felle to the erthe. And ther with sire palomydes alyghte and pulled out his swerd to haue slayne hym, lete be said sir Tristram, slee hym not, the Knyght is but a foole, it were shame to slee hym but take awey his spere said sire Tristram, and lete hym take his hors and goo where that he wille. Soo whan this knyghte arose he groned sore of the falle, and soo he took his hors, and whan he was vp, he torned thenne his hors and requyred sir Tristram and sir palomydes to telle hym what knyghtes they were. Now wete ye wel said sir Tristram that my name is sir Tristram de Lyones, and this knyghtes name is sir palomydes. When he wyste what they were, he took his hors with the spores by cause they shold not aske hym his name, and so rode fast awey thurgh thyck and thynne. Thenne came there by them a knyghte with a bented sheld of asure whos name was Epynogrys, and he cam toward them a grete wallop. Whether ar ye rydynge said sir Tristram, my fayre lordes said Epynogrys I folowe the falsest knyght that bereth the lyf wherfor I requyre yow telle me whether ye sawe hym, for he bereth a shelde with a caas of reed ouer it. So god me help said Tristram suche a knyzt departed from vs not a quarter of an houre agon, we pray yow telle vs his name. Allas said Epynogrys why lete ye hym escape from yow, and he is soo grete a fo vnto al erraunt knyghtes his name is Breuse saunce pyte. A fy for shame said sire palomydes. Allas that euer he escaped myne handes, for he is the man in the world that I hate moost.

Thenne euery knyghte made grete sorowe to other, and so Epynogrys departed and folowed the chace after hym. Thenne sir Tristram and his thre felawes rode vnto Joyous gard, and there sir Tristram talked vnto sire palomydes of his batail hou he sped atte reed Cyte, and as ye haue herd afore so was hit ended. Truly said sir Tristram I am gladde ye haue wel sped for ye haue done worshipfully. Wel said sir Tristram we must forward to morn, and thenne he deuysed how it shold be, and syr Tristram deuysed to sende his two pauelions to sette them fast by the welle of Lonazep, and therin shalle be the Quene la beale Isoud. Hit is wel said, said sir Dynadan but when sire Palomydes herd of that, his herte was rauysshed oute of mesure. Not withstandynge he sayd but lytel. Soo when they came to Joyous gard, sire Palomydes wold not haue gone in to the castel, but as sire Tristram took hym by the fynger, & ladde hym in to the castel. And whanne sire Palomydes sawe la Beale Isoud he was rauysshed so that he myghte vnneth speke. Soo they wente vnto mete, but Palomydes myghte not ete, and there was alle the chere that myght be hadde. And on the morn they were apparaylled to ryde toward Lonazep.

Soo sir Tristram had thre squyers, and la beale Isoud had thre gentylwymmen and bothe the Quene and they were rychely apparailled, and other peple had they none with them, but varlets to bere their sheldes and their speres. And thus they rode forthe. So as they rode, they sawe afore them a route of knyghtes, hit was the knyght Galyhodyn with .xx. knyghtes with hym. Fair felawes said Galyhodyn, yonder comen foure knyghtes and a ryche and a wel fayre lady. I am in wylle to take that lady fro them. That is not of the best counceil said one of Galyhodyns men, but sende ye to them, and wete what they wille saye, and soo hit was done, there came a squyer vnto sire Tristram, and asked them whether they wold Juste or els to lese their lady. Not soo said sire Tristram telle your lord I byd hym come as many as we ben and wynne her and take her. Syre said Palomydes and hit please you lete me haue this dede, and I shalle vndertake them all foure. I wyll that ye haue it said sire Tristram at your pleasyr. Now goo and telle your lord Galyhodyn, that this same knyghte wylle encountre with hym and his felawes.

Capitulum lxvi.

THENNE this squyer departed and told Galyhodyn, & thenne he dressid his shelde, and put forthe a spere, & sir Palomydes another, and there sire Palomydes smote Galyhodyn soo hard that he smote bothe hors and man to the erthe. And there he had an horryble falle. And thenne came ther an other knyght, and in the same wyse he serued hym, and soo he seruyd the thyrd and the fourthe that he smote them ouer their horse croupes, and alweyes sire Palomydes spere was hole. Thenne came sixe knyghtes moo of Galyhodyns men, & wold haue ben auenged vpon sire Palomydes, lete be sayd sir Galyhodyn not soo hardy, none of yow alle medle with this knyght, for he is a man of grete bounte and honoure, & yf he wold ye were not able to medle with hym, and ryghte soo they helde them styll. And euer sire Palomydes was redy to Juste. And whan he sawe they wold no more, he rode vnto sire Tristram. Ryght wel haue ye done said sir Tristram, & worshypfully haue ye done as a good knyghte shold. This Galyhodyn was nyghe cosyn vnto Galahalt the haute prynce. And this Galyhodyn was a kynge within the countrey of Surluse. Soo as sir Tristram, syr Palomydes, and la Beale Isoud rode to gyders they sawe afore them four knyghtes and euery man had his spere in his hand, the fyrst was sire Gawayne, the second sir Uwayne, the thyrd sir Sagramor le desyrus, and the fourthe was Dodynas le Saueage. Whan sir palomydes beheld them that the four knyztes were redy to Juste, he praid sir Tristram to gyue hym leue to haue adoo with them also longe as he myghte holde hym on horsbak. And yf that I be smyten doune I pray yow reuenge me. Wel said sire Tristram I wille as ye wille, and ye are not soo fayne to haue worship but I wold as fayne encreace your worship, and there with all sir Gawayne put forth his spere, & sir Palomydes another, and so they cam so egerly to gyders that sir Palomydes smote sire Gawayne to the erthe, hors and alle, and in the same wyse he serued Uwayne, sir Dodynas, and Sagramore. Alle these four knyztes sir Palomydes smote doun with dyuerse speres. And thenne sire Tristram departed toward Lonezep. And whanne they were departed thenne came thydder Galyhodyn with his x knyztes vnto sir Gawayne, & ther he told hym alle how he had sped. I merueyle said sire Gawayne what knyghtes they ben, that ar so arayed in grene, & that knyzt vpon the whyte hors smote me doun said galihodyn & my .iii. felaws, & so he dyd to me said gawayn, & wel I wote said sire Gawayne that outher he vpon the whyte hors is sire Tristram or els sire Palomydes, and that gay bysene lady is quene Isoud. Thus they talked of one thynge and of other. And in the meane whyle sir Tristram passed on, tyl that he came to the welle where his two pauelions were sette, & there they alyghted, and there they sawe many pauelions and grete araye. Thenne sire Tristram lefte there sire Palomydes and sire Gareth with la beale Isoud, and sir Tristram and syre Dynadan rode to Lonezep to herken tydynges, and sire Tristram rode vpon sire Palomydes whyte hors. And whanne he came in to the castel, sir Dynadan herd a grete horne blowe, & to the horne drewe many Knyghtes. Thenne sire Tristram asked a Knyght what meaneth the blast of that horne. Sir said that Knyght it is alle tho that shalle holde ageynst kyng Arthur at this turnement. The fyrste is the kynge of Irland, & the Kynge of Surluse, the Kynge of Lystynoyse, the kyng of Northumberland, and the kynge of the best parte of Walys, with many other countreyes, and these drawe them to a counceylle to vnderstande what gouernaunce they shalle be of, but the Kynge of Irland whos name was Marhalt and fader to the good knyghte sir Marhaus that sire Tristram slewe had alle the speche that sir Tristram myght here it. He said lordes and felawes lete vs loke to our self, for wete ye wel Kynge Arthur is sure of many good Knyghtes, or els he wold not with soo fewe knyghtes haue adoo with vs, therfore by my counceyl lete euery Kynge haue a standard and a cognoissaunce by hym self that euery knyghte drawe to their naturel lord and thenne maye euery Kyng and capytayne helpe his knyztes yf they haue nede. Whan sir Tristram had herd all their counceyl, he rode vnto Kynge Arthur for to here of his counceyl.

Capitulum lxvii.

But sir Tristram was not soo soone come in to the place but sire Gawayne and sir Galyhodyn wente to kynge Arthur and told hym that same grene Knyzte in the grene harneis with the whyte hors smote vs two doune, and .vi. of our felawes this same day. Wel said Arthur, and thenne he called sir Tristram and asked hym what was his name. Syre said sire Tristram ye shalle holde me excused as att this tyme, for ye shalle not wete my name. And there sir Tristram retorned and rode his way. I haue merueylle said Arthur that yonder knyght wille not telle me his name, but goo thow Gryflet le fyse de dieu, and praye hym to speke with me betwixe vs. Thenne sire Gryflet rode after hym and ouertoke hym, and said hym that kyng Arthur praid hym for to speke with hym secretely a parte, vpon this couenaunt said sir tristram I wille speke with hym that I wille torne ageyne, soo that ye wille ensure me not to desyre to here my name. I shalle vndertake said sir Gryflet that he wille not gretely desyre hit of you. Soo they rode to gyders vntyl they cam to kyng Arthur. Fair sir said Kynge Arthur what is the cause ye wylle not telle me your name. Syr said sir Tristram withoute a cause I wille not hyde my name, vpon what party will ye hold said kynge Arthur. Truly my lord said sir Tristram I wote not yet on what party I wille be on vntil I come to the felde. And there as my herte gyueth me, there wille I hold, but to morowe ye shalle see and preue on what party I shall come & there with al he retorned and wente to his pauelions. And vpon the morne they armed them alle in grene, and came in to the felde, and there yonge knyghtes beganne to Juste and dyd many worshipful dedes. Thenne spacke Gareth vnto sire Tristram and praid hym to gyue hym leue to breke his spere for hym thoughte shame to bere his spere hole ageyne. Whan sir Tristram herd hym say soo he lough, and sayd I pray yow doo your best. Thenne sir Gareth gate a spere and profered to Juste. That sawe a knyght that was neuewe vnto the kynge of the honderd knyghtes, his name was Selyses and a good man of armes. Soo this knyght Selyses thenne dressid hym vnto sir Gareth, and they two mette to gyders soo hard, that eyther smote other doune hors and alle to the erthe, so they were both brysed and hurte and there they lay tyl the Kyng with the honderd knyghtes halp Selyses vp, and syr Tristram and sir Palomydes halpe vp Gareth ageyne, and so they rode with sir Gareth vnto their pauelions, and thenne they pulled of his helme. And whanne la Beale Isoud sawe sire Gareth brysed in the face, she asked hym what eyled hym. Madame said sire Gareth I had a grete buffet, and as I suppose I gaf another, but none of my felawes god thanke them wold not rescowe me. Forsothe said Palomydes hit longed not to none of vs as this daye to Juste, for there haue not this day Justed no preued knyghtes, and nedely ye wold Juste. And whan the other party sawe ye profered your self to Juste, they sente one to yow a passynge good knyght of his age, for I knowe hym wel his name is Selyses, and worshipfully ye met with hym, and neyther of yow are dishonoured, & therfor refresshe your self that ye may be redy and hole to Juste to morowe. As for that said Gareth I shalle not fayle yow and I may bestryde myn hors.

Capitulum lxviii.

Now vpon what party said Tristram is hit best, we be with alle as to morne. Syr said Palomydes ye shalle haue myn aduyse to be ageynst Kynge Arthur as to morne for on his party wille be syre Launcelot and many good knyghtes of his blood with hym. And the moo men of worship that they be, the more worship we shalle we wynne. That is full knyghtely spoken said sir Tristram, and ryght soo as ye counceile me, soo wille we doo. In the name of god said they all. Soo that nyghte they were lodged with the best. And on the mornē whan it was day they were arayed alle in grene trappours sheldes and speres, and la Beale Isoud in the same coloure and her thre damoysels. And ryghte soo these four knyghtes came in to the feld endlonge and thurgh. And so they ledde la beale Isoud thyder as she shold stande and beholde all the Justes in a bay wyndowe, but al wayes she was wympeld that no man myzt see her vysage. And thenne these thre knyztes rode streyght vnto the party of the kynge of Scottes.

Whan Kyng arthur had sene hym doo all this he asked sir laūcelot what were these knyztes & that quene, sir said Jauncelot I can not say you in certayn, but yf sir Tristram be in this countrey or sir palomydes, wete ye wel it be they in certayn, and la beale Isoud. Thenne Arthur called to hym syre kay and said goo lyghtely and wete how many knyghtes there ben here lackynge of the table round, for by the seges thou maiste knowe. Soo wente syr kay and sawe by the wrytynge in the seges that there lacked ten knyghtes, and these ben their names that ben not here. Syr Tristram, syr Palomydes, syr Percyuale, syr Gaherys, syr Epynogrys, syr Mordred, syre Dynadan, syr la cote male tayle and syr Pelleas the noble knyzt. Wel said arthur somme of these I dar vndertake ar here thys day ageynst vs. Thenne came therin two bretheren cosyns vnto syre Gawayne the one hyght syr Edward, that other hyzte syr Sadok the whiche were two good knyghtes, and they asked of Kynge arthur that they myght haue the fyrste Justes, for they were of Orkeney. I am pleased said Kynge arthur. Thenne syr Edward encountred with the Kynge of Scottes, in whos party was syre Tristram and syr Palomydes, & syre Edward smote the Kynge of Scottes quyte from his hors, and syr Sadok smote doune the Kynge of Northwalys, and gaf hym a wonder grete falle that there was a grete crye on kynge arthurs party, and that made syr Palomydes passyng wrothe, and soo syr palomydes dressid his shelde and his spere, and with alle his myght he mette with syr Edward of orkeney that he smote hym soo hard, that his hors myghte not stande on his feet, and soo they hurtled to the erthe, and thenne with the same spere syr Palomydes smote doune syre Sadok ouer his hors croupe. O Jhesu said arthur what Knyghte is that arayed all in grene, he Justeth myghtely, wete you wel said syr Gawayne he is a good Knyghte and yet shall ye see hym Juste better or he departe, and yet shalle ye see saide syre

Gawayne another bygger Knyghte in the same coloure than he is, for that same Knyghte said syre Gawayn that smote doune ryghte now my four cosyns, he smote me doune within these two dayes and seuen felawes moo. This meane-whyle as they stood thus talkynge there came in to the place syr tristram vpon a black hors, and or euer he stynte, he smote doune with one spere four good Knyghtes of Orkeney that were of the Kynne of sir Gawayn, & sir Gareth & sir Dynadan eueryche of them smote doun a good Knyzt. Jhesu seid arthur yōder knyghte vpon the black hors doth myghtely and merueyllously wel. Abyde you said sir Gawayne that knyght with the black hors beganne not yet. Thenne syr Tristram made to horse ageyne the two kynges that Edward and Sadok had vnhorsed at the begynnynge. And thenne sire Tristram drewe his swerd and rode in to the thyckest of the prees ayenst them of Orkeney, and there he smote doune knyghtes, and rasshed of helmes and pulled awey theire sheldes, and hurtled doun many knyghtes, he ferd soo that sire Arthur and alle knyghtes had grete merueille whan they sawe one knyghte doo soo grete dedes of armes, and sire Palomydes fayled not vpon the other syde, but dyd so merueyllously wel that al men had wonder. For there kynge Arthur lykened syre Tristram that was on the black hors lyke to a wood lyon, and lykened syr palomydes vpon the whyte hors vnto a wood lybard, and sir Gareth and sir Dynadan vnto eger wolues.. But the custom was suche amonge them that none of the kynges wold helpe other, but alle the felauship of euery standard to helpe other as they myght, but euer sire Tristram dyd soo moche dedes of armes that they of Orkeney waxed wery of hym, and so with drewe them vnto Lonezep.

Capitulum lxix.

Thenne was the crye of Heraudes and alle manere of comyn peple the grene knyghte hath done merueyllously and beten all them of Orkeney, & there the heraudes nombred that syr Tristram that satte vpōn the black hors had smyten doune with speres and swerdes xxx knyghtes, and sir palomydes had smyten doune twenty knyghtes, and the moost party of these .l. knyztes were of the hous of kyng Arthur, & proued knyztes. So god me help said Arthur vnto sir laūcelot this is a grete shame to vs to see four knyghtes bete soo many knyghtes of myn, & therfor make yow redy for we wyll haue adoo with them. Syr said launcelot wete ye wel that there ar two passynge good knyghtes and grete worship were hit not to vs now to haue adoo with them, for they haue this day sore trauaylled. As for that said Arthur I wille be auengyd, & therfor take with yow sire Bleoberys and sir Ector, and I wille be the fourthe sayd Arthur. Syre said Launcelot ye shal fynde me redy, and my broder sir Ector and my cosyn sir bleoberys. And soo whanne they were redy and on horsbak, now chese said sir Arthur vnto sir laūcelot with whome that ye wil encountre with alle. Sir said Launcelot I wille mete with the grene knyghte vpon the black hors that was syre Tristram, & my cosyn sir Bleoberys shalle matche the grene knyghte vpon the whyte hors that was sir Palomydes, and my broder syre Ector shall matche with the grene knyzt vpon the whyte hors that was sir Gareth. Thenne must I said sir Arthur haue adoo with the grene knyghte vpon the gryseld hors, and that was sire Dynadan. Now euery man take heede to his felawe said sir launcelot, and soo they trotted on to gyders, and ther encountred sire Launcelot ageynste syre Tristram. Soo syr Launcelot smote sir Tristram soo sore vpon the shelde that he bare hors and man to the erthe, but sir launcelot wend that it had ben sire Palomydes and soo he passed forthe. And thenne sire Bleoberys encountred with sire Palomydes, and he smote hym soo hard vpon the shelde that sire Palomydes and his whyte hors rustled to the erthe. Thenne sir Ector de marys smote sire Gareth soo hard that doune he felle of his hors. And the noble kynge Arthur encountred with sir Dynadan, and he smote hym quyte from his sadel. And thenne the noyse torned a whyle how the grene knyghtes were slayn doune. Whanne the Kynge of Northgalys sawe that syre Tristram had a falle, thenne he remembryd hym how grete dedes of armes sir Tristram had done. Thenne he made redy many knyghtes for the customme and crye was suche that what knyght were smyten doun and myghte not be horsed ageyne by his felawes outher by his owne strength that as that daye he shold be prysoner vnto the party that had smyten hym doune. Soo came in the Kynge of Northgalys and he rode streyghte vnto sire Tristram. And whanne he came nyghe hym, he alyghte doune sodenly and bytoke sir Tristram his hors, and sayd thus Noble knyghte I knowe the not, of what countrey that thow arte, but for the noble dedes that thow haste done this day take there my hors, and lete me doo as wel I maye. For as Jhesu me helpe thow arte better worthy to haue myne hors than I my self. Gramercy said sir Tristram, & yf I may shalle quyte yow, loke that ye goo not ferre from vs. And as I suppose I shalle wynne yow an other hors. And ther with sire Tristram mounted vpon his hors, and there he mette with Kynge Arthur, and he gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme with his swerd that kynge Arthur had no power to kepe his sadel. And thenne sir Tristram gaf the Kynge of Northgalis kynge Arthurs hors, thenne was there grete prees about kyng Arthur for to horse hym ageyne. But sire Palomydes wold not suffre kynge Arthur to be horsed ageyne, but euer sir Palomydes smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand myghtely as a noble knyght. And this meane whyle sir Tristrã rode thorou the thyckest of the prees, and smote doune knyghtes on the ryzt and on the lyfte hand and racyd of helmes and soo passed forth vnto his pauelions, and lefte syr Palomydes on foot, and syr Trystram chaunged his hors and desguysed hym self alle in reed hors and harneis.

Capitulum lxxii. (lxx.)

And whan the Quene la Beale Isoud sawe that syre Tristram was vnhorsed and she wist not where he was, thenne she wept gretely. But sir Tristram whan he was redy came dasshynge lyghtely in to the feld. And thenne la Beale Isoud aspyed hym, and so he dyd grete dedes of armes with one spere that was grete, syr Tristram smote doune fyue knyztes or euer he stynte. Thenne syr Launcelot aspyed hym redyly that it was syr Tristram and thenne he repentyd hym that he had smyten hym doune, and soo syr Launcelot went oute of the prees to repose hym and lyghtely he came ageyne, and now whanne syr Tristram came in to the prees thorou his grete force, he put syre palomydes vpon his hors, and syr Gareth and syre Dynadan, and thenne they beganne to do merueyllously, but sir Palomydes nor none of his two felawes knewe not who had holpen them on horsbak ageyne. But euer syre Tristram was nyghe them, and socoured them, and they not hym by cause he was chaunged in to reed armour, and al this whyle sir launcelot was awey. Soo whanne la Beale Isoud knewe sir Tristram ageyne vpon his horsbak, she was passynge gladde, and thenne she lough and make good chere. And as hit happend sir palomydes loked vp toward her where she lay in the wyndowe, and he aspyed how she laughed, and there with he took suche a reioycynge that he smote doune what with his spere and with his suerd alle that euer he mett for thurgh the syghte of her he was soo enamoured in her loue that he semed at that tyme, that and bothe sir Tristram and sir Launcelot had ben bothe ageynst hym they shold haue wonne no worship of hym, and in his herte as the book saith syre Palomydes wysshed that with his worship he myghte haue adoo with sir Tristram bifore alle men by cause of la Beale Isoud. Thenne syre Palomydes beganne to double his strengthe, and he dyd so merueyllously that alle men had wonder of hym, and euer he caste vp his eye vnto la Beale Isoud. And whanne he sawe her make suche chere, he ferd lyke a lyon that there myghte no man withstande hym, and thenne syre Tristram beheld hym how that sire Palomydes bestured hym, and thenne he said vnto sir Dynadan, soo god me help sir Palomydes is a passynge good knyghte and a wel endurynge. But suche dedes sawe I hym neuer doo, nor neuer herd I telle that euer he dyd soo moche in one day, it is his day said Dynadan, and he wold saye no more vnto syr Tristram, but to hym self he sayd, and yf ye knewe for whos loue he doth alle these dedes of armes, soone wolde syre Tristram abate his courage. Allas said syre Tristram that syre Palomydes is not crystened. Soo said Kynge Arthur, and soo said all tho that behelde hym. Thenne alle peple gaf hym the pryce as for the best knyght that day that he passed syr launcelot outher syre Tristram. Wel said Dynadan to hym self alle this worship that syre Palomydes hath here this daye he maye thanke the Quene Isoud. For had she ben aweye this daye, syre Palomydes had not geten the pryce this daye.

Ryght soo came in to the felde syr launcelot du lake and sawe and herd the noyse and crye and the grete worship that syre Palomydes had he dressid hym ageynst syr Palomydes with a grete myghty spere, and alonge, and thought to smyte hym doune. And whanne syre Palomydes sawe sir launcelot come vpon hym soo fast, he ran vpon sire launcelot as fast with his swerd as he myght, and as sire launcelot shold haue stryken hym, he smote his spere on syde, and smote it atwo with his swerd. And sir palomydes rasshed vnto sire launcelot and thoughte to haue putt hym to a shame, and with his swerd he smote his hors neck that sire launcelot rode vpon, and thenne sir launcelot felle to the erthe. Thenne was the crye huge and grete, see how sir Palomydes the sarasyn hath smyten doune syre launcelots hors.

Ryght thenne were there many knyghtes wrothe with syre Palomydes by cause he had done that dede, therfor many knyghtes held there ageynst that it was vnknyghtely done in a turnement to kylle an hors wilfully but that hit had ben done in playne batail lyf for lyf.

Capitulum lxxi.

WHANNE sir Ector de marys sawe sir launcelot his broder haue suche a despyte, & so set on foot, thenne he gat a spere egerly, & ran ageynst sir palomydes, & he smote hym so hard that he bare hym quyte from his hors, that sawe sir tristrā that was in reed harneis, & he smote doune syr Ector de marys quyte from his hors. thenne sir launcelot dressid his sheld vpon his sholder, & with his suerd naked in his hand, & so cam streyzt vpon sir palomydes fyersly & said, wete thou wel thow hast done me this day the grettest despyte that euer ony worshipful knyzt dyd to me in turnement or in justes, & therfore I will be auengid vpon the, therfor take kepe to your self. A mercy noble knyzt said palomydes, & forgyue me myn vnkyndely dedes for I haue no power nor myzt to withstande you, & I haue done soo moche this daye that wel I wote I dyd neuer so moche nor neuer shal in my lyf dayes, & therfore moost noble knyzt I requyre the spare me as at this day, & I promyse you I shal euer be your knyzt whyle I lyue. And ye putte me from my worship now, ye putte me from the grettest worship that euer I had or euer shalle haue in my lyf dayes. Wel sayd sire launcelot, I see for to say the sothe ye haue done merueyllously wel this day, and I vnderstande a parte for whos loue ye doo hit, and wel I wote that loue is a grete maystresse. And yf my lady were here as she nys not, wete yow wel said sire Palomydes ye shold not bere awey the worship. But beware your loue be not discouerd, for and syr Tristram may knowe hit ye wille repente hit. And sythen my quarel is not here, ye shall haue this day the worshyp as for me consyderyng the grete trauaylle and payne that ye haue had this day, it were no worship for me to putte yow from hit. And there wyth all sir launcelot suffred sir Palomydes to departe. Thenne sir Launcelot by grete force and myghte gate his owne hors maulgre xx knyghtes. Soo whanne sire Launcelot was horsed, he dyd many merueylles, and soo dyd sir Tristram, and syre palomydes in lyke wyse. Thenne sir laũcelot smote doune with a spere sir Dynadan, and the kynge of Scotland, and the kynge of Walys, and the kynge of Northumberland, and the kynge of Lystynes. Soo thenne sire laũcelot and his felawes smote doune wel a fourty knyghtes. Thenne came the kyng of Irland and the kynge of the streyte marches to rescowe syre Tristram and sire Palomydes. There beganne a grete medle, & many knyghtes were smyten doune on bothe partyes, and alweyes sir launcelot spared sir Tristram, and he spared hym. And sir Palomydes wold not medle with sir launcelot, and soo there was hurtelynge here and there. And thenne Kynge Arthur sente oute many knyghtes of the table round, and sir palomydes was euer in the formest fronte, and syre Trystram dyd soo strongly wel that the kynge and alle other had merueylle. And thenne the kynge lete blowe to lodgynge, and by cause sir Palomydes beganne fyrste, and neuer he went nor rode oute of the feld to repose, but euer he was doynge merueyllously wel other on foote or on horsbak, and lengest durynge Kynge Arthur and alle the kynges gaf sir Palomydes the honour and the gree as for that daye. Thenne syr Tristram commaunded sir Dynadan to fetche the Quene la Beale Isoud and brynge her to his two pauelions that stode by the welle. And soo Dynadan dyd as he was commaunded. But when sir Palomydes vnderstode and wyst that sire Tristram was in the reed armour, and on the reed hors, wete ye wel that he was gladde and soo was sir Gareth and sire Dynadan. For they alle wende that syre Trystram had be taken prysoner.

And thenne euery knyghte drewe to his Inne. And thenne kynge Arthur and euery knyghte spake of tho knyghtes, but aboue alle men they gaf sire Palomydes the pryce, and alle knyghtes that knewe sire Palomydes had wonder of his dedes. Syre said sir Launcelot vnto Arthur as for sir Palomydes and he be the grene knyghte I dare say as for this daye he is best worthy to haue the degree, for he reposyd hym neuer, ne neuer chaunged his wedys. And he beganne fyrste and lengest held on, and yet wel I wote said sir Launcelot that ther was a better knyght than he, and that shalle be preued or we departe vpon payne of my lyf. Thus they talked on eyther party, and soo sire Dynadan rayled with sir Tristram & said what the deuyl is vpon the this day, for sir palomydes strength febled neuer this day but euer he doubled his strengthe.

Capitulum lxxii.

And thou sire Tristram faryst alle this daye as though thou haddest ben a slepe, and therfor I calle the coward. Wel Dynadan said sir Tristram, I was neuer called coward or now of no erthely knyghte in my lyf, and wete thou wel syr I calle my selfe neuer the more coward though syre Launcelot gaf me a falle, for I oute cepte hym of al knyghtes. And doubte ye not syr Dynadan and syr Launcelot haue a quarel good, he is to ouer good for ony knyght that now is lyuynge, and yet of his sufferaunce largesse, bounte, and curtosy I calle hym knyght pyerles, and soo sire Tristram was in maner wrothe with syr Dynadan. But alle this langage syr Dynadan said by cause he wold angre syre Tristram for to cause hym to awake his spyrytes & to be wrothe, for wel knewe syr Dynadan that and syr Tristram were thorouly wrothe syre Palomydes shold not gete the pryce vpon the morn. And for this entente syr Dynadan said alle this raylynge and langage ageynst sir Tristram. Truly said syre palomydes, as for syr launcelot of his noble knyzthode, curtosye and prowesse, and gentilnes I knowe not his pyere, for this day sayd syre Palomydes I dyd ful vncurtoisly vnto sire launcelot and ful vnknyghtely, and ful knyghtely and curtoisly he dyd to me ageyne, for and he had ben as vngentyl to me as I was to hym this daye I had wonne no worship. And therfor sayd Palomydes I shal be sire launcelots knyght whyles my lyfe lasteth. Thys talkynge was in the howses of Kynges. But alle kynges lordes and knyghtes sayd of clere knyghthode, & of pure strengthe, of bounte, of curtosye, syr Launcelot and sir Tristram bare the pryce aboue alle knyghtes that euér were in Arthurs dayes. And there were neuer knyghtes in Arthurs dayes dyd half soo many dedes as they dyd, as the book sayth, no ten knyghtes dyd not half the dedes that they dyd, & there was neuer knyghte in their dayes that requyred sir launcelot or sire Tristram of ony quest soo hit were not to theyre shame but they performed their desyre.

Capitulum lxxiii.

Soo on the morne syre Launcelot departed and sir tristram was redy and la Beale Isoud with sir Palomydes and sir Gareth. And soo they rode alle in grene ful fresshely bysene vnto the forest, and sir Tristram left sir Dynadan slepynge in his bed, and so as they rode, it happed the kynge and launcelot stode in a wyndowe, and sawe syre Tristram ryde and Isoud. Syre sayd Launcelot yonder rydeth the fayrest lady of the world excepte youre quene Dame Gueneuer. Who is that said sir Arthur. Sir sayd he, it is quene Isoud that oute taken my lady your quene she is makeles. Take your hors said Arthur, and araye yow at alle ryztes as I wylle doo, and I promyse yow said the kynge, I wille see her. Thenne anone they were armed & horsed, and eyther took a spere and rode vnto the forest. Syre said launcelot it is not good that ye goo to nyghe them, for wete ye wel there are two as good knyghtes as now are lyuynge, and therefore sir I pray yow be not to hasty. For peraduenture there wille be somme knyghtes ben displeased and we come sodenly vpon them. As for that sayd Arthur I wyll see her, for I take no force whome I greue. Syr said launcelot ye putte your self in grete jeopardy. As for that said the kynge we wille take the aduenture. Ryght soo anone the Kyng rode euen to her, and salewed her, and said god yow saue. Syr said she ye are welcome. thenne the kynge beheld her, and lyked her wonderly wel. With that came sire palomydes vnto Arthur and said vncurtois knyght what sekest thow here, thou art vncurtois to come vpon a lady thus sodenly, therfor withdrawe the. Syr Arthur took none hede of sire palomydes wordes, but euer he loked stylle vpon Quene Isoud. Thenne was sir Palomydes wrothe, and there with he took a spere, and cam hurtelynge vpon Kynge Arthur, and smote hym doune with a spere. Whan sire Launcelot sawe that despyte of sir Palomydes he sayd to hym self I am loth to haue adoo with yonder knyght, and not for his owne sake but for sir Tristram. And one thynge I am sure of, yf I smyte doune sir palomydes I must haue adoo with sire Tristram, and that were ouer moche for me to matche them bothe, for they are two noble knyghtes, notwithstandynge whether I lyue or I dye nedes muste I reuenge my lord, and so wille I what someuer befalle of me. And there with sir launcelot cryed to sir palomydes, kepe the from me. And thenne sir launcelot and sire Palomydes rasshed to gyder with two speres strongly. But sire Launcelot smote sir palomydes soo hard that he wente quyte oute of his sadel and had a grete falle. Whanne sire Tristram sawe sire palomydes haue that falle, he sayd to sire Launcelot, syr knyght kepe the, for I must Juste with the. As for to Juste with me said sir launcelot I wille not fayle yow, for no drede I haue of yow, but I am lothe to haue adoo with yow and I myghte chese, for I will that ye wete that I must reuenge my special lord that was vnhorsed vnwarly and vnknyghtely. And therfor though I reuengyd that falle, take ye no displeasyr therin, for he is to me suche a frende that I may not see hym shamed. anone sir Tristram vnderstode by his person and by his knyghtely wordes that it was sir launcelot du lake, and veryly sir Tristram demed that it was kynge Arthur he that sir Palomydes had smyten doune.

And thenne sir Tristram put his spere from hym, and putte sire Palomydes ageyne on horsbak, and sir launcelot put kyng Arthur on horsbak and soo departed. So god me helpe sayd sire Tristram vnto Palomydes ye dyd not worshipfully when ye smote doune that knyght soo sodenly as ye dyd. And wete ye wel ye dyd your self grete shame, for the knyghtes cam hyder of their gentilnesse to see a fayre lady, and that is euery good knyghtes parte to behold a fayr lady, and ye hadde not adoo to playe suche maystryes afore my lady, wete thow wel hit wille tourne to angre, for he that ye smote doune was kynge Arthur, and that other was the good knyght sire launcelot. But I shalle not forgete the wordes of sire launcelot whan that he callyd hym a man of grete worship, there by I wyst that it was kynge Arthur. And as for sire launcelot, and there had ben fyue honderd knyghtes in the medowe, he wold not haue refused them, and yet he said he wold refuse me. By that ageyne I wyst that it was sir launcelot, for euer he forbereth me in euery place, and sheweth me grete kyndnesse, and of alle knyghtes I oute take none saye what men wille say, he bereth the floure of al chyualry, saye hit hym who someuer wille, and he be wel angred, and that hym lyst to do his vtteraunce withoute ony fauour. I knowe hym not on lyue but sir launcelot is ouer hard for hym, be hit on horsback or on foote. I may neuer byleue sayd Palomydes that kyng Arthur wille ryde soo pryuely as a poure erraunt knyghte. A said sir Tristram ye knowe not my lord Arthur; for all knyztes maye lerne to be a knyghte of hym. And therfore ye may be sory said sire Tristram of your vnkyndely dedes to so noble a kynge. And a thynge that is done may not be vndone sayd Palomydes. Thenne sire Tristram sente quene Isoud vnto her lodgynge in the pryory there to behold alle the turnement.

Capitulum lxxiiii.

THENNE there was a crye vnto all knyghtes that when they herd an horne blowe they shold make Justes as they dyd the fyrst day. And lyke as the bretheren sire Edward and sir Sadok beganne the Justes the fyrst daye, sir Uwayne the kynges sone Ureyn and sir lucanere de buttelere beganne the Justes the second day. And at the fyrst encountre syr Uwayne smote doune the kynges sone of Scottes, and syr Lucanere ranne ageynste the kynge of Walys, and they brake their speres alle to pyeces, and they were soo fyers bothe, that they hurtled to gyders that bothe felle to the erthe. Thenne they of Dorkeney horsed ageyne syr Lucanere. And thenne came in syr Tristram de Lyones, and thenne syr Tristram smote doune syr Uwayne, and syre Lucanere and syre Palomydes smote doune other two Knyghtes, and syre Gareth smote doune other two Knyghtes. Thenne said syre arthur vnto syr Launcelot, see yonder thre knyghtes doo passyngly wel, & namely the fyrst that Justed. Sir said launcelot that Knyghte beganne not yet, but ye shalle see hym this day doo merueyllously, and thenne came in to the place the dukes sone of Orkeney, and thenne they beganne to do many dedes of armes. Whan syre Tristram sawe them soo begynne, he said to Palomydes, how fele ye your self, maye ye doo this daye as ye dyd yesterday. Nay said Palomydes I fele my self soo wery and soo sore brysed of the dedes of yesterday that I maye not endure as I dyd yesterday. That me repenteth said syre Tristram, for I shall lacke yow this day. Sire Palomydes saide truste not to me, for I maye not doo as I dyd, alle these wordes said Palomydes for to begyle syr Tristram. Syr said syr Tristram vnto syr Gareth thenne muste I truste vpon yow wherfor I praye yow be not ferre from me to rescowe me, and nede be said Gareth I shalle not fayle yow in alle that I maye doo.

Thenne syr Palomydes rode by hym self, and thenne in despyte of syr Tristram he putte hym self in the thyckest prees amonge them of Dorkeney, and there he dyd soo merueyllous dedes of armes that alle men had wonder of hym, for there myghte none stande hym a stroke. Whanne syre Tristram sawe syre Palomydes doo suche dedes, he merueylled and sayd to hym self, he is wery of my company. Soo syr Tristram beheld hym a grete whyle and dyd but lytel els, for the noyse and crye was soo huge, and grete, that syre Tristram merueylled, from whens came the strengthe that sire Palomydes had there in the felde. Syr said sire Gareth vnto syr Tristram, remembre ye not of the wordes that syr Dynadan sayd to yow yesterday when he called yow coward, for sothe sir he said it for none yl for ye are the man in the world that he moost loueth, and alle that he sayd was for your worship. And therfore said sir Gareth to sir Tristram lete me knowe this daye what ye be, & wondre ye not soo vpon sire Palomydes, for he enforceth hym self to wynne alle the worship and honour from yow. I maye well byleue it said sir Tristram. And sythen I vnderstande his euyl wylle and his enuy, ye shalle see, yf that I enforce my selfe, that the noyse shalle be lefte that now is vpon hym.

Thenne sire Tristram rode in to the thyckest of the prees, & thenne he dyd soo merueyllously wel, and dyd soo grete dedes of armes that alle men sayd that sire Tristram dyd double so moche dedes of armes as syre Palomydes had done afore hand. And thenne the noyse wente playne from sire Palomydes, and alle the peple cryed vpon sir Tristram. O Jhesu said the peple, see how sire Tristram smyteth doune with his spere soo many knyghtes. And see saide they all how many knyghtes he smyteth doune with his suerd, and of how many knyghtes he rasshed of their helmes and their sheldes, and soo he bete them al of Orkeney afore hym. How now said sir launcelot vnto kynge Arthur, I told yow that this daye there wold a knyzt playe his pagent, yonder rydeth a knyzt ye may see he doth knyghtely, for he hath strengthe and wynde. So god me help said Arthur to Launcelot ye saye sothe, for I sawe neuer a better knyghte, for he passeth fer sire Palomydes. Syre wete ye well sayd launcelot hit muste be soo of ryghte, for hit is hym selfe that noble knyght syr Tristram. I maye ryghte wel byleue it said Arthur. But whan sire Palomydes herd the noyse and the crye was torned from hym, he rode oute on a parte, and beheld sir Tristram. And whanne sire Palomydes sawe sir Tristram do so merueyllously wel, he wepte passyngly sore for despyte, for he wiste wel, he shold no worship wynne that daye, for wel knewe sire Palomydes whanne sire Tristram wold put forth his strengthe and his manhode he shold gete but lytyl worship that daye.

Capitulum lxxv.

THENNE came kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys, and sir Launcelot du Lake and sire Bleoberis, sire Bors de ganys, sir Ector de maris, these thre knyghtes came in to the feld with sire launcelot. And thenne sire Launcelot with the thre knyghtes of his kynne dyd soo grete dedes of armes that alle the noyse beganne vpon sir launcelot. And soo they bete the kynge of Walys and the kyng of scottes ferre abak, and made them to auoyde the felde, but sir Tristram and sir Gareth abode stylle in the felde and endured all that euer there came, that alle men had wonder that ony knyght myght endure soo many strokes. But euer sir launcelot & his thre kynnesmen by the commaūdement of syr launcelot forbare sir Tristram. Thenne said sir Arthur is that sir Palomydes that endureth soo wel, nay sayd sir launcelot, wete ye wel it is the good knyght sir Tristram, for yonder ye maye see syr Palomydes beholdeth and houeth and doth lytel or noughte. And sirę ye shalle vnderstande that sire Tristram weneth thys day to bete vs alle oute of the felde. And as for me said sire launcelot I shal not bete hym, bete hym who soo wil. Sir said Launcelot vnto Arthur ye may see how sir Palomydes houeth yonder, as though he were in a dreme, wete ye wel he is ful heuy that Tristram doth suche dedes of armes. Thenne is he but a foole said Arthur, for neuer was sire Palomydes, nor neuer shalle be of suche prowesse as sir Tristram. And yf he haue ony enuy at sir Tristram and cometh in with hym vpon his syde he is a fals knyghte. As the kynge and sir Launcelot thus spake, sir Tristram rode pryuely oute of the prees, that none aspyed hym, but la Beale Isoud and sir Palomydes, for they two wold not lete of their eyen vpon sir Tristram.

And whanne sir Tristram cam to his pauelions he fond sire Dynadan in his bedde a sleepe. Awake said Tristram, ye ouzt to be ashamed soo to slepe whan knyghtes haue ado in the feld. Thenne syr Dynadan arose lyghtely and said what wylle ye that I shalle doo, make yow redy said syr Tristram to ryde with me in to the felde. Soo whan syr Dynadan was armed he loked vpon syre Tristrams helme and on his shelde, and whan he sawe soo many strokes vpon his helme and vpon his shelde, he said in good tyme was I thus a slepe. For hadde I ben with yow, I must nedes for shame there haue folowed yow, more for shame than ony prowesse, that is in me, that I see wel now by tho strokes that I shold haue ben truly beten as I was yesterdaye. Leue youre japes said sire Tristram, & come of that we were in the felde ageyne. What sayd sire Dynadan is your herte vp. yester daye ye ferd as though ye had dremed. Soo thenne sir Tristram was arayed in black harneis. O Jhesu said Dynadan what eyleth yow this day, me semeth ye be wylder than ye were yesterday. Thenne smyled syr Tristram and sayd to Dynadan awayte wel vpon me, yf ye see me ouermatched, loke that ye be euer behynde me, and I shalle make yow redy way by goddes grace. Soo sir Tristram and syre Dynadan took their horses. Alle this aspyed sir palomydes, bothe their goynge and their comynge, and soo dyd la Beale Isoud, for she knewe sir Tristram aboue alle other.

Capitulum lxxvi.

Thenne whanne sire Palomydes sawe that sir Tristram was desguysed, thenne he thoughte to doo hym a shame. Soo syre Palomydes rode to a knyghte that was sore wounded that satte vnder a fayre welle from the felde. Syr knyghte said sire Palomydes I pray you to lene me your armour, and your shelde, for myn is ouer wel knowen in this felde, and that hath done me grete dommage, and ye shall haue myn armour and my shelde that is as sure as yours. I wille wel said the knyghte that ye haue myn armour and my shelde, yf they may doo yow ony auayle. So sire Palomydes armed hym hastely in that Knyghtes armoure & his sheld that shone as ony crystall or syluer, and soo he came rydynge in to the felde. And thenne ther was neyther sire Tristram nor none of kynge Arthurs party that knewe sir Palomydes. And ryght soo as sir Palomydes was come in to the feld syr Tristram smote doune thre Knyghtes euen in the syght of sir Palomydes. And thenne sir Palomydes rode ageynst syre Tristram, and eyther mette other with grete speres, that they braste to their handes. And thenne they dasshed to gyder with swerdes egerly. Thenne sire Tristram had merueylle what knyghte he was that dyd bataill so knyghtely with hym. Thenne was sir Tristram wrothe, for he felte hym passynge stronge so that he demed he myghte not haue adoo with the remenaunt of the knyztes by cause of the strengthe of syre palomydes.

Soo they lasshed to gyder and gaf many sadde strokes to gyders, and many knyghtes merueylled what knyghte he myghte be that soo encountred with the black knyghte sir tristram, ful wel knewe la Beale Isoud that there was syre Palomydes that fought with sir Tristram, for she aspyed al in her wyndowe where that she stode, as syr palomydes chaunged his harneis with the wounded knyghte. And thenne she beganne to wepe so hertely for the despyte of syr palomydes that ther she swouned. Thenne came in syr laũcelot with the knyghtes of Orkeney. And whanne the other party had aspyed sir Launcelot, they cryed, retorne, retorne, here cometh syre launcelot du lake. Soo there came knyghtes and sayd syr launcelot ye must nedes fyghte with yonder knyght in the black harneis that was syr Tristram, for he hath al moost ouercome that good knyghte that fyghteth with hym with the syluer shelde that was syr palomydes. Thenne sir launcelot rode betwix sir Tristram and syr palomydes, and syr launcelot said to palomydes, syr knyghte lete me haue the batail, for ye haue nede to be reposed. Syr palomydes knewe syr launcelot wel, and so dyd syre Tristram, but by cause syr Launcelot was ferre hardyer knyght than hym self, therfor he was gladde, and suffred syr launcelot to fyghte with syr Tristram. For wel wyste he that syre launcelot knewe not sir Tristram, and there he hoped that syr launcelot shold bete or shame syre Tristram, wherof syre palomydes was ful fayne, and soo syr launcelot gaf syr Tristram many sadde strokes, but syre launcelot knewe not sir Tristram, but sir Tristram knewe wel syre launcelot. And thus they fought longe to gyders that la Beale Isoud was wel nygh oute of her mynde for sorou, thenne syr Dynadan told sir Gareth how y^t knyzt in the black harneis was sir tristrã & this is laũcelot y^t fyzteth with hym y^t must nedes haue the better of hym, for sir Tristram hath had to moche trauaylle this day. Thenne lete vs smyte hym doune said syre Gareth, so it is better that we doo said sire Dynadan thenne sir Tristram be shamed, for yonder houeth the stronge knyghte with the syluer shelde to falle vpon syre Tristram yf nede be. Thenne forthe with alle Gareth rasshed vpon syre launcelot, and gaf hym a grete stroke vpon his helme soo hard that he was astonyed.

And thenne came syr Dynadan with a spere, and he smote syr launcelot suche a buffet that hors and alle felle to the erthe. O Jhesu said syr Tristram to syre Gareth and syre Dynadan, fy for shame why dyd ye smyte doune soo good a knyght as he is, and namely whan I had adoo with hym, now ye doo your self grete shame, and hym no disworship. For I helde hym resonable hote though ye had not holpen me. Thenne cam syre palomydes that was desguysed and smote doune syr Dynadan from his hors. Thenne syr launcelot by cause syr Dynadan had smyten hym afore hand, thenne syr launcelot assailed syre Dynadan passynge sore, and syre Dynadan defended hym myghtely. But wel vnderstood syr Tristram that syre Dynadan myghte not endure syr launcelot, wherfor syr Tristram was sory. Thenne came syre palomydes fresshe vpon syre Tristram. And whanne syr Tristram sawe hym come, he thoughte to delyuer hym at ones by cause that he wold helpe syre Dynadan by cause he stode in grete perylle with syr Launcelot.

Thenne syre Tristram hurteled vnto syre palomydes & gafe hym a grete buffet, and thenne sir Tristram gate sir palomydes and pulled hym doune vnder nethe hym. And so felle sir Tristram with hym, and syr Tristram lepte vp lyghtely and lefte sir palomydes and wente betwixe sir launcelot and Dynadan, and thenne they beganne to do bataille to gyders. Ryght soo sire Dynadan gat sire Tristrams hors and said on hyghe that sir Launcelot myght here it, my lord sir Tristrā take youre hors. And whanne sire Launcelot herd hym name sir Tristram, O Jhesu said launcelot what haue I done, I am dishonoured. A my lord syre Tristram said Launcelot, why were ye desguysed, ye haue put your self in grete perille this daye. But I praye you noble Knyghte to pardone me, for and I had knowen yow we had not done this bataille. Sir said sir Tristram this is not the fyrst kyndenes ye shewed me, soo they were bothe horsed ageyne. Thenne alle the people on the one syde gaf sir laūcelot the honour and the degree, & on the other syde all the people gaf to the noble knyzt sir tristram the honour and the degree, but launcelot sayd nay ther to, for I am not worthy to haue this honour, for I wil reporte me vnto alle knyghtes that sir Tristram hath ben lenger in the felde that I, and he hath smyten doun many moo knyghtes thys day than I haue done. And therfore I wille gyue sire Tristram my voyce and my name, and so I praye alle my lordes & felawes soo to doo. Thenne there was the hole voyce of dukes and Erles, Barons and knyghtes, that syr Tristram thys day is preued the best knyghte.

Capitulum lxxvii.

THENNE they blewe vnto lodgynge, and Quene Isoud was ledde vnto her pauelions, but wete yow wel she was wrothe oute of mesure with syr Palomydes, for she sawe alle his treason from the begynnynge to the endynge. And all this whyle neyther syr Tristram neyther sir Gareth nor Dynadan knewe not of the treason of sir Palomydes, but afterward ye shalle here that there befelle the grettest debate betwixe syre Tristram and sire Palomydes that myghte be. So whanne the turnement was done, sir Tristram, Gareth and Dynadan rode with la Beale Isoud to these pauelions. And euer sire Palomydes rode with them in theyr company desguysed as he was. But whanne sir Tristram had aspyed hym that he was the same knyghte with the sheld of syluer, that helde hym soo hote that day, Sir knyghte said sire Tristram wete yow wel here is none that hath nede of youre felauship, and therfore I praye yow departe from vs. Sire Palomydes ansuerd ageyne as though he had not knowen sir Tristram, wete yow wel sir knyghte from this felauship wille I neuer departe, for one of the best knyghtes of the world commaunded me to be in this company, and tyl he discharge me of my seruyse I wille not be discharged, by that sir Tristram knewe that it was sir palomydes. A sir palomydes sayd the noble knyghte sire Tristram ar ye suche a knyghte ye haue ben named wronge. For ye haue longe ben called a gentil knyzt. And as this daye ye haue shewed me grete vngentilnes. For ye hadde al mooste broughte me vnto my dethe. But as for yow I suppose I shold haue done wel ynough, but sir launcelot with yow was ouer moche, for I knowe no knyght lyuynge but sire launcelot is ouer good for hym and he wylle doo his vttermest. Allas said sir Palomydes ar ye my lord sir Tristram, ye sir and that ye knowe wel ynough by my knyghthode said Palomydes vntyl now I knewe yow not, I wende that ye had ben the Kynge of Irland, for wel I wote ye bare his armes. His armes I bare said syre Tristram, and that wille I stand by. For I wanne them ones in a felde of a ful noble knyghte, his name was sir Marhaus, and with grete payne I wanne that knyghte, for there was none other recouer but sir Marhaus dyed thorugh fals leches, & yet was he neuer yolden to me. Sir said Palomydes I wend ye had ben torned vpon sir Launcelots party, and that caused me to torne, ye say wel said sir Tristram, and so I take you & I forgyue yow. Soo thenne they rode in to their pauelions, and whan they were alyzt they vnarmed them and wesshe theyre faces and handes, and soo yode vnto mete and were sette atte their table. But whanne Isoud sawe sir Palomydes she chaūged thenne her colours & for wrath she myght not speke. Anon sir Tristram aspyed her countenaunce and said Madame, for what cause make ye vs suche chere, we haue ben sore trauailed this day. Myn owne lord said la Beale Isoud for goddes sake be ye not dyspleasyd with me, for I maye none other wyse doo, for I sawe thys day how ye were bitrayed and nyghe broughte to your dethe. Truly syre I sawe euery dele how and in what wyse and therfor syr how shold I suffre in your presence suche a felon and traytour as sir Palomydes. For I sawe hym with myn eyen, how he beheld yow whan ye wente oute of the felde, for euer he houed stylle vpon his hors til he sawe yow come in ageynward. And thēne forth with al I sawe hym ryde to the hurte knyghte and chaunged harneis with hym. And thenne streyghte I sawe hym how he rode in to the felde.

And anone as he had foūde yow, he encountred with yow, and thus wilfully sir Palomydes dyd bataille with yow, & as for hym sir I was not gretely aferd but I dred sore laūcelot, that knewe yow not. Madame said Palomydes ye maye saye what so ye wyll, I may not contrary yow, but by my knyghthode I knewe not sir Tristram. Sir Palomydes said sir Tristram I wille take your excuse, but wel I wote ye spared me but lytel, but alle is pardonned on my party. Thenne la beale Isoud held doune her heed and said no more at that tyme.

Capitulum lxxviii.

And there with alle two knyghtes armed cam vnto the pauelione, and there they alyghte bothe, and came in armed at alle pyeces. Faire knyghtes sayd syre Tristram, ye ar to blame to come thus armed at alle pyeces vpon me whyle we ar at oure mete, yf ye wold ony thynge whan we were in the felde, there myghte ye haue easyd your hertes. Not so said the one of tho knyghtes we come not for that entent. But wete ye wel sir Tristram we be come hydder as your frendes. And I am come here said the one for to see yow & thys knyghte is come for to see la Beale Isoud. Thenne said sire Tristram I requyre yow doo of your helmes that I maye see yow, that wille we doo at your desyre sayd the knyghtes. And whanne their helmes were of, sir Tristram thought that he shold knowe them. Thenne said sir Dynadan pryuely vnto syr Tristram, syr that is sire Launcelot du lake that spak vnto yow fyrst, and the other is my lord Kynge Arthur. Thenne said sir Tristram vnto la Beale Isoud, Madame aryse for here is my lord kynge Arthur. thenne the kynge and the quene kyssed and sire launcelot and syr Tristram braced eyther other in armes, and thenne there was joye withoute mesure, & at the request of la Beale Isoud kynge Arthur and Launcelot were vnarmed, and thenne there was mery talkynge.

Madame said sire Arthur hit is many a day sythen that I haue desyred to see yow, for ye haue ben praysed soo ferre, and now I dar say ye are the fayrest that euer I sawe, & sir Tristram is as fayre and as good a knyghte as ony that I knowe, therfor me besemeth ye are wel besett to gyders.

Syr god thanke yow said the noble knyzt sire Tristram and Isoud, of your grete goodenesse & largesse ye ar pyerles. Thus they talked of many thynges and of alle the hole Justes. But for what cause sayd kynge Arthur were ye sir Tristram ageynst vs, ye are a knyght of the table round, of ryghte ye shold haue ben with vs. Syre said sir Tristram here is Dynadan and sire Gareth your owne neuewe caused me to be ayenst yow. My lord Arthur sayd Gareth I may wel bere the blame but it were sir Tristrams owne dedes. That may I repente sayd Dynadan, for this vnhappy sire Tristram broughte vs to this turnement, and many grete buffets he caused vs to haue. Thenne the kynge and launcelot lough that they myghte not sytte. What knyght was that sayd Arthur that held yow soo short, this with the sheld of syluer. Syr said sir Tristram here he sytteth at this bord. What said Arthur was hit sire Palomydes, wete ye wel hit was he said la Beale Isoud. So god me help said Arthur that was vnknyghtely done of you of soo good a Knyghte, for I haue herd many peple calle you a curtois knyghte. Sir said Palomydes I knewe not sir Tristram, for he was soo desguysed. Soo god me helpe sayd launcelot it maye wel be, for I knewe not sir Tristram. But I merueyle why ye torned on oure party. That was done for the same cause said launcelot. As for that said sir Tristram I haue pardonned hym, and I wold be ryght lothe to leue his felauship, for I loue ryght wel his company, soo they lefte of and talked of other thynges. And in the euenynge kyng arthur and sir launcelot departed vnto their lodgynge, but wete ye wel sir Palomydes had enuy hertely for alle that nyght he had neuer rest in his bedde, but wayled and wepte oute of mesure. Soo on the morn sire Tristram, Gareth and Dynadan arose erly, and thenne they wente vnto sire Palomydes chamber, and there they fond hym fast on slepe, for he had al nyzt watched. And it was seene vpon his chekes that he had wept ful sore. Say no thynge said syr Tristram, for I am sure he hath taken anger and sorowe for the rebuke that I gaf to hym and la Beale Isoud.

Capitulum lxxix.

THENNE sir Tristram lete calle sir Palomydes, and bad hym make hym redy, for it was tyme to go to the felde. Whan they were redy they were armed and clothed al in reed bothe Isoud and alle they, and soo they lad her passynge fresshely thurgh the feld in to the pryory where was her lodgynge, and thenne they herd thre blastes blowe, and euery kynge and knyghte dressid hym vnto the felde, and the fyrste that was redy to Juste was sir Palomydes and sir Kaynus le straunge a knyghte of the table round. And soo they two encountred to gyders, but sire Palomydes smote sir Kaynus soo hard that he smote hym quyte ouer his hors croupe, and forth with alle sir Palomydes smote doune another knyght and brake thenne his spere & pulled oute his swerd and did wonderly wel. And thenne the noyse beganne gretely vpon sir palomydes. loo said Kynge Arthur yonder palomydes begynneth to play his pagent. So god me help said Arthur he is a passynge good knyght. And ryght as they stood talkyng thus, in came sir Tristram as thonder, and he encountred with syre Kay the Seneschall, and there he smote hym doune quyte from his hors, and with that same spere sir Tristram smote doune thre knyghtes moo, and thenne he pulled oute his swerd and dyd merueyllously. Thenne the noyse and crye chaunged from syr Palomydes and torned to sir Tristram and alle the peple cryed O Tristram, O Tristram. And thenne was sir Palomydes clene forgeten. How now said Launcelot vnto Arthur, yonder rydeth a knyght that playeth his pagents. So god me help said Arthur to launcelot ye shalle see this daye that yonder two knyghtes shalle here doo this day wonders. Syr said Launcelot the one knyght wayteth vpon the other, and enforceth hym self thurgh envy to passe the noble knyght sire Tristram, and he knoweth not of the pryuy enuy, the whiche syre Palomydes hath to hym. For all that the noble syre Tristram dothe is thorou clene knyghthode. And thenne sire Gareth and Dynadan dyd wonderly grete dedes of armes as two noble knyghtes soo that Kyng Arthur spak of them grete honour & worship, and the kynges and knyghtes of sir Tristrams syde did passyngly wel, and helde them truly to gyders. Thenne sir Arthur and sir Launcelot took their horses and dressid them and gete in to the thyckest of the prees. And there syr Tristram vnknowyng smote doune kyng Arthur, and thenne syre launcelot wold haue rescowed hym, but there were soo many vpon sir launcelot that they pulled hym doune from his hors. And thenne the kynge of Irland and the kynge of Scottes with their Knyghtes dyd their payne to take kynge Arthur, and sir launcelot prysoner. Whanne syr Launcelot herd hem say soo he ferd as hit had ben an hongry lyon, for he ferd so that no knyghte durste nyghe hym. Thenne came sir Ector de maris and he bare a spere ageynst sire Palomydes, and brast it vpon hym, alle to sheuers. And thenne syr Ector came ageyne and gaf sire Palomydes suche a dasshe with a swerd that he stouped doune vpon his sadel bowe. And forth with alle syre Ector pulled doune sir Palomydes vnder his feete. And thenne syr Ector de marys gate sir launcelot du lake an hors, and brought hit to hym, and badde hym mounte vpon hym. But sir Palomydes lepte afore and gatte the hors by the brydel, & lepte in to the sadel. Soo god me helpe said launcelot ye are better worthy to haue that hors than I. Thenne sir Ector broughte syr launcelot an other hors, gramercy sayd launcelot vnto his broder. And so when he was horsed ageyne, with one spere he smote doune four knyghtes. And thenne sir Launcelot broughte to kynge Arthur one of the best of the iiii horses. Thenne syr launcelot with kynge Arthur and a fewe of his Knyghtes of sire Launcelots kynne dyd merueyllous dedes, for that tyme as the booke recordeth syr launcelot smote doune and pulled doun thyrtty knyghtes. Not withstandyng the other parte helde them soo fast to gyders that kyng arthur and his knyghtes were ouermatched. And whanne sir Tristram sawe that what labour Kyng Arthur and his knyghtes and in especyal the noble dedes that syre launcelot dyd with his owne handes he merueylled gretely.

Capitulum lxxx.

THENNE sir Tristram called vnto hym syr Palomydes, syr Gareth and syr Dynadan, and sayd thus to them, my fayre felawes wete ye wel that I will torne vnto kynge Arthurs party, for I sawe neuer soo fewe men doo soo wel, and hit wille be shame vnto vs knyghtes that ben of the round table to see our lord kynge Arthur and that noble knyght sire Launcelot to be dishonoured. It wille be wel do said sire Gareth, and syr Dynadan, do your best said palomydes, for I wille not chaunge my party that I came in with al. That is for my sake said sir Tristram, god spede yow in your journeye, and soo departed syr Palomydes fro them. Thenne sir Tristram, Gareth and Dynadan torned with sir launcelot. And thenne syr launcelot smote doune the kynge of Irland quyte from his hors, and so syr launcelot smote doune the kynge of Scottes and the Kynge of Walys, and thenne sir arthur ranne vnto syre Palomydes and smote hym quyte from his hors, and thenne syr Tristram bare doune alle that he mett. Syr Gareth and sir Dynadan dyd there as noble knyghtes, thenne al the partyes beganne to flee. Allas said Palomydes that euer I shold see this day, for now haue I lost al the worship that I wanne, and thēne sir palomydes wente his way waylynge, and soo withdrewe hym tyl he came to a welle and there he putte his hors from hym, and dyd of his armour and wayled and wepte lyke as he had ben a wood man.

Thenne many Knyghtes gaf the pryce to syre Tristram, and there were many that gaf the pryce vnto syre Launcelot. Fair lordes said sir Tristram I thanke yow of the honour ye wold yeue me, but I pray yow hertely that ye wold gyue your voys to syr launcelot, for by my feythe said syre Trystram, I wille gyue sir launcelot my voys, but syre launcelot wold not haue hit, and so the pryce was gyuen betwix them bothe. Thenne euery man rode to his lodgynge and syr bleoberis and syr Ector rode with sir Tristram and la Beale Isoud vnto her pauelions. Thenne as syr Palomydes was atte well waylynge and wepynge, there came by hym fleyng the kyng of Walys and of Scotland, and they sawe syre Palomydes in that arage. Allas said they that soo noble a man as ye be, shold be in this araye, & thenne tho kynges gat sir palomydes hors ageyne, and made hym to arme hym and mounte vpon his hors, and soo he rode with hem makyng grete dole. Soo whan sire Palomydes came nyghe the pauelions there as syre Tristram and La beale Isoud was in, thenne sire palomydes prayd the two kynges to abyde hym there the whyle that he spake with sir Tristram. And whanne he came to the porte of the pauelions, syre palomydes said on hyghe where art thow syr Tristram de lyones. Syr said Dynadan that is palomydes. What sir Palomydes wille ye not come in here amonge vs.

Fy on the traytour sayd Palomydes, for wete yow wel and hit were day lyght as it is nyght I shold slee the myn owne handes. And yf euer I maye gete the said Palomydes thou shalt dye for this dayes dede. Sir Palomydes said sir Tristram ye wyte me with wronge, for had ye done as I dyd ye hadde wonne worship. But sythen ye gyue me soo large warnynge, I shalle be wel ware of yow. Fy on the traitour saide Palomydes, and there with departed. Thenne on the morne sir Tristram, Bleoberis and sir Ector de marys, sir Gareth, syr Dynadan what by water and what by lond they brought la beale Isoud vnto Joyous gard, and there reposed them a vii nyghte, and made alle the myrthes and disportes that they coude deuyse, and kyng Arthur and his knyghtes drewe vnto Camelot, and syre Palomydes rode with the two kynges. And euer he made the grettest dole that ony man coude thynke for he was not alle only soo dolorous for the departyng from la beale Isoud, but he was a parte as sorouful to departe from the felauship of sir Tristram, for sire Tristram was soo kynd and soo gentyl that whanne sire Palomydes remembrid hym therof he myghte neuer be mery.

Capitulum lxxxi.

So at the seuen nyghtes ende, sir Bleoberys & syr Ector departed from sir Tristram and from the Quene, & these two good knyghtes had grete yeftes, and sir Gareth and sir Dynadan abode with sir Tristram, & whan sire Bleoberys and sir Ector were comen there as the Quene Gueneuer was lodged in a castel by the see syde, And thorou the grace of god the quene was recouerd of her maladye. Thenne she asked the two knyghtes from whens they came, they sayd that they came from sir Tristram and from la beale Isoud, how doth sir Tristram said the quene and la Beale Isoud. Truly sayd tho two knyghtes he dothe as a noble knyght shold doo, and as for the Quene Isoud she is pyerles of alle ladyes, for to speke of her beaute, bounte and myrthe, and of her goodenesse, we sawe neuer her matche as ferre as we haue ryden and gone. O mercy Jhesu said quene Gueneuer soo sayth alle the people, that haue sene her and spoken with her. God wold that I had parte of her condycyons, and it is mysfortuned me of my sekenesse whyle that turnement endured. And as I suppose, I shalle neuer see in alle my lyf suche an assemble of knyghtes and ladyes as ye haue done. Thenne the knyghtes told her hou Palomydes wanne the degree at the fyrst daye with grete noblesse. And the second day sir Trystram wanne the degree, and the thyrdde day syre launcelot wanne the degree. Wel said quene Gueneuer who dyd best alle these thre dayes. Soo god me help said these knyghtes sir launcelot and sire Tristram hadde leest dishonour. And wete ye wel sir palomydes dyd passynge wel and myghtely, but he torned ageynst the party that he cam in with alle, and that caused hym to lese a grete parte of hys worship, for it semed that sir Palomydes is passyng enuyous. Thenne shalle he neuer wynne worship said Quene Gueneuer for and it happeth an enuyous man ones to wynne worshyp he shalle be dishonoured twyes therfore. And for this cause alle men of worship hate an enuyous man, and wille shewe hym no fauour. And he that is curtois and kynde and gentil hath fauour in euery place.

Capitulum lxxxii.

Now leue we of this mater, and speke we of sir Palomydes that rode and lodged hym with the two kynges wherof the kynges were heuy. Thenne the kynge of Irland sent a man of his to syr Palomydes and gaf hym a grete courser, and the Kynge of Scotland gaf hym grete yeftes, and fayne they wold haue had sire Palomydes to haue abyden with them, but in no wyse he wold abyde, and soo he departed, and rode as auentures wold guyde hym, tyl it was nyz none. And thenne in a forest by a welle syr Palomydes sawe where lay a fayre wounded knyght and his hors bounden by hym, and that knyght made the grettest dole that euer he herd man make, for euer he wepte and ther with he syghed as though he wold dye. Thenne syre Palomydes rode nere hym and salewed hym myldly and sayd, fayr Knyghte why wayle ye soo, lete me lye doune and wayle with yow, for doubte not I am moche more heuyer than ye are, for I dare say sayd Palomydes that my sorowe is an honderd fold more than yours is and therfor lete vs complayne eyther to other. Fyrst saide the wounded knyghte I requyre yow telle me your name, for & thow be none of the noble knyghtes of the round table, thou shalt neuer knowe my name, what someuer come of me. Faire knyghte said Palomydes suche as I am be it better or be hit werse, wete thou wel that my name is sire Palomydes sone & heyre vnto kynge Astlabor, and sir Safyr and sir Segwarydes are my two bretheren, and wete thou wel as for my self I was neuer crystened, but my two bretheren ar truly crystend. O noble knyghte said that knyghte, wel is me that I haue mette with yow, and wete ye wel my name is Epynogrys the kynges sone of Northumberland. Now sytte doune sayd Epynogrys, and lete vs eyther complayne to other. Thenne syre Palomydes beganne his complaynte. Now shalle I telle yow said Palomydes what wo I endure. I loue the fairest Quene and lady that euer bare lyf, and wete ye wel her name is la Beale Isoud kynge Marks wyf of Cornewaile. That is grete foly said Epynogrys for to loue Quene Isoud, For one of the best knyghtes of the world loueth her, that is sir Tristram de lyones. that is trouthe said Palomydes, for no man knoweth that mater better than I doo, for I haue ben in sir Tristrams felauship this moneth and with la beale Isoud to gyders, and allas said Palomydes vnhappy man that I am, now haue I loste the felauship of syre Tristram for euer & the loue of la beale Isoud for euer, and I am neuer lyke to see her more, and sir Tristram & I ben eyther to other mortal enemyes. Wel said Epynogrys, sythe that ye loued la Beale Isoud, loued she yow euer ageyne by ony thyng that ye coude thynke or wyte, or els dyd ye reioyse her euer in ony pleasyr. Nay by my knyghthode said Palomydes I neuer aspyed that euer she loued me more than alle the world, nor neuer had I plesyr with her. But the laste day she gaf me the grettest rebuke that euer I had, the whiche shalle neuer goo from my herte, & yet I wel deserued that rebuke, for I dyd not knyghtely, & therfor I haue lost the loue of her and of sir Tristram for euer, & I haue many tymes enforced my self to doo many dedes for la beale Isoud sake, and she was the causer of my worship wynnynge. Allas said sir Palomydes now haue I lost alle the worshyp that euer I wanne, for neuer shalle me befalle suche prowesse as I had in the felauship of sir Tristram.

Capitulum lxviii. (lxxxiii.)

NAY nay sayde Epynogrys, youre sorowe is but japes to my sorowe, for I reioyced my lady and wanne her with my handes, and loste her ageyn allas that daye. Thus fyrst I wanne her said Epynogrys, my lady was an Erles doughter. And as the Erle and two knyztes cam from the turnement of Lonezep, for her sake I sette vpon this erle and on his two knyghtes my lady there beynge present, and soo by fortune there I slewe the erle and one of the knyghtes and the other knyghte fledde, and soo that nyghte I had my lady. And on the morne as she and I reposed vs atte thys welle syde, there came there to me an erraunt knyghte, his name was syr Helyor le preuse an hardy knyght, and this sire Helyor chalengyd me to fyghte for my lady. And thenne we wente to bataille fyrst vpon hors and after on foote. But at the last sir Helyor wounded me soo that he lefte me for dede, and soo he toke my lady with hym. And thus my sorowe is more than yours, for I haue reioyced and ye reioyced neuer. That is trouthe said Palomydes, but sythe I can neuer recouer my self I shalle promyse yow yf I can mete with sir Helyor I shalle gete yow your lady ageyne or els he shalle bete me. Thenne sire Palomydes made sir Epynogrys to take his hors and so they rode to an hermytage, and there sir Epynogrys rested hym. And in the meane whyle syre Palomydes walkd pryuely oute to reste hym vnder the leues, and there besyde he sawe a knyghte come rydynge with a sheld that he had sene sir Ector de marys bere afore hand, and there came after hym a ten knyghtes, and soo these x knyghtes houed vnder the leues for hete. And anone after there came a knyzt with a grene shelde, and there in a whyte lyon, ledynge a lady vpon a palfroy. Thēne this knyzt with the grene sheld that semed to be maister of the ten knyghtes he rode fyersly after sire Helyor. For it was he that hurte sir Epynogrys. And whanne he cam nyghe sir Helyor, he badde hym defende his lady. I will defende her said Helyor vnto my power, and soo they ranne to gyders soo myghtely that eyther of these knyghtes smote other doune hors and all to the erthe, and thenne they wanne vp lyghtely and drewe their swerdes and their sheldes, and lasshed to gyders myghtely more than an houre. Alle this sire Palomydes sawe and behelde but euer at the last the knyghte with sir Ectors shelde was byggar, and att the laste this knyghte smote sir Helyor doune, and thenne that knyghte vnlaced his helme to haue stryken of his hede. And thenne he cryed mercy, and praid hym to saue his lyf and badde hym take his lady.

Thenne sire Palomydes dressid hym vp by cause he wyste wel that that same lady was Epynogrys lady, and he promysed hym to helpe hym. Thenne sir Palomydes wente streyghte to that lady and toke her by the hand and asked her whether she knewe a knyghte that hyghte Epynogrys. Allas she said that euer he knewe me or I hym, for I haue for his sake loste my worship, and also his lyf greueth me moost of al. Not so lady said Palomydes, come on with me, for here is Epynogris in this hermytage. A wel is me said the lady and he be on lyue. Whether wylt thow with that lady said the knyght with syr Ectors shelde. I will doo with her what me lyst said Palomydes. Wete yow wel sayd that knyghte thou spekest ouer large, though thou semest me to haue at auauntage, by cause thow sawest me doo bataille but late. Thou wenest sir knyghte to haue that lady away from me so lyghtely, nay thynke hit neuer not, and thow were as good a knyghte as is syr launcelot or as is sir Tristram or sir Palomydes, but thow shalt wynne her derer than euer dyd I, and soo they went vnto bataille vpon foote, and there they gaf many sadde strokes, and eyther wounded other passyng sore, and thus they fouzt stille more than an houre. Thenne sire Palomydes had merueil what knyghte he myghte be that was soo stronge and soo wel brethed durynge, and thus said Palomydes, knyzt I requyre the telle me thy name. Wete thow wel said that knyghte I dar telle the my name, soo that thow wilt telle me thy name. I wille said palomydes. Truly said that knyghte, my name is Safyr sone of kynge Astlabor and sire palomydes and syre Segwarydes are my bretheren. Now and wete thou wel, my name is sir Palomydes.

Thenne sir Safyr kneled doune vpon his knees and prayd hym of mercy, and thenne they vnlaced their helmes, and eyther kyssed other wepynge. And in the meane whyle sire Epynogrys aroose oute of his bedde, and herd them by the strokes, and soo he armed hym to helpe sire Palomydes yf nede were.

Capitulum lxxxiiii.

THENNE sir Palomydes tooke the lady by the hand, & broughte her to sire Epynogrys, and there was grete ioye betwixe them, for eyther swouned for joye. Whan they were mette, Fair knyght and lady said sir Safer, it were pyte to departe yow. Jhesu send yow joye eyther of other. Gramercy gentyl knyghte said Epynogrys, and moche more thanke be to my lord sir Palomydes, that thus hath thurgh his prowesse made me to gete my lady. Thenne sir Epynogrys, requyred sire Palomydes and sire Safere his brother to ryde with them vnto his castel for the sauf gard of his person. Sire said Palomydes we will be redy to conduyte you by cause that ye are sore wounded, and soo was Epynogrys and his lady horsed, and his lady behynde hym vpon a softe ambuler.

And thenne they rode vnto his castel where they had grete chere and joye as grete as euer sir Palomydes and sir Safere had in their lyfe dayes. Soo on the morne sir Safere and sir palomydes departed and rode as fortune ledde them, and soo they rode alle that daye vntyl after none. And at the last they herd a grete wepynge and a grete noyse doune in a manoir. Syre said thenne sir Safere lete vs wete what noyse this is. I wil wel said sir palomydes, and soo they rode forth tyl that they came to a fayr gate of a manoir, and there satte an old man sayenge his prayers and bedes. Thenne sire palomydes and sir Safere alyghte and lefte their horses, and wente within the gates, and there they sawe ful many goodely men wepynge. Fair syrs said palomydes wherfore wepe ye, and make this sorowe. Anone one of the knyghtes of the castel beheld sir palomydes, and knewe hym, and thēne wente to his felawes and said, Fair felawes wete ye wel al, we haue in this Castel the same knyght that slewe oure lord at Lonezep, for I knowe hym wel it is syre palomydes. Thenne they wente vnto harneis alle that myghte bere harneis, some on horsbak, and some on foote to the nombre of thre score. And whan they were redy, they came fresshly vpon syr palomydes and vpon syr Safere with a grete noyse and sayd thus, kepe the syre palomydes, for thow arte knowen, and by ryght thow must be dede for thow hast slayne oure lord, and therfore wete ye wel, we wille slee the, therfore defende the. Thenne sir palomydes & syr Safer the one sette his bak to the other, and gaf many grete strokes, and took many grete strokes, and thus they fouzte with a twenty knyghtes and fourty gentilmen, and yomen nyghe two houres. But at the last though they were lothe sir palomydes and syr Safere were taken and yolden and putte in a stronge pryson, and within thre dayes twelue knyghtes passed vpon them, and they fond sir palomydes gylty, and syr Safyr not gylty of their lordes dethe. And whan sir Safyr shold be delyuerd there was grete dole betwixe syr palomydes and hym, and many pyteous complayntys that sir Safyr made at his departynge, there is no maker can reherce the tenthe parte. Fair broder said palomydes lete be thy dolour and thy sorou. And yf I be ordeyned to dye a shameful dethe wel come be it, but and I had wist of this deth that I am demed vnto I shold neuer haue ben yolden. Soo syr Safere departed from his broder with the grettest dolour and sorou that euer made knyghte. And on the morne they of the castel ordeyned twelue knyghtes to ryde with syre Palomydes vnto the fader of the same knyght that syr Palomydes slewe, and soo they bound his legges vnder an old stedes bely. And thenne they rode with syr Palomydes vnto a Castel by the see syde that hyghte Pelownes, and there syr Palomydes shold haue justyce, thus was their ordenaunce, and so they rode with syr palomydes fast by the Castel of Joyous gard. And as they passed by that Castel, there came rydynge oute of that castel by them one that knewe syr palomydes. And whan that knyghte sawe sire palomydes bovnden vpon a croked courser, the knyght asked syre palomydes, for what cause he was led so. A my fair felawe and knyghte sayd palomydes, I ryde toward my dethe for the sleynge of a knyght at a turnement of Lonezep, & yf I had not departed from my lord syr Tristrā as I ouzte not to haue done, now myzt I haue ben sure to haue had my lyf saued. But I pray yow syr knyght recommaunde me vnto my lord sir Tristram and vnto my lady Quene Isoud, & say to them, yf euer I trespaced to them, I aske them foryeuenes. And also I biseche yow recommaunde me vnto my lord kynge Arthur and to alle the felauship of the round table vnto my power. Thenne that knyghte wepte for pyte of syr palomydes, and there with alle he rode vnto Joyous gard as faste as his hors myghte renne, and lyghtly that knyght descended doune of his hors and wente vnto sir Tristram, and there he told hym all as ye haue herd, and euer the knyghte wepte as he had ben madde.

Capitulum lxxxv.

When sir Tristram herd how sir palomydes went to his deth, he was heuy to here that, and said how be it that I am wroth with sir palomydes, yet wil not I suffre hym to dye so shameful a deth for he is a ful noble knyzt, & thenne anon sir Tristram was armed & toke his hors & two squyers wyth hym, & rode a grete paas towarde the castel of pelownes where sir palomydes was juged to deth, & these twelue knyghtes that led sir palomydes passed by a welle where as sir laūcelot was whiche was alyghte there & had teyed his hors to a tree a taken of his helme to drynke of that welle, & whan he saw these knyghtes, syr launcelot putte on his helme, and suffred them to passe by hym. And thenne was he ware of sire palomydes bounden and ledde shamefully to his dethe. O Jhesu said launcelot what mysauenture is befalle hym that he is thus ledde toward his dethe. Forsoth said launcelot it were shame to me, to suffre this noble knyght soo to dye and I myzte helpe hym, therfor I wille helpe hym what someuer com of hit, or els I shal dye for syr Palomydes sake. And thenne sir launcelot mounted vpon his hors and gate his spere in his hand, and rode after the twelue knyghtes that ledde sir Palomydes. Fair knyghtes said sir Launcelot whyder lede ye that knyzt, it bysemeth hym ful ylle to ryde bounden. Thenne these twelue Knyghtes sodenly torned their horses, and said to sir launcelot, syr

Knyghte we counceille the not to medle with this knyght, for he hath deserued deth, and vnto dethe he is juged, that me repenteth said launcelot that I may not borowe hym with fayrenesse, for he is ouer good a knyghte to dye suche a shameful dethe. And therfor fayre knyghtes said syr launcelot kepe yow as wel as ye can, for I will rescowe that knyght or dye for it. Thenne they beganne to dresse their speres, and sir launcelot smote the formest doune hors and man, and so he serued thre moo with one spere, and thenne that spere brast, and there with al sir launcelot drewe his swerd, and thenne he smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand. thenne within a whyle he lefte none of tho twelue knyghtes, but he had leyd them to the erthe, and the moost party of hem were sore wounded, & thenne syr Launcelot took the best hors that he fonde and loused sire Palomydes, and sette hym vpon that hors, and so they retorned ageyne vnto Joyous gard, & thenne was sir Palomydes ware of sir Tristram how he came rydynge. And whan sir Launcelot sawe hym, he knewe hym wel, but sir Tristram knewe not hym by cause syre Launcelot had on his sholder a golden shelde. Soo syr launcelot made hym redy to Juste with syr Tristram, that sire Tristram sholde not wene that he were syre Launcelot. Thenne sir Palomydes cryed on lowde to syr Tristram O my lorde I requyre yow Juste not with this knyght, for this goode knyght haue saued me from my dethe.

Whan syre Tristram herde hym saye so, he came a softe trottyng paas toward them. And thenne syre Palomydes sayd, My lord syr Tristram moche am I beholdynge vnto yow of youre grete goodenes that wold profer youre noble body to rescowe me vndeserued, for I haue gretely offended yow. Not withstandynge said sire Palomydes here mette we with this noble knyghte that worshipfully and manly rescowed me from xii knyghtes, and smote them doune alle and wounded them sore.

Capitulum lxxxvi.

Fayre knyght said syr Tristram vnto syre Launcelot, of whens be ye. I am a knyght erraunt sayd sir laūcelot that rydeth to seke many aduentures. What is your name said sir Tristram, syre at this tyme I wille not telle yow. Thenne syre launcelot sayd vnto sir Tristram and to palomydes, now eyther of yow ar mette to gyders, I wille departe from yow. Not soo said syr Tristram I pray yow of knyzthode to ryde with me vnto my Castel. Wete yow wel said syr Launcelot I may not ryde with yow, for I haue many dedes to doo in other places, that att this tyme I maye not abyde with yow. A mercy Jhesu said syr Tristram I requyre yow, as ye be a true knyghte to the ordre of knyghthode, playe you with me this nyghte. Thenne sire Tristram had a graunte of syre launcelot, how be it though he had not desyred hym, he wold haue ryden with hem, outher soone haue come after them for syr launcelot cam for none other cause in to that Countrey but for to see syr Tristram. And whanne they were come with in Joyous gard, they alyght, and their horses were ledde in to a stable, and thenne they vnarmed them. And whanne syre Launcelot was vnhelmed, sir Tristram and syr Palomydes knewe hym. Thenne sire Tristram took syr launcelot in armes, & soo dyd la Beale Isoud, and Palomydes kneled doune vpon his knees, and thanked syr Launcelot. Whan syr launcelot sawe sir Palomydes knele, he lyghtely toke hym vp and sayd thus, wete thou wel sir Palomydes I and ony knyght in this land of worship oughte of veray ryght socoure and rescowe soo noble a knyghte as ye are proued and renoumed thurgh oute alle this reame endlonge and ouerthwart. And thenne was there joye amonge them, and the oftyner that syre Palomydes sawe la Beale Isoud, the heuyer he waxed day by day. Thenne sir launcelot within thre or four dayes departed, and with hym rode sir Ector de marys, and Dynadan and sir Palomydes were there lefte with sire Tristram a two monethes & more. But euer sire Palomydes faded and morned that alle men had merueylle wherfore he faded soo aweye. So vpon a day in the daunynge sire Palomydes wente in to the foreste by hym self alone, and there he fond a welle, and thenne he loked in to the welle, and in the water he sawe his owne vysage hou he was distourbled and defaded nothyng lyke that he was. What may this meane said sire Palomydes, and thus he said to hym self, A Palomydes, Palomydes, why arte thow dyffaded thou that was wonte to be called one of the fayrest knyztes of the world, I wille no more lede this lyf, for I loue that I maye neuer gete nor recouer. And there with all he leyd hym doune by the welle. And thenne he beganne to make a ryme of la Beale Isoud and hym. And in the meane whyle syr Tristram was that same day ryden in to the forest to chace the herte of greese, but sire Tristram wold not ryde on huntynge neuer more vnarmed by cause of syr Breuse saunce pyte, and soo as sir Tristram rode in to that forest vp and doune, he herd one synge merueyllously lowde, and that was syre Palomydes that lay by the welle. And thenne syr Tristram rode softely thyder, for he demed, there was some knyght erraunt that was at the welle.

And whanne sire Tristram came nyghe hym, he descended doune from his hors and teyed his hors fast tyl a tree, and thenne he came nere hym on foote, and anone he was ware where lay sire palomydes by the welle and sange lowde and meryly, and euer the complayntes were of that noble Quene La Beale Isoud, the whiche was merueyllously and wonderfully wel sayd, and ful dolefully and pytously made. And alle the hole songe the noble knyghte sire Tristram herd from the begynnynge to the endynge, the whiche greued and troubled hym sore. But thenne at the last whanne sir Tristram had herd all sir Palomydes complayntes he was wrothe oute of mesure & thouzt for to slee hym there as he lay. Thenne syr Tristram remembryd hym self that sir Palomydes was vnarmed and of the noble name that sir Palomydes had and the noble name that hym self had, and thenne he made a restraynte of his anger, & so he wente vnto sire Palomydes a softe paas and said sir Palomydes I haue herd youre complaynte and of thy treason that thow hast owed me so longe. And wete thou wel therfor thow shalt dye. And yf it were not for shame of knyzthode, thow sholdest not escape my handes, for now I knowe wel thow hast awayted me with treason. Telle me said syre Tristram how thow wolt acquyte the. Sir said Palomydes thus I wille acquyte me, as for Quene la beale Isoud ye shal wete wel that I loue her aboue all other ladyes in this world, and wel I wote it shalle befalle me as for her loue as befelle to the noble knyghte syre Kehydius that dyed for the loue of la Beale Isoud, and now sir Tristram I wil that ye wete that I haue loued la Beale Isoud many a day, and she hath ben the causer of my worshyp. And els I had ben the moost symplest knyght in the world. For by her, and by cause of her, I haue wonne the worshyp that I haue, for when I remembryd me of la Beale Isoud, I wanne the worship where someuer I came for the most party, and yet had I neuer reward nor bounte of her the dayes of my lyf, and yet haue I ben her knyght gwerdonles. And therfor syr Tristram as for ony deth I drede not, for I hadde as lyef dye as to lyue. And yf I were armed as thow arte, I shold lyghtely doo batail with the. Wel haue ye vttered your treason said Tristram. I haue done to yow no treason said Palomydes, for loue is free for alle men, and though I haue loued your lady, she is my lady as wel as yours, how be it I haue wronge yf ony wronge be, for ye reioyce her, and haue your desyre of her, and soo had I neuer nor neuer am lyke to haue, and yet shall I loue her to the vttermest dayes of my lyf as wel as ye.

Capitulum lxxxvii.

THENNE said syr Tristram I wil fyghte with yow to the vttermest. I graunte saide palomydes, for in a better quarel kepe I neuer to fyghte, for & I dye of your handes, of a better knyghtes handes may I not be slayne. And sythen I vnderstande that I shalle neuer reioyce la beale Isoud, I haue as good wylle to dye as to lyue. Thenne sette ye a day said sir Tristram that we shalle doo bataille, this day .xv. dayes said Palomydes wille I mete with yow here by, in the medowe vnder Joyous gard. Fy for shame said sire Tristram, wille ye sette soo longe day, lete vs fyghte to morn. Not soo sayd palomydes, for I am megre and haue ben longe seke for the loue of la Beale Isoud, and therfore I wille repose me tyl I haue my strengthe ageyne. Soo thenne sire Tristram and syr palomydes promysed feythfully to mete at the welle that day xv dayes. I am remembryd said sir Tristram to Palomydes, that ye brake me ones a promyse whan that I rescowed yow from Breuse saunce pyte and ix knyghtes, and thēne ye promysed me to mete me at the peron and the graue besydes Camelot, where as at that tyme ye fayled of your promyse.

Wete you wel said Palomydes vnto sir Tristram I was at that day in pryson so that I myghte not holde my promyse. So god me helpe said sir Tristram, and ye had holden your promyse this werk had not ben here now at this tyme. Ryghte soo departed syre Tristram and sire Palomydes. And soo sire palomydes tooke his hors and his harneis, and he rode vnto Kynge Arthurs Courte, and there syr palomydes gat hym four knyghtes and four sergeaunts of armes, and soo he retorned ageynward vnto Joyous gard. And in the meane whyle syr Tristram chaced and hunted at alle maner of venery, and aboute thre dayes afore the bataille shold be, as syr Tristram chaced an herte ther was an Archer shot at the herte, and by mysfortune he smote syr Tristram in the thyck of the thygh, and the arowe slewe sir Tristrams hors & hurte hym. Whan sir Tristram was so hurte, he was passynge heuy, and wete ye wel he bled sore, and thenne he took another hors, and rode vnto Joyous gard with grete heuynesse more for the promyse that he hadde made with sir palomydes as to doo bataille with hym within thre dayes after than for ony hurte of his thyz, wherfor there was neyther man ne woman that coude chere hym with ony thynge that they coude make to hym, neyther Quene la Beale Isoud, for euer he demed that syr launcelot had smyten hym soo, that he shold not be able to doo bataille with hym at the day sette.

Capitulum lxxxviii.

But in no wyse there was no knyghte aboute syr Tristram that wold byleue that euer syr Palomydes wold hurte sir Tristram neyther by his owne handes nor by none other consentynge, thenne whan the fyftenth day was come sir Palomydes came to the welle with four knyztes with hym of Arthurs courte and thre sergeauntes of armes. And for this entente syr palomydes broughte the knyztes with hym and the sergeaunt of armes, for they shold bere record of the bataille betwixe syre Tristram and syr Palomydes. And the one sergeaunt brought in his helme, the other his spere, the thyrd his swerd. Soo thus Palomydes came in to the felde, & there he abode nyghe two houres, and thenne he sente a squyer vnto syr Tristram, and desyred hym to come in to the felde, to holde his promyse. Whan the squyer was come to Joyous gard, Anone as sir Tristram herd of his comynge he lete commaunde that the squyer shold come to his presence there as he lay in his bedde. My lord sir Tristram said Palomydes squyer wete yow wel my lord Palomydes abydeth yow in the felde, and he wold wete whether ye wold doo bataille or not. A my fair broder said sir Tristram wete thou wel that I am ryght heuy for these tydynges, therfor telle sire Palomydes, and I were wel atte ease I wold not lye here nor he shold haue noo nede to sende for me, and I myghte outher ryde or goo, and for thow shalt saye that I am no lyer, syre Tristram shewed hym his thye that the wounde was sixe Inches depe, and now thou hast sene my hurte, telle thy lord that this is no fayned mater and telle hym that I had leuer than all the gold of kyng Arthur that I were hole, & telle palomydes as soone as I am hole I shal seke hym endlong & ouerthwart & y^{t} I promyse you as I am true knyzt, & if euer I may mete with hym, he shal haue batail of me his fylle, & with this the squyer departed, & when palomydes wist y^{t} tristrā was hurt he was glad & said now I am sure I shalle haue no shame, for I wote wel I shold haue had hard handelynge of hym, and by lykely I muste nedes haue had the werse. For he is the hardest knyghte in bataylle that now is lyuynge excepte sir Launcelot. And thenne departed syr Palomydes where as fortune ladde hym, & within a moneth sir Tristram was hole of his hurte. And thenne he took his hors, and rode from countrey to countrey, and all straunge aduentures he acheued where someuer he rode, and alweyes he enquyred for sire Palomydes, but of alle that quarter of sommer syr Tristram coude neuer mete with sir palomydes. But thus as sir Tristram soughte and enquyred after sire Palomydes, sir Tristram encheued many grete batails where thorugh alle the noyse felle to syr Tristram, and it seaced of sir launcelot, & therfor syre launcelots bretheren and his kynnesmen wold haue slayne sire Tristram by cause of his fame. But whanne syre launcelot wyste how his kynnesmen were sette, he said to them openly wete yow wel that and the enuy of yow alle be soo hardy to wayte vpon my lord sire Tristram with ony hurte, shame, or vylony, as I am true knyghte, I shalle slee the best of yow with myne owne handes. Allas fy for shame shold ye for his noble dedes awayte vpon hym to slee hym. Jhesu defende said launcelot that euer ony noble knyghte as syre Tristram is shold be destroyed with treason. Of this noyse and fame sprange in to Cornewaile, and amonge them of Lyonas, wherof they were passynge gladde, and made grete joye. And thenne they of Lyonas sente letters vnto sire Tristram of recommendacyon, and many grete yeftes to mayntene sir Tristrams estate, and euer bitwene sir Tristram resorted vnto Joyous gard where as la Beale Isoud was that loued hym as her lyf.

Here endeth the tenthe book which is of syr Tristram,
And here foloweth the Enleuenth book whiche is of sir launcelot.

Capitulum primum.

NOW leue we syr Tristram de lyones, & speke we of sire launcelot du lake and of sire Galahalt, syr launcelots sone, hou he was goten, and in what maner as the book of Frensshe reherceth. Afore the tyme that syre Galahalt was goten or borne, there came in an hermyte vnto kynge Arthur vpon Whytsonday, as the knyghtes satte at the table round. And whan the heremyte sawe the syege perillous, he asked the kyng and alle the knyghtes why that sege was voyd. Sir Arthur and alle the knyghtes ansuerd, ther shalle neuer none sytte in that syege, but one, but yf he be destroyed. Thenne sayd the hermyte wote ye what is he, nay said Arthur, and alle the Knyghtes, we wote not who is he, that shalle sytte therin. Thenne wote I said the heremyte, for he that shal sytte there is vnborne and vngoten, and this same yere he shalle be goten that shalle sytte ther in that syege perillous, and he shall wynne the Sancgreal. Whan this hermyte had made this mensyon he departed from the courte of kynge Arthur. And thenne after this feeste syr launcelot rode on his aduenture tyl on a tyme by aduenture he past ouer the pounte of Corbyn, and there he sawe the fayrest toure that euer he sawe, and ther vnder was a fayre Towne ful of peple and alle the peple men and wymmen cryed at ones, welcome sir Launcelot du lake the floure of alle knyghthode for by the alle we shalle be holpen oute of daunger. What mene ye said sire Launcelot that ye crye soo vpon me. A fayr knyght said they alle here is within thys Toure a dolorous lady that hath ben therin paynes many wynters and dayes, for euer she boyleth in scaldynge water, & but late said alle the peple sire Gawayne was here and he myght not helpe her, and soo he lefte her in payne. Soo may I saide syr Launcelot leue her in payne as wel as sire Gawayne dyd. Nay said the peple we knowe wel that it is sir Laūcelot that shalle delyuer her. Wel said launcelot, thenne shewe me what I shalle doo, thenne they brought sire launcelot in to the toure. And when he came to the chamber there as this lady was, the dores of yron vnlocked and vnbolted. And so syr launcelot wente in to the chambre that was as hote as ony stewe. And there syr launcelot toke the fayrest lady by the hand, that euer he sawe, and she was naked as a nedel, and by enchauntemēt Quene Morgan le fay and the Quene of Northgalys hadde put her there in that paynes by cause she was called the fairest lady of that countrey, and there she had ben fyue yeres, and neuer myghte she be delyuerd oute of her grete paynes vnto the tyme the best knyghte of the world had taken her by the hand. Thenne the peple broughte her clothes. And whanne she was arayed, syre launcelot thoughte she was the fayrest lady of the world, but yf it were Quene Gueneuer. thenne this lady said to sire Launcelot, syre yf hit please yow wille ye goo with me here by in to a chappel that we may yeue louynge and thankynge vnto god. Madame said sir launcelot cometh on with me I wille goo with yow. So whanne they came there and gaf thankynges to god, alle the people both lerned and lewde gaf thankynges vnto god and hym, and sayd sir knyght syn ye haue delyuerd this lady, ye shall delyuer vs from a serpent that is here in a tombe. Thenne syr launcelot tooke his shelde and said brynge me thyder, and what I may doo vnto the pleasyr of god and yow I wille doo. Soo whanne sir Laūcelot came thydder, he sawe wryten vpon the tombe letters of gold that said thus, Here shalle come a lybard of kynges blood, and he shalle slee this serpent, and this lybard shalle engendre a lyon in this foreyn countrey the whiche lyon shall passe alle other knyghtes. Soo thenne sir launcelot lyfte vp the tombe, and there came out an horryble & a fyendly dragon spyttynge fyre oute of his mouthe. Thenne sir launcelot drewe his swerd and fought with the dragon longe, and atte laste with grete payne sir launcelot slewe that dragon. There with alle came kynge Pelles the good and noble knyght, and salewed syr launcelot and he hym ageyne. Fair knyghte sayd the kynge, what is your name, I requyre you of your knyzthode telle me.

Capitulum ii.

Syr said launcelot wete yow wel my name is syre launcelot du lake, & my name is sayd the kyng, Pelles kynge of the foreyn countrey, and cosyn nyghe vnto Joseph of Armathye. And thenne eyther of them made moche of other, and soo they wente in to the Castel to take theyr repaste, and anone there came in a douue at a wyndowe, and in her mouth there semed a lytel censer of gold. And there with alle there was suche a sauour as alle the spyecery of the world had ben there. And forth with all there was vpon the table al maner of metes and drynkes that they coude thynke vpon. Soo cam in a damoysel passynge fayre and yonge, and she bare a vessel of gold betwixe her handes, and therto the kynge kneled deuoutely, and said his prayers, and soo dyd alle that were there. O Jhesu said sir launcelot what maye this meane, thys is said the kynge the rychest thyng that ony man hath lyuyng. And whanne this thynge goth aboute, the round table shall be broken, and wete thow wel said the kynge this is the holy Sancgreal that ye haue here sene. Soo the kynge and sir laũcelot ladde their lyf the moost parte of that daye. And fayne wold kynge Pelles haue fond the meane to haue hadde syre Launcelot to haue layne by his doughter fayre Elayne. And for this entent the kyng knewe wel that syr launcelot shold gete a chyld vpon his doughter, the whiche shold be named sir Galahalt the good knyghte, by whome alle the forayn countrey shold be broughte oute of daunger, and by hym the holy graale shold be encheued. Thenne came forth a lady that hyghte Dame Brysen, and she said vnto the Kynge, Syr wete ye wel, syre Launcelot loueth no lady in the world but all only Quene Gueneuer, and therfore wyrche ye by counceylle and I shalle make hym to lye with your doughter, & he shall not wete but that he lyeth with Quene Gueneuer. O fayre lady dame Brysen said the kyng, hope ye to brynge this about, syr said she vpon payne of my lyf lete me dele, for this Brysen was one of the grettest enchauntresses that was at that tyme in the world lyuynge.

Thenne anone by dame Brysens wytte she maade one to come to syr launcelot that he knewe wel. And this man brouzt hym a rynge from Quene Gueneuer lyke as hit hadde come from her, and suche one as she was wonte for the moost parte to were, & when sir laūcelot sawe that tokē wete ye wel he was neuer soo fayne. Where is my lady said syr launcelot, in the castel of Case said the messager but fyue myle thens. Thenne sir launcelot thoughte to be there the same nyghte. And thenne this Brysen by the commaundement of kynge Pelles lete sende Elayne to this castel with xxv knyghtes vnto the castel of Case. Thenne syr launcelot ageynst nyght rode vnto that castel, and there anone he was receyued worshipfully with suche peple to his semyng as were aboute Quene Gueneuer secrete. Soo whanne sir Launcelot was alyghte, he asked where the Quene was. Soo dame Brysen said she was in her bedde, & thenne the peple were auoyded, and sir launcelot was ledde vnto his chamber. And thenne dame Brysen broughte sir launcelot a cup ful of wyne, and anone as he had dronken that wyn, he was soo assoted and madde that he myghte make no delay, but withouten ony lette he wente to bedde, and he wende that mayden Elayne had ben Quene Gueneuer. Wete yow wel that sir launcelot was glad and soo was that lady Elayne, that she had geten sir launcelot in her armes. For well she knewe that same nyght shold be goten vpon her Galahalt that shold preue the best knyghte of the world, and soo they lay to gyders vntyl vndorne of the morn, and alle the wyndowes and holes of that chamber were stopped that no man ere of day myghte be sene. And thenne sire launcelot remembryd hym, and he arose vp and wente to the wyndowe.

Capitulum Tercium.

AND anone as he had vnshet the wyndowe the enchaũtement was gone, thēne he knewe hym self that he had done amys. Allas he sayd that I haue lyued so long now I am shamed. Soo thenne he gat his swerd in his hand and said thow traitresse what arte thow that I haue layn by alle this nyghte, thow shalt dye ryghte here of my handes.

Thenne this fayr lady Elayne skypped oute of her bedde al naked and kneled doune afore sir launcelot, and sayd Fair curteis knyghte comen of kynges blood, I requyre yow haue mercy vpon me. And as thow arte renoumed the moost noble knyghte of the world, slee me not, for I haue in my wombe hym by the, that shal be the moost noblest knyzte of the world. A fals traitresse said syr launcelot why hast thow bytrayed me, anone telle me what thow arte. Syr she said I am Elayn the doughter of Kynge pelles. Wel said sire Launcelot I wyl forgyue yow this dede, and there with he took her vp in his armes, and kyssed her, for she was as fayr a lady and there to lusty and yonge and as wyse as ony was that tyme lyuyng. So god me helpe said sir launcelot I may not wyte thys to yow, but her that made this enchauntement vpon me as bytwene yow and me, and I may fynde her that same lady Brysen she shalle lese her hede for wytchecraftes, for there was neuer knyghte deceyued soo as I am this nyghte. And soo syre Launcelot arayed hym, and armed hym, and toke his leue myldely at that lady yonge Elayne, and soo he departed.

Thenne she said my lord sir launcelot I biseche yow see me as soone as ye may, for I haue obeyed me vnto the prophecy that my fader teld me. And by his commaũdement to fulfille this prophecy I haue gyuen the grettest rychesse and the fayrest floure that euer I had, and that is my maydenhode that I shalle neuer haue ageyne, and therfore gentyl knyzt owe me youre good wille. And soo syr launcelot arayed hym and was armed, and toke his leue myldely at that yonge lady Elayne, & soo he departed, and rode tyl he came to the Castel of Corbyn, where her fader was, and as fast as her tyme came she was delyuerd of a fayr chylde, and they crystened hym Galahalt, & wete ye wel that child was wel kepte and wel nourisshed, & he was named Galahalt by cause syr Launcelot was so named at the fontayne stone. And after that the lady of the lake confermed hym sir Launcelot du lake. Thenne after this lady was delyuerd and chirched, there came a knyghte vnto her, his name was sire Bromel la pleche, the whiche was a grete lord and he hadde loued that lady longe, and he euermore desyred her to wedde her, and soo by no meane she coude putte hym of. Tyl on a day she said to syr Bromel, wete thow wel sir knyzt I wille not loue yow, for my loue is set vpon the best knyzt of the world. Who is he said sir Bromel, syr she said it is syre Launcelot du lake that I loue and none other, and therfore wowe me no lenger, ye saye wel said sir Bromel. And sythen ye haue told me soo moche, ye shalle haue but lytel joye of sir launcelot, for I shal slee hym where someuer I mete hym, sire said the lady Elayne, doo to hym noo treason. Wete ye wel my lady said Bromel, and I promyse yow this twelue moneth I shalle kepe the pounte of Corbyn for syr launcelots sake, that he shalle neyther come ne goo vnto yow, but I shall mete with hym.

Capitulum Quartum.

THENNE as hit felle by fortune and aduenture sire Bors de ganys that was neuewe vnto sir Launcelot cam ouer that brydge, and ther syre Bromel and sire bors Justed, & sir Bors smote syre Bromel suche a buffet that he bare hym ouer his hors croupe. And thenne syre Bromel as an hardy knyghte pulled out his suerd, and dressid his sheld to doo bataille with syr Bors. And thenne syr Bors alyzte, and auoyded his hors, and there they dasshed to gyders many sadde strokes, and long thus they foughte, tyl att the laste syr Bromel was leyd to the erthe, and there syre bors began to vnlace his helme to slee hym. Thenne syr bromel cryed syre bors mercy, and yelded hym, vpon this couenaunt thou shalt haue thy lyf said syr bors, soo thou goo vnto syr launcelot vpon whytsondaye that next cometh and yelde the vnto hym as knyghte recreaunt. I wille doo hit said syr bromel, and that he sware vpon the crosse of the swerd, and soo he lete hym departe, and syr bors rode vnto kynge Pelles, that was within Corbyn. And whanne the kynge and Elayne his doughter wist that syr bors was neuewe vnto syr launcelot, they made hym grete chere. Thenne said dame Elayne, we merueyle where sir Launcelot is, for he came neuer here but ones. Meruelle not said sir bors, for this half yere he hath ben in pryson with quene Morgan le fay kyng Arthurs syster. Allas said dame Elayne that me repenteth, and euer syr bors beheld that child in her armes, and euer hym semed it was passynge lyke sire launcelot. Truly said Elayne wete ye wel this child he gat vpon me. Thēne sir bors wepte for joye, & he praid to god it myzt preue as good a knyghte as his fader was. And soo cam in a whyte douue, and she bare a lytel censer of gold in her mouthe, and there was alle maner of metes and drynkes, and a mayden bare that Sancgreal, and she said openly, wete yow wel syr Bors that this child is Galahalt that shalle sytte in the sege peryllous and encheue the Sancgreal, and he shalle be moche better than euer was sir Launcelot du lake, this is his owne fader, & thenne they kneled doune, & made theyre deuocyons, and there was suche a sauour as alle the spyecery in the world had ben there. And whanne the douue took her flyghte, the mayden vanysshed with the Sancgreal as she cam. Syr said sir Bors vnto kynge Pelles, this Castel may be named the castel aduenturous, for here be many straunge aduentures, that is sothe said the kynge, for wel maye this place be called the aduentures place, for there come but fewe knyghtes here that gone aweye with ony worship, be he neuer so strong, here he may be preued, and but late sire Gawayne the good knyght gate but lytyl worship here, for I lete yow wete said kynge Pelles, here shalle no knyght wynne no worship, but if he be of worship hym self and of good lyuynge, and that loueth god and dredeth god, and els he geteth no worshyp here be he neuer soo hardy, that is wonderful thyng said syr Bors. What ye meane in this Countrey, I wote not, for ye haue many straunge aduentures, and therfor I wyl lye in this Castel this nyghte, ye shalle not doo so said kynge Pelles by my counceyll, for hit is hard and ye escape withoute a shame: I shalle take the aduenture that wille befalle me said syr Bors, thenne I counceyle yow said the kynge to be confessid clene. As for that said sire Bors I wille be shryuen with a good wylle. Soo syr Bors was confessyd, and for al wymmen sir Bors was a vyrgyne, sauf for one, that was the doughter of kynge Brangorys, and on her he gat a child that hyghte Elayne, and sauf for her syre Bors was a clene mayden, and soo sir Bors was ledde vnto bed in a fayr large chamber, and many dores were shette aboute the chamber. Whan sir Bors aspyed alle tho dores, he auoyded alle the peple, for he myght haue no body with hym, but in no wyse syr Bors wold vnarme hym, but soo he leid hym doune vpon the bedde, and ryght soo he sawe come in a lyghte that he myght wel see a spere grete & longe that came streyghte vpon hym poyntelynge, and to syre Bors semed that the hede of the spere brente lyke a tapre, and anon or syr Bors wyst, the spere hede smote hym in to the sholder an hand brede in depnesse, and that wound greued syre Bors passynge sore. And thenne he leyd hym doune ageyne for payne, and anone there with alle there came a knyght armed with his shelde on his sholder and his suerd in his hande and he bad sir Bors aryse syr knyzte and fyghte with me. I am sore hurte he said, but yet I shal not fayle the. And thenne syr Bors starte vp and dressid his shelde, and thenne they lasshed to gydders myghtely a grete whyle, and at the laste syr Bors bare hym bakward vntyl that he came vnto a chāber dore, and there that knyghte yede in to that chamber & rested hym a grete whyle. And whan he hadde reposed hym he came out fresshely ageyne, and beganne newe bataille with sir bors myghtely and strongly.

Capitulum Quintum.

THENNE sir Bors thought he shold no more goo in to that chamber to reste hym, and soo syr Bors dressyd hym betwixe the knyghte and that chamber dore, and there sir Bors smote hym doune, and thenne that knyght yelded hym. What is your name said syr

Bors. Syr said he, my name is pedyuere of the streyte marches. Soo syre Bors made hym to swere at Whytsonday next comyng to be atte court of kyng arthur, and yelde hym there as a prysoner as an ouercome knyghte by the handes of syr Bors. Soo thus departed syr pedyuere of the strayte marches. And thenne syre Bors layd hym doune to reste, and thenne he herd and felt moche noyse in that chamber, and thenne sir Bors aspyed that ther came in, he wist not whether at the dores nor Wyndowes shot of arowes and of quarels soo thyck that he merueylled, and many felle vpon hym and hurte hym in the bare places. And thenne syre Bors was ware where came in an hydous lyon, soo sire bors dressid hym vnto the lyon, & anone the lyon berafte hym his sheld & with his suerd syr bors smote of the lyons heed.

Ryght soo syre Bors forth with all sawe a dragon in the courte passynge horryble, and there semed letters of gold wryten in his forhede, and sir Bors thoughte that the letters made a sygnyfycacyon of kynge Arthur. Ryghte soo there came an horryble lybard and an old, and there they foughte longe, & dyd grete batail to gyders. And at the laste the dragon spytte oute of his mouthe as hit had ben an honderd dragons, and lyghtely alle the smal dragons slewe the old dragon and tare hym all to pyeces. Anone with alle there came an old man in to the halle, and he satte hym doune in a fayre chayre, and there semed to be two edders aboute his neck, and thenne the old man had an harp, and there he sange an old songe how Joseph of Armathye came in to this land, thenne whanne he had songen, the old man bad sir Bors go from thens, for here shall ye haue no mo aduentures, and ful worshypfully haue ye done, and better shalle ye doo here after. And thenne sir Bors semed that there came the whytest douue with a lytel golden senser in her mouthe. And anone there with alle the tēpest ceased and passed that afore was merueyllous to here. Soo was alle that Courte ful of good sauours. Thenne syre Bors sawe four children berynge four fayre tapres, and an old man in the myddes of the children with a senser in hys owne hand, and a spere in his other hand, and that spere was called the spere of vengeaunce.

Capitulum Sextum.

Now said that old man to sire Bors, goo ye to your cosyn syr Launcelot, and telle hym of this aduenture the whiche had ben most conuenyent for hym of al erthely knyztes, but synne is soo foule in hym, he may not encheue suche holy dedes, for had not ben his synne he had past al the knyztes that euer were in his dayes, and telle thou sir launcelot of alle worldly aduentures he passeth in manhode & prowesse al other. But in this spyrytuel maters he shalle haue many his better. And thenne sir Bors sawe four gentylwymen come by hym pourely bisene, & he sawe where that they entrid in to a chamber where was grete lyzte as it were a somer lyghte, & the wymen kneled doune afore an aulter of syluer with foure pyllowes and as hit had ben a bisshop kneled doune afore that table of syluer. And as sire Bors loked ouer his hede, he sawe a swerd lyke syluer naked houynge ouer his hede, and the clerences there of smote soo in his eyen that as att that tyme syre Bors was blynde, and there he herd a voys that said go hens thou syre Bors, for as yet thow arte not worthy for to be in this place, and thenne he yede backward to his bedde tyl on the morne. And on the morne kynge Pelles made grete joye of sir Bors, and thenne he departed and rode to Camelot, and there he fonde sire launcelot du lake, and told hym of the aduentures that he had sene with kynge Pelles at Corbyn. Soo the noyse sprange in Arthurs Courte that launcelot had geten a childe vpon Elayne the doughter of Kynge Pelles, wherfor Quene Gueneuer was wrothe, and gafe many rebukes to sir launcelot, and called hym fals knyghte, & thenne sire laũcelot told the quene all, & how he was made to lye by her by enchaũtement in lykenes of the Quene. Soo the quene helde sir laũcelot excused. And as the book saith kyng Arthur had ben in Fraunce, and had made warre vpon the myghty kyng Claudas, and had wonne moche of his landes. And whanne the kyng was come ageyne, he lete crye a grete feest that al lordes & ladyes of al Englond shold be there, but yf it were suche as were rebellions ageynst hym.

Capitulum vii.

And when dame Elayne the doughter of kyng Pelles herd of this feeste, she wente to her fader and requyred hym that he wold gyue her leue to ryde to that feest. The kyng ansuerd I will wel ye go thyder, but in ony wyse as ye loue me, and will haue my blessyng that ye be wel bisene in the rychest wyse, and loke that ye spare not for no cost, aske and ye shalle haue alle that yow nedeth. Thenne by the aduyse of dame Brysen her mayden alle thynge was apparaylled vnto the purpose that there was neuer no lady more rychelyer bysene. So she rode with xx knyztes & x ladyes & gētilwymen to y^e nombre of an honderd horses. And whanne she came to Camelot, kynge Arthur and quene Gueneuer sayd and all the knyghtes, that dame Elayne was the fayrest and the best bysene lady that euer was sene in that Courte.

And anone as kynge Arthur wyste that she was come, he mette her, and salewed her, and soo dyd the moost party of al the knyghtes of the round table, bothe syr Tristram, sir Bleoberys and syr Gawayne and many moo that I wille not reherce. But whanne syre Launcelot sawe her he was soo ashamed, & that by cause he drewe his swerd on the morne whan he had layne by her, that he wold not salewe her nor speke to her, & yet syre Launcelot thought she was the fayrest woman that euer he sawe in his lyf dayes. But whanne dame Elayn sawe syre Launcelot that wold not speke vnto her, she was so heuy that she wend her herte wold haue to brast. For wete you wel oute of mesure she loued hym. And thenne Elayne sayd vnto her woman dame Brysen the vnkyndenesse of syr Launcelot sleeth me nere. A pees madame said dame Brysen I wille vndertake that this nyghte he shalle lye with yow, and ye wold hold yow stylle, that were me leuer sayd dame Elayne than alle the gold that is aboue the erthe. Lete me dele said dame Brysen. Soo whanne Elayne was broughte vnto quene Gueneuer eyther made other good chere by countenaunce but nothynge with hertes. But alle men & wymmen spake of the beaute of dame Elayne and of her grete Rychesses. thenne at nyghte the quene commaunded that dame Elayne shold slepe in a chamber, nyghe her chamber and alle vnder one roofe, & soo it was done as the quene commaunded.

Thenne the quene sent for syre Launcelot & badde hym come to her chamber that nyghte, or els I am sure said the Quene, that ye will go to your ladyes bed dame Elayn, by whome ye gat Galahalt. A madame said syr Launcelot neuer saye ye so. For that I dyd was ageynste my wille, thenne said the quene loke that ye come to me whan I send for yow. Madame said launcelot I shall not fayle yow but I shall be redy at your commandemēt. this bargayn was soone done & made bitwene them, but dame Brysen knewe it by her craftes, & told hit to her lady dame Elayne. Allas said she how shall I doo, lete me dele said dame Brysen, for I shalle brynge hym by the hand euen to your bedde, and he shalle wene that I am Quene Gueneuers messager. Now wel is me said dame Elayne, for alle the world I loue not soo moche as I doo syr launcelot.

Capitulum viii.

Soo whanne tyme came that alle folkes were a bedde, Dame Brysen came to syr launcelots beddes syde and said Syre launcelot du lake slepe yow. My lady quene gweneuer lyeth and awayteth vpon yow. O my fayre lady sayd syr launcelot I am redy to goo with yow where ye will haue me. Soo syr launcelot threwe vpon hym a long gowne, and his suerd in his hand, and thenne dame Brysen took hym by the fynger and ledde hym to her ladyes bedde dame Elayne. And thenne she departed and lefte them in bedde to gyders. Wete yow wel the lady was gladde and soo was syr launcelot, for he wende that he had had another in his armes.

Now leue we them kyssynge and clyppynge as was kyndely thyng, & now speke we of quene gueneuer that sente one of her wymen vnto syr launcelots bed. And whan she came there, she fond the bedde colde, and he was away, soo she came to the Quene and told her alle. Allas saide the Quene where is that fals knyghte become. Thenne the quene was nyghe oute of her wytte, and thenne she wrythed and weltred as a mad woman, and myght not slepe a four or fyue houres.

Thenne syre launcelot had a condycion that he vsed of customme he wolde clater in his slepe, and speke ofte of his lady Quene Gueneuer. Soo as syr launcelot had waked as longe as hit had pleasyd hym, thenne by course of kynde he slepte, & dame Elayne bothe. And in his slepe he talked and clatered as a Jay of the loue that had ben betwixe Quene Gueneuer and hym. And soo as he talked soo lowde the Quene herde hym there as she laye in her chamber, & when she herde hym soo clater she was nyghe woode and out of her mynde, and for anger and payne wist not what to do. And thenne she coughed soo lowde that syre launcelot awaked and he knewe her hemynge. And thenne he knewe well that he lay not by the Quene, and there with he lepte out of his bed as he had ben a wood man in his sherte, and the quene mett hym in the floore, and thus she said, fals traytour knyzt that thow arte, loke thow neuer abyde in my Courte and auoyde my chamber, and not soo hardy thow fals traytour knyzt that thow arte that euer thow come in my syghte. Allas sayd syr launcelot, and there with he tooke suche an hertely sorowe atte her wordes that he felle doune to the floore in a swoune. And there with alle Quene Gueneuer departed. And whanne syr Launcelot awoke of his swoune, he lepte oute at a bay wyndowe in to a gardyne, and there with thornes he was alle to cratched in his vysage and his body, and soo he ranne forthe he wyst not whyder, and was wylde wood as euer was man and soo he ranne two yere, and neuer man myghte haue grace to knowe hym.

Capitulum Nonum.

Now torne we vnto Quene Gueneuer and to the fayr lady Elayne that whanne dame Elayn herd the quene soo to rebuke syr launcelot, and also she sawe how he swouned, and hou he lepte oute at a bay wyndowe. Thenne she said vnto quene Gueneuer, Madame ye are gretely to blame for syr launcelot, for now haue ye lost hym, for I sawe & herd by his countenaunce that he is mad for euer. Allas madame ye doo grete synne, and to your self grete dishonour, for ye haue a lord of your owne, and therfor it is youre parte to loue hym, for there is no quene in this world, hath suche an other kynge as ye haue, And yf ye were not I myghte haue the loue of my lord syr Launcelot; and cause I haue to loue hym, for he had my maydenhode, and by hym I haue borne a fayre sone, and his name is Galahalt, and he shalle be in his tyme the best knyghte of the world.

Dame Elayne said the Quene whanne hit is daye lyght I charge yow and commaunde yow to auoyde my Courte. And for the loue ye owe vnto sire launcelot discouer not his counceylle, for and ye doo, it wille be his dethe. As for that said dame Elayne I dar vndertake he is marred for euer, and that haue ye made, for ye nor I are lyke to reioyce hym, for he made the moost pytous grones whanne he lepte oute at yonder bay wyndowe that euer I herd man make. Allas sayd fayre Elayne, and allas said the Quene Gueneuer, for now I wote wel, we haue loste hym for euer. So on the morne dame Elayne took her leue to departe and she wold no lenger abyde. Thenne kynge Arthur brought her on her waye with mo than an honderd knyghtes thurgh a forest. And by the way she told sir Bors de ganys alle how hit betyd that same nyghte, And how sir launcelot lepte out att a wyndowe araged oute of his wytte. Allas said syr Bors where is my lord sir launcelot become. Syr said Elayne I wote nere.

Allas said syre Bors betwixe yow bothe ye haue destroyed that good knyghte.* As for me said dame Elayne I sayd neuer nor dyd neuer thynge that shold in ony wyse displease hym, but with the rebuke that Quene Gueneuer gaf hym I sawe hym swoune to the erthe. And whanne he awoke he took his swerd in his hand naked sauf his sherte, and lepte oute at a wyndowe with the grysylyest grone that euer I herd man make. Now fare wel dame Elayne saide syre Bors, and hold my lord Arthur with a tale as long as ye can, for I wylle torne ageyne to Quene Gueneuer, and gyue her a hete, and I requyre yow as euer ye wylle haue my seruyse make good watche and aspye yf euer ye may see my lord sire Launcelot.

Truly sayd fayr Elayne I shalle doo alle that I may do for as fayne wold I knowe and wete where he is become as yow or ony of his kynne, or Quene Gueneuer, and cause grete ynough haue I therto as wel as ony other. And wete ye wel said fayre Elayne to sire Bors, I wold lese my lyf for hym, rather than he shold be hurte, but allas I cast me neuer for to see hym, and the chyef causer of this is dame Gueneuer. Madame said dame Brysen the whiche had made the enchauntement before betwix sir launcelot and her, I pray you hertely lete syre Bors departe, and hye hym with al his myzt as fast as he may to seke syre Launcelot. For I warne yow he is clene out of his mynde, and yet he shall be wel holpen, & but by myracle. Thenne wepte dame Elayne, and soo dyd syre Bors de ganys, and soo they departed, and syre Bors rode streyghte vnto Quene Gueneuer, and whanne she sawe sir Bors, she wepte as she were wood. Fy on your wepyng said syr Bors de ganys, for ye wepe neuer but whan there is no bote. Allas said sir Bors that euer syr launcelots kynne sawe yow, for now haue ye lost the best knyght of oure blood, and he that was alle oure leder and oure socour, and I dare saye and make it good that all kynges crysten nor hethen may not fynde suche a knyghte for to speke of his nobylnesse and curtosye with his beaute and his gentylnesse. Allas said sire Bors what shalle we doo that ben of his blood. Allas sayd Ector de marys, Allas said Lyonel.

Capitulum x.

AND whanne the Quene herd them saye soo, she felle to the erthe in a dede swoune, and thenne syr Bors took her vp, and dawed her, & whanne she was awaked she kneled afore the thre knyghtes, and helde vp bothe their handes and besoughte them to seke hym, and spare not for noo goodes but that he be founden, for I wote he is oute of his mynde, & sir Bors, syr Ector and syr Lyonel departed from the quene for they myght not abyde no lenger for sorowe, and thenne the quene sent them tresour ynough for theyr expencys, and so they took their horses and their armour and departed, and thenne they rode from countrey to countrey, in forestes and in wyldernes and in wastes, and euer they laid watche bothe att forestes and at alle maner of men as they rode to herken and spere after hym, as he that was a naked man in his sherte with a swerde in his hand. And thus they rode nyghe a quarter of a yere endlonge and ouerthwarte in many places, forestes and wildernes, and oftymes were euylle lodged for his sake, and yett for alle theire laboure and sekynge coude they never here word of hym. And wete yow well these thre knyghtes were passynge sory. Thenne at the laste sire Bors and his felawes mette with a knyghte that hyght syr Melyon de Tartare. Now fayre knyzt said sir Bors, whether be ye awey, for they knewe eyther other afore tyme. Sir said Melyon I am in the way toward the courte of kyng Arthur. Thenne we praye yow sayd sire Bors that ye wille telle my lord Arthur and my lady quene Gueneuer and alle the felaushyp of the roūd table that we can not in no wyse here telle where syr launcelot is become. Thenne sire Melyon departed from them, and sayd that he wold telle the kynge and the quene and alle the felaushyp of the round table as they had desyred hym. Soo whanne sire Melyon came to the Courte of kynge Arthur, he told the kynge and the quene and al the felauship of the round table what sir Bors had said of syre Launcelot. Thenne sire Gawayne, sire Uwayne, syr Sagramor le desyrus, syr Aglouale, and syre Percyuale de galys tooke vpon them by the grete desyre of kynge Arthur, and in especial by the quene to seke thorou out all Englond, Walys & Scotland to fynde sire launcelot, and with hem rode eyghten knyghtes moo to bere them felauship, and wete ye wel, they lacked no maner of spendyng, and soo were they thre and twenty knyghtes.

Now torne we to syre Launcelot, and speke we of his care and woo, and what payne he there endured, for cold, honger and thurste he had plente. And thus as these noble knyghtes rode to gyders, they by one assente departed, & thenne they rode by two, by thre, and by foure, and by fyue, & euer they assigned where they shold mete. And soo sir Aglouale and syr Percyuale rode to gyders vnto theyr moder that was a quene in tho dayes. And whanne she sawe her two sones, for joye she wepte tendyrly. And thenne she sayd, A my dere sones, whanne your fader was slayne, he lefte me iiii sones, of the whiche now be tweyn slayne. And for the dethe of my noble sone syre Lamorak shalle my herte neuer be gladde. And thenne she kneled doune vpon her knees to fore Aglouale and sir

Percyuale, and besoughte them to abyde at home with her. A swete moder said syr Percyuale we may not, For we be come of kynges blood of bothe partyes, and therfor moder it is our kynde to haunte armes and noble dedes. Allas my swete sones thenne she sayd, for your sakes I shalle lese my lykynge and lust, and thenne wynde and weder I maye not endure, what for the dethe of your fader kynge Pellenore that was shamefully slayne by the handes of syr Gawayne, and his broder syre Gaherys, and they slewe hym not manly but by treason. A my dere sones this is a pyteous complaynte for me of your faders dethe, consyderynge also the dethe of sire Lamorak that of knyzthode had but fewe felawes. Now my dere sones haue this in your mynde. Thenne there was but wepynge and sobbynge in the Courte whanne they shold departe, and she felle in swounynge in myddes of the Courte.

Capitulum xi.

And whanne she was awaked, she sente a squyer after them with spendynge ynough. And soo whanne the squyer had ouertake them, they wold not suffre hym to ryde with hem, but sente hym home ageyne to comforte theyr moder, prayenge her mekely of her blessynge. And so this squyer was benyghted, and by mysfortune he happend to come to a castel where dwellid a Baroune. And so whanne the squyer was come in to the castel, the lord asked hym, from whens he came, and whome he serued, my lord sayd the squyer I serue a good knyghte that is called sire Aglouale, the squyer said it to good entente, wenynge vnto hym to haue ben more forborne for syr Aglouals sake, than he had said he had serued the quene Aglouals moder. Wel my felawe said the lord of that Castel, for syre Aglouals sake thow shalt haue euyl lodgynge, for sir Aglouale slewe my broder, and therfor thow shalt dye on party of payement. And thenne that lord commaunded his men to haue hym aweye and slee hym, and soo they dyd, and soo pulled hym oute of the castel, and there they slewe hym without mercy. Ryghte so on the morne came sire Aglouale and sire Percyuale rydynge by a chirche yerd where men and wymmen were besy, and beheld the dede squyer, and they thoughte to berye hym. What is there said sir Aglouale, that ye behold soo fast. A good man starte forthe and said, fayre knyghte here lyeth a squyer slayne shamefully this nyght. How was he slayne fayr felawe said sir Aglouale. my fayr syr said the man, the lord of this castel lodged this squyer this nyght, and by cause he said he was seruaunt vnto a good knyghte that is with kynge Arthur, his name is syr Aglouale, therfor the lord commaunded to slee hym, & for this cause is he slayne. Gramercy said syr Aglouale, and ye shalle see his dethe reuenged lyghtely, for I am that same knyght for whome this squyer was slayne. Thenne sir Aglouale called vnto hym syr Percyuale, and badde hym alyghte lyghtely, and soo they alyghte bothe, and betoke theire horses to their men, and soo they yede on foote in to the Castel. And also soone as they were within the castel gate, syre Aglouale badde the porter goo thow vnto thy lord and telle hym, that I am syr Aglouale for whome this squyer was slayne this nyzt. Anone the porter told this to his lord whos name was Godewyn, anone he armed hym, and thenne he came in to the court and said whiche of yow is sir Aglouale. here I am said Aglouale, for what cause slewest thow this nyghte my moders squyer. I slewe hym said syr Goodewyn by cause of the. For thow slewest my broder syr Gawdelyn. As for thy broder sayd syr Aglouale I auowe hit, I slewe hym, for he was a fals knyghte and a bitrayer of ladyes and of good knyghtes, & for the dethe of my squyer thow shalt dye. I defye the said sir Goodewyn, thenne they lasshed to gyders as egerly as hit had ben two lyons, and syr Percyuale he fought with alle the remenaunt that wold fyghte. And within a whyle syr Percyuale had slayne alle that wold withstande hym. For syr percyuale delt soo his strokes that were soo rude that there durste no man abyde hym. And within a whyle sir Aglouale had sir Goodewyn at the erthe, and there he vnlaced his helme, & strake of his hede, and thenne they departed and took theyre horses, and thenne they lete cary the dede squyer vnto a pryory, and there they entered hym.

Capitulum xii.

And whanne this was done, they rode into many countreyes euer enquyryng after syr Launcelot, but neuer they coude here of hym, and at the laste they came to a Castell that hyghte Cardycan, and there syre Percyuale and sire agglouale were lodged to gyders, and pryuely aboute mydnyzt sir Percyuale came to aglouals squyer, and sayd aryse & make the redy, for ye and I wylle ryde awey secretely. Sir said the squyer I wold ful fayne ryde with yow where ye wold haue me, but and my lord your broder take me, he wille slee me. as for that care thow not, for I shalle be thy waraunt, & soo syr Percyual rode tyl it was after none, and thenne he came vpon a brydge of stone; and there he fond a knyght that was bounden with a chayne faste aboute the wast vnto a pyller of stone. O fayre knyghte said that bounden Knyghte, I requyre the lose me of my boundes. What knyghte are ye sayd syr Percyuale, and for what cause are ye soo bounden. Syre I shalle telle yow said that knyght, I am a knyzte of the table round, and my name is syre Persydes, and thus by aduentur I came this waye, and here I lodged in this castel atte brydge foote, and therin duelleth an vncurtois lady, and by cause she profered me to be her peramour, and I refused her, she sette her men vpon me sodenly or euer I myghte come to my wepen and thus they bonde me, and here I wote wel I shal dye but yf somme man of worship breke my bandes. Be ye of good chere said syr Percyuale, and by cause ye are a knyghte of the round table as wel as I, I trust to god to breke youre bandes, and there with syr Percyuale pulled out his swerd and strake at the chayne with suche a myght that he cutte a two the chayne, and thoru syr Percydes hauberk and hurte hym a lytel. O Jhesu said sir Persides that was a myghty stroke as euer I felt one, for had not the chayne be, ye hadde slayn me, & there with al sire Persydes sawe a knyghte comyng oute of a Castel al that euer he myghte flynge. Beware syr saide syre Percydes yonder cometh a man that wille haue adoo with you. Lete hym come said syre Percyuale, and so he mette with that knyghte in myddes of the brydge, and sire percyuale gaf hym suche a buffet that he smote hym quyte from his hors, & ouer a parte of the brydge that had not ben a lytil vessel vnder the brydge, that knyghte had ben drouned, and thēne sire percyual tooke the knyghtes hors and made sire percydes to mounte vp hym, and soo they rode vnto the castel, and bad the lady delyuer syre Persydes seruaunts, or els he wold slee alle that euer he fonde, and soo for fere she delyuerd them alle. Thenne was syre Percyuale ware of a lady that stode in that toure. A madame sayd syre Percyuale what vse and customme is that in a lady to destroye good knyghtes, but yf they wylle be your peramour, for sothe this is a shameful customme of a lady. And yf I had not a grete mater in my hand, I shold fordoo your euylle custommes, and soo syr Percydes brouzte syr percyuale vnto his owne castel, and there he made hym grete chere alle that nyghte. And on the morne whanne syr percyuale had herd masse, and broken his fast, he badde syr persydes ryde vnto kynge Arthur, and telle the kynge how that ye mette with me, and telle my broder syre Aglouale how I rescowed yow, and bydde hym seke not after me, for I am in the quest to seke sir launcelot du lake. And though he seke me he shalle not fynde me, and telle hym I wille neuer see hym nor the courte tyl I haue fond syre Launcelot. Also telle sir kay the Seneschal and to syr Mordred that I truste to Jhesu to be of as grete worthynes as eyther of them, for telle them I shal neuer forgete theire mockes and scornes that they did to me that day that I was made knyghte. And telle them I wil neuer see that Courte tyl men speke more worship of me than euer men dyd of ony of them bothe. And soo syre percydes departed from syr percyuale, and thenne he rode vnto kyng Arthur, and told there of sire percyuale. And whan sire Aglouale herd hym speke of his broder syr percyuale, he sayd, he departed from me vnkyndely.

Capitulum xiii.

Syr sayd syre percydes on my lyf he shalle preue a noble knyghte as ony now is lyuynge. And whanne he sawe sire kay and syr Mordred, syr percydes said thus, My fayre lordes bothe syr percyuale greteth yow wel bothe, and he sente you word by me that he trusteth to god or euer he come to the courte ageyne to be of as grete noblesse as euer were ye bothe and mo men to speke of his noblesse than euer they did yow. hit maye wel be sayd syr kay and syre Mordred, but at that tyme whanne he was made knyghte, he was ful vnlyke to preue a good knyght. As for that sayd kynge Arthur, he must nedes preue a good knyghte, for his fader and his bretheren were noble knyghtes. And now wille we tourne vnto syr Percyuale that rode longe, and in a forest he mette a knyghte with a broken shelde and a broken helme, and as soone as eyther sawe other redyly they made them redy to Juste, and soo hurteled to gyders with alle the myghte of theyr horses, & they to gyders soo hard that syre Percyuale was smyten to the erthe, and thenne syr Percyuale arose lyghtely, and caste his shelde on his sholder and drewe his swerd, and badde the other knyghte alyghte and doo we bataille vnto the vttermest. Wylle ye more sayd that knyghte, and there with he alyghte, and putte his hors fro hym, and thenne they came to gyders an esy paas, and there they lasshed to gyder with noble suerdes, and somtyme they stroke, and somtyme they foyned, and eyther gaf other many grete woundes. Thus they fought nere half a daye, and neuer rested but ryghte lytel, and there was none of them both that had lasse woundes than xv, and they bledde soo moche that it was merueyl they stode on their feete. But this knyghte that foughte with syre Percyuale was a proued knyghte and a wyse fyghtynge knyghte, and syre percyuale was yonge and stronge not knowyng in fyghtyng as the other was. Thenne sir percyuale spake fyrste and sayd syre knyghte hold thy hand a whyle stille, for we haue fouzten for a symple mater and quarel ouer longe, and therfor I requyre the telle me thy name, for I was neuer or this tyme matched. Soo god me help sayd that knyghte, and neuer or this tyme was there neuer knyght that wounded me soo sore as thow hast done, and yet haue I foughten in many batails and now shalt thow wete that I am a knyghte of the table round, and my name is syr Ector de marys broder vnto the good knyghte syr launcelot du lake. Allas said syr percyual and my name is syre percyuale de galys that hath maade my quest to seke syr launcelot, and now I am seker that I shall neuer fynysshe my quest, for ye haue slayne me with your handes. It is not soo said sire Ector, for I am slayne by youre handes, and maye not lyue, therfor I requyre yow sayd sire Ector vnto syr Percyuale ryde ye here by to a pryory, & brynge me a preest that I may receyue my saueour, for I may not lyue. And whanne ye come to the courte of Kynge Arthur, telle not my broder sire launcelot how that ye slewe me. For thenne he wold be your mortal enemy. But ye may say that I was slayne in my quest as I soughte hym. Allas said sire Percyuale ye saye that thynge that neuer wille be, for I am soo faynte for bledynge that I maye vnnethe stande, how shold I thenne take my hors.

Capitulum xiiii.

Thenne they made bothe grete dole oute of mesure, this wille not auayle said sire Percyuale. And thenne he kneled doune and made his prayer deuoutely vnto al myghty Jhesu, for he was one of the best knyghtes of the world that at that tyme was, in whome the veray feythe stode moost in. Ryght soo there came by, the holy vessel of the Sancgreal with alle maner of swetnes and sauour, but they coude not redyly see who that bare that vessel, but syre Percyuale hadde a glemerynge of the vessel and of the mayden that bare hit, for he was a parfyte clene mayden, and forth with al they bothe were as hole of hyde and lymme as euer they were in theire lyf dayes, thenne they gaf thankynges to god with grete myldenesse. O Jhesu said syr Percyuale what maye this meane, that we be thus heled, and ryghte now we were at the poynt of dyenge. I wote ful wel said sire Ector what it is. It is an holy vessel that is borne by a mayden, and therin is parte of the hooly blood of oure lord Jhesu crist blessid mote he be but it may not be sene said syr Ector, but yf hit be by a parfyte man. Soo god me help said syr Percyuale I sawe a damoysel as me thoughte alle in whyte with a vessel in both her handes, and forth with al I was hole. Soo thenne they toke their horses and their harneis and amended theire harneis as wel as they myghte that was broken, and soo they mounted vpon theyr horses, and rode talkynge to gyders. And there sir Ector de marys told sire Percyuale how he hadde soughte his broder syr launcelot longe, and neuer coude here wetynge of hym, in many straunge aduentures haue I ben in this queste. And soo eyther told other of their aduentures.

Here endeth the enleuenth booke. And here foloweth the twelfth book.

Capitulum primum.

AND now leue we of a whyle of syr Ector and of syre Percyuale, and speke we of sir launcelot that suffred and endured many sharp shoures that euer ranne wylde wood from place to place and lyued by fruyt, and suche as he myght gete, and dranke water two yere, and other clothyng had he but lytel, but his sherte and his breche. Thus as sir laūcelot wandred here and there, he came in a fayre medowe where he fond a pauelione, and there by vpon a tree there henge a whyte shelde, and two swerdes henge there by and two speres lened there by a tree. And whanne syr launcelot sawe the swerdes, anone he lepte to the one swerd and tooke hit in his hand and drewe hit oute. And thenne he lasshed at the sheld that alle the medowe range of the dyntes, that he gaf suche a noyse as ten knyghtes had foughten to gyders. Thenne came forthe a dwerf and lepte vnto syr launcelot, and wold haue had the suerd oute of his hand, and thenne syre launcelot took hym by the bothe sholders and threwe hym to the ground vpon his neck that he had al moost broken his neck, and there with alle the dwerf cryed helpe. Thenne came forth a lykely knyghte and wel apparaylled in scarlet furred with myneuer. And anone as he sawe syr launcelot, he demed that he shold be oute of his wytte. And thenne he said with fayre speche good man leye doune that swerd, for as me semeth, thow haddest more nede of slepe and of warme clothes, than to welde that swerd. As for that said syr Launcelot come not to nyz for and thow doo wete thou wel I wille slee the. And when the knyghte of the pauelione sawe that he starte bakward with in the pauelione. And thenne the dwerf armed hym lyghtely and soo the knyghte thought by force and myghte to take the swerd from syr launcelot, and soo he came steppynge oute, and whanne syr launcelot sawe hym come so alle armed with hys swerd in his hand, thenne sire launcelot flewe to hym with suche a myghte and hytte hym vpon the helme suche a buffet, that the stroke troubled his braynes, and there with the suerd brak in thre. And the knyght felle to the erthe as he hadde ben dede, the blood brastynge oute of his mouthe, the nose, and the eres. And thenne syr launcelot ranne in to the pauelione and rasshed euen in to the warme bedde, and there was a lady in that bedde, and she gat her smock, and ranne oute of the pauelione. And whanne she sawe her lord lye at the ground lyke to be dede, thenne she cryed and wepte as she had ben madde. Thenne with her noyse the knyghte awaked out of his swoun and loked vp wekely with his eyen, and thenne he asked her where was that madde man that had gyuen hym suche a buffet, for suche a buffet had I neuer of mans hand. Sir sayd the dwerf it is not worship to hurte hym for he is a man oute of his wytte, and doubte ye not he hath ben a man of grete worship, and for somme hertely sorow that he hath taken he is fallen madde, and me besemeth said the dwerfe he resembleth moche vnto sir Launcelot, for hym I sawe at the grete turnement besyde Lonezep. Jhesu defende said that knyghte that euer that noble knyght syre Launcelot shold be in suche a plyte, but what someuer he be said that knyghte, harme wille I none doo hym, and this knyghtes name was Blyaunt.

Thenne he said vnto the dwerf, goo thow fast on horsbak vnto my broder syr Selyuaunt, that is at the Castel blank, & telle hym of myn aduenture, and bydde hym brynge with hym an hors lytter, and thenne wille we bere this knyghte vnto my Castel.

Capitulum ii.

Soo the dwerf rode fast, and he came ageyne, and broughte syr Selyuaunt with hym, and syxe men with an hors lytter, and soo they took vp the fether bedde with syre launcelot, and soo caryed alle awey with hem vnto the Castel Blank, and he neuer awaked tyl he was within the Castel. And thenne they bounde his handes & his feet, and gafe hym good metes and good drynkes, and broughte hym ageyne to his strengthe and his fayrenesse, but in his wytte they coude not brynge hym ageyn, nor to knowe hym self. Thus was syr launcelot there more than a yere and an half honestly arayed and fayre farne with alle. Thenne vpon a day this Lord of that Castel syr Blyaunt took his armes on horsbak with a spere to seke aduentures. And as he rode in a forest ther met hym two knyghtes aduenturous, the one was Breuse saunce pyte, and his broder syr Bertelot, & these two ranne both attones vpon syr Blyaunt, and brake their speres vpon his body. And thenne they drewe oute swerdes & made grete bataill, & fought long to gyders. But at the last syr Blyaunt was sore wounded, and felte hym self faynte, and thenne he fled on horsbak toward his castel. And as they cam hurlyng vnder the Castel where as sir launcelot lay in a wyndowe, & sawe how two knyghtes layd vpon syr Blyaunt with their swerdes. And whanne sir launcelot sawe that yet as woode as he was he was sory for his lord syr Blyaunt. And thenne sir launcelot brake the chaynes fro his legges and of his armes, & in the brekyng he hurte his handes sore, & so sir launcelot ran out a posterne, and there he mett with the two knyztes that chaced sir Blyaunt, & there he pulled doun sir Bertelot with his bare handes from his hors, & there with all he wrothe hys suerd out of his hand, & so he lepte vnto syr Bruse, & gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the hede that he tumbled bakward ouer his hors croupe. And whan sir Bertolet sawe there his broder haue suche a falle, he gat a spere in his hand, & wold haue ronne syr launcelot thurgh, that sawe sir Blyaunt, and strake of the hand of syr Bertelot. And thenne syr bruse and sir bertelot gat theyr horses and fled away. Whan syre Selyuaunt came and sawe what syr launcelot had done for his brother, thenne he thanked god and so dyd his broder that euer they dyd hym ony good. But whanne sire blyaunt sawe that syr launcelot was hurte with the brekyng of his yrons, thēne was he heuy that euer he bound hym, bynde hym no more said syr Selyuaunt, for he is happy & gracyous. Thenne they made grete joye of syr launcelot, and they bound hym no more, & soo he abode there an half yere and more, and on the morne erly syr launcelot was ware where came a grete bore with many houndes nyghe hym. But the bore was so byg ther myghte no houndes tere hym, and the hunters came after blowyng their hornes bothe vpon horsbak. & some vpon foote, & thenne sir launcelot was ware where one alyght and teyed his hors to a tree, and lened his spere ageynste the tree.

Capitulum iii.

Soo came syr launcelot and fonde the hors bounden tyl a tree, & a spere lenyng ageynst a tree, & a swerd teyed to the sadel bowe, & thenne sir launcelot lepte in to the sadel & gat that spere in his hand, & thenne he rode after the bore, & thenne syre laũcelot was ware where the bore set his ars to a tree fast by an hermytage. Thenne sir launcelot ranne atte the bore with his spere, & ther with the bore torned hym nemly, & rafe out the longes & the hert of the hors so that launcelot felle to the erthe, & or euer sire launcelot myzt gete from the hors, the bore rafe hym on the brawne of the thyz vp to the hough bone, and thenne sir launcelot was wrothe, & vp he gat vpon his feet, & drewe his swerd, & he smote of the bores hede at one stroke, & there with all came out the heremyte, & sawe hym haue suche a wound, thenne the heremyte came to sir launcelot and bemoned hym, and wold haue had hym home vnto his hermytage, but whan syr launcelot herd hym speke, he was so wroth with his wound that he ranne vpon the heremyte to haue slayne hym, & the heremyte ranne awey, & whan sir laũcelot myght not ouer gete hym, he threwe his swerd after hym, for syr launcelot myght tho no ferther for bledyng, theñe the heremyte torned ageyn, & asked sir launcelot how he was hurte. Felawe said sir launcelot this bore hath beten me sore. Thenne come with me said the heremyte and I shalle hele yow. Goo thy wey said sir launcelot and dele not with me. Thenne the heremyte ranne his way, and there he mette with a good knyghte with many men. Sir said the heremyte, here is fast by my place the goodlyest man that euer I sawe, and he is sore wounded with a bore, & yet he hath slayne the bore. But wel I wote sayd the heremyte and he be not holpen that goodly man shall dye of that wounde, and that were grete pyte. Thenne that knyghte atte desyre of the heremyte gat a carte, and in that carte that knyghte putte the bore and sir launcelot, for sir laũcelot was soo feble that they myghte ryght easyly deale wyth hym, and soo syr launcelot was broughte vnto the hermytage and there the heremyte heled hym of his wound. But the heremyte myghte not fynde syr launcelots sustenaunce, and so he enpayred and waxed feble bothe of his body and of his wyt for the defaute of his sustenaunce, he waxed more wooder than he was afore hand. And thenne vpon a day syr launcelot ran his waye in to the forest, and by aduenture he came to the cyte of Corbyn where dame Elayne was that bare Galahalt syr Launcelots sone, and soo whan he was entryd in to the toun he ranne thurgh the Towne to the Castel, and thenne alle the yonge men of that Cyte ranne after sir Launcelot, and there they threwe turues at hym, and gaf hym many sadde strokes. And euer as syre launcelot myghte ouer retche ony of them, he threwe them soo that they wold neuer come in his handes no more, for of some he brake the legges & the armes, and so fledde in to the Castel, and thenne came oute knyghtes and squyers and rescowed syr launcelot. And whan they beheld hym, & loked vpon his person, they thought they sawe neuer so goodly a man. And whan they sawe so many woundes vpon hym alle they demed that he had ben a man of worship. And thenne they ordeyned hym clothes to his body, and strawe under nethe hym, and a lytel hous. And theñe euery day they wold throwe hym mete, and sette hym drynke, but there was but fewe wold brynge hym mete to his handes.

Capitulum iiii.

Soo it befelle that kynge Pelles had a neuewe, his name was Castor, and so he desyred of the kyng to be made knyghte, & so atte request of this Castor the kynge made hym knyghte at the feest of Candelmasse. And whanne syr Castor was made knyghte, that same day he gaf many gownes. And thenne sir Castor sente for the foole that was syr Launcelot. And when he was come afore syr Castor, he gaf sir Launcelot a Robe of scarlet and alle that longed vnto hym. And whanne syr launcelot was soo arayed lyke a knyghte he was the semelyest man in alle the Courte, and none so wel made. So whanne he sawe his tyme, he went in to the gardyn And there syre launcelot leid hym doune by a welle & slepte. And soo at after none dame Elayne and her maydens came in to the gardyn to playe them, and as they romed vp & doun one of dame Elayns maydens aspyed where laye a goodely man by the welle slepynge, and anone shewed hym to dame Elayne. Pees said dame Elayne, and saye no word, & thenne she broughte dame Elayne where he laye. And whan that she beheld hym, anone she felle in remembraunce of hym, and knewe hym veryly for syr launcelot, and there with alle she felle on wepyng soo hertely, that she sanke euen to the erthe, & whanne she had thus wepte a grete whyle, thenne she aroos & called her maydens and said she was seke. And so she yede out of the gardyn, & she wente streyghte to her fader, & there she toke hym a parte by her self, and thenne she said O fader now haue I nede of your help, and but yf that ye helpe me, fare wel my good dayes for euer. What is that doughter said kyng Pelles. Sir she said thus is it in your gardyn, I went for to sporte, and there by the welle I fonde syr Launcelot du lake slepyng. I may not bileue that said kyng Pelles, syre she said truly he is there, & me semeth he shold be distracte oute of his witte, thenne hold yow stille said the kyng & lete me dele. Thenne the kyng called to hym suche as he most trusted a .iiii. persons & dame Elayn his douzter, and whan they cam to the welle and beheld syr launcelot, anone dame Brysen knewe hym. Sire saide dame Brysen we muste be wyse how we dele with hym, for this knyghte is oute of his mynde, & yf we awake hym rudely, what he wil doo we al knowe not. But ye shal abyde, and I shalle throwe suche an enchauntement vpon hym, that he shal not awake within the space of an houre, & so she dyd.

Thenne within a lytel whyle after the kyng commaunded that all peple shold auoyde that none shold be in that way there as the kyng wold come, & soo whan this was done, these four men and these ladyes layd hand on syr launcelot, and soo they bare hym in to a Toure, and soo in to a chamber where was the holy vessel of the Sancgreal, and by force syr launcelot was leid by that holy vessel, and there came an holy man and vnhylled that vessel, and soo by myracle and by vertu of that holy vessel syr launcelot was heled and recouerd. And whanne that he was awaked, he groned and syghed and complayned gretely, that he was passynge sore.

Capitulum v.

And whanne syr launcelot sawe kynge Pelles & Elayne, he waxed ashamed and said thus, O lord Jhesu how came I here, for goddes sake my lord lete me wete how that I came here. Sir said dame Elayne in to thys Countrey ye cam lyke a madde man clene oute of your wytte, And here haue ye ben kepte as a foole, and no creature here knewe what ye were vntyl by fortune a mayden of myn broughte me vnto yow where as ye lay slepynge by a welle, and anone as I veryly beheld yow, I knewe yow. And thenne I told my fader, and so were ye broughte afore this holy vessel. And by the vertu of it thus were ye helyd. O Jhesu mercy said sire launcelot yf this be sothe, how many there be that knowen of my woodenes. Soo god me help sayd Elayne no mo but my fader and I and dame Brysen. Now for Crystes loue said sir Launcelot kepe hit in counceylle, and lete noo man knowe hit in the world, for I am sore ashamed that I haue ben thus myscaryed, for I am bannysshed oute of the Countrey of Logrys for euer that is for to saye the countrey of Englond. And soo syr Launcelot lay more than a fourtenyghte or euer that he myghte stere for sorenes. And thenne vpon a day he sayd vnto dame Elayne these wordes, lady Elayne for your sake I haue had moche trauaill care and anguysshe, it nedeth not to reherse hit, ye knowe how. Not withstandyng I knowe wel I haue done foule to yow whan that I drewe my swerd to you to haue slayn you vpon the morn whan I had layn with yow. And alle was the cause that ye & dame Brysen made me for to lye by yow maulgre myn hede, and as ye saye that nyghte Galahalt your sone was begoten, that is trouthe sayd dame Elayne. Now wille ye for my loue said sire launcelot goo vnto your fader and gete me a place of hym wherin I maye dwelle. For in the Courte of kynge Arthur maye I neuer come. Syr said dame Elayne I will lyue and dye with yow, and only for your sake, and yf my lyf myghte not auaile you and my dethe myghte auaile yow, wete you wel I wold dye for your sake, and I wille go to my fader, and I am sure, there is no thynge that I can desyre of hym but I shalle haue hit. And where ye be my lord syr Launcelot doubte ye not but I wille be with yow with alle the seruyse that I may do. Soo forth with alle she wente to her fader, and said syre, my lord syr launcelot desyreth to be here by yow in some Castel of yours. Wel doughter said the kynge sythe hit is his desyre to abyde in these marches he shalle be in the Castel of Blyaunt, and there shalle ye be with hym and twenty of the fayrest ladyes that ben in this countrey, and they shalle alle be of the grete blood, and ye shalle haue ten knyghtes with yow. For doughter I wille that ye wete we alle ben honoured by the blood of sire launcelot.

Capitulum vi.

THENNE wente dame Elayne vnto syr Launcelot & told hym alle how her fader had deuysed for hym and her. Thenne cam the knyzt syr Castor that was neuewe vnto kyng Pelles vnto syr launcelot & asked hym what was his name. Sir said syr launcelot my name is le cheualer malfet that is to say the knyzt that hath trespaced. Sir said sir Castor it may wel be so, but euer me semeth your name shold be syr laũcelot du lake, for or now I haue sene yow, sir said launcelot ye are not as a gentyl knyzt, I put caas my name were syr laũcelot, & that it lyste me not to discouer my name. What shold it greue yow here to kepe my counceyl, & ye not hurte ther by, but wete thou wel & euer it lye in my power I shal greue yow & that I promyse you truly. Thenne sir Castor kneled doune and besouzt sir laũcelot of mercy, for I shal neuer vtter what ye be whyle that ye be in these partyes, thenne sire launcelot pardonned hym. And thenne after this kynge Pelles with x knyghtes, and dame Elayne, and twenty ladyes rode vnto the Castel of Blyaunt that stood in an Iland beclosed in yron with a fayr water depe and large. And whanne they were there, syr launcelot lete calle hit the Joyous yle, & there was he called none other wyse, but Le cheualer malfet, the knyghte that hath trespaced. Thenne sire Launcelot lete make hym a shelde alle of Sabel, and a quene crowned in the myddes alle of syluer, & a knyghte clene armed knelyng afore her and euery day ones for ony myrthes that alle the ladyes myzt make hym, he wold ones euery day loke toward the realme of Logrys, where kynge Arthur and Quene Gueneuer was. And thenne wold he falle vpon a wepyng as his hert shold to braste. Soo hit felle that tyme syr launcelot herd of a Justynge fast by his Castel within thre leghes, thenne he called vnto hym a dwerf and he badde hym goo vnto that Justynge, and or euer the knyghtes departe loke thow make there a crye in herynge of alle the knyghtes, that there is one knyghte in the Joyous yle that is the Castel of Blyaunt, and saye his name is le cheualer malfet that wille Juste ageynste knyghtes that wille come. And who that putteth that knyghte to the werse, shalle haue a fayr mayde and a jerfaucon.

Capitulum septimum.

Soo whanne this crye was made, vnto Joyous yle drewe knyghtes to the nomber of fyue honderd, and wete ye wel there was neuer sene in Arthurs dayes one knyght that dyd soo moche dedes of armes as syre launcelot dyd thre dayes to gyders. For as the booke maketh truly mencyon, he had the better of all the fyue honderd knyghtes, and ther was not one slayne of them. And after that syr launcelot maade them alle a grete feest, and in the meane whyle came syr Percyual de galys & syr Ector de marys vnder that Castel, that was called the Joyous yle. And as they beheld that gay castel, they wold haue gone to that Castel, but they myghte not for the brode water, and brydge coude they fynde none. Thenne they sawe on the other syde a lady with a sperhauk in her hād, and sir Percyual called vnto her, and asked that lady who was in that Castel. Fair knyghtes she said, here within thys castel is the fayrest lady in this land, and her name is Elayne. Also we haue in this Castel the fayrest knyghte and the myghtyest man that is I dar saye lyuynge, and he called hym self le cheualer mal fett, how came he in to these marches sayd syr Percyuale. Truly said the damoysel, he came in to this countrey lyke a madde man with dogges and boyes chacyng hym thorou the Cyte of Corbyn, and by the holy vessel of the Sanke greal he was broughte in to his wytte ageyne, but he wil not doo batail with noo knyghte, but by vndorne or by none. And yf ye lyste to come in to the castel sayd the lady ye muste ryde vnto the ferther syde of the castel, and there shalle ye fynde a vessel that wille bere yow and your hors. Thenne they departed, and came vnto the vessel. And thenne syre Percyual alyghte, and sayd to sire Ector de marys, ye shalle abyde me here vntyl that I wete what maner a knyghte he is. For it were shame vnto vs in as moche as he is but one knyghte, & we shold both doo batail with hym, doo ye as ye lyste said sire Ector, and here I shalle abyde yow vntyl that I here of yow. Thenne passed sire Percyual the water. And whanne he cam to the Castel gate, he bad the porter goo thow to the good knyghte within the Castel, and telle hym, here is come an erraūt knyghte to Juste with hym. Sir said the porter ryde ye within the Castel, and there is a comyn place for Justynge that lordes and ladyes maye behold yow. So anone as syr launcelot had warnynge, he was soone redy, and there syr Percyual and sir launcelot encountred with suche a myghte, and theire speres were soo rude that both the horses and the knyghtes felle to the erthe. Thenne they auoyded their horses, and flange oute noble swerdes, & hewe awey cantels of theire sheldes, & hurtled to gyder with their sheldes lyke two bores, and eyther wounded other passynge sore. At the last syr Percyual spake fyrst whanne they had foughten there more than two houres. Fair knyghte said syre Percyuale I requyre the telle me thy name for I mette neuer with suche a knyghte. Syr said syr launcelot my name is le cheueler mal fet. Now telle me youre name saide syre Launcelot I requyre yow gentyl knyghte. Truly said sire Percyual my name is syr Percyual de galis that was broder vnto the good knyghte syre Lamorak de galys, and kynge Pellenore was oure fader, and syre Agloual is my broder. Allas said sire launcelot what haue I done to fyghte with yow that art a knyghte of the table round, that somtyme was your felawe.

Capitulum viii.

And there with alle syre launcelot kneled doune vpon his knees and threwe awey his sheld and his suerd from hym. Whanne sire Percyual sawe hym doo so, he merueyled what he mened. And thenne thus he said, syre knyghte what someuer thow be, I requyre the vpon the hyghe ordre of knyghthode telle me thy true name. Thenne he said so god me help my name is syre launcelot du lake kynge Bans sone of Benoy. Allas said syr Percyual what haue I done, I was sente by the Quene for to seke yow, and soo I haue soughte yow nygh this two yere, and yonder is syre Ector de marys your broder abydeth me on the other syde of the yonder water. Now for goddes sake said sire Percyual forgyue me myn offencys that I haue here done, hit is soone forgyuen said syre launcelot. Thenne syre Percyual sente for syr Ector de marys. And whanne syr launcelot had a syghte of hym, he ranne vnto hym and took hym in his armes, and thēne syr Ector kneled doune, and eyther wepte vpon other that all had pyte to beholde them. Thenne came dame Elayne, and she there maade them grete chere as myghte lye in her power, and there she told syr Ector and syr Percyual how and in what manere sir launcelot came in to that countrey. And how he was heled, and there hit was knowen how longe syr launcelot was with syre Blyaunt and with syr Selyuaunt, and how he fyrste mette with them, and how he departed from them by cause of a bore, and how the heremyte heled syre launcelot of his grete woūd, and how that he came to Corbyn.

Capitulum ix.

Now leue we sire launcelot in the Joyous yle with the lady dame Elayne and syr Percyual and sir Ector playenge with hem, and torne we to syr Bors de ganys and sire Lyonel that had soughte sire launcelot nygh by the space of two yere, and neuer coude they here of hym, & as they thus rode by aduenture they cam to the hous of Brandegore, and there syr Bors was wel knowen, for he had geten a child vpon the kynges doughter fyften yere to forne, & his name was Helyn le blank. And whanne syre Bors sawe that child hit lyked hym passynge wel. And so tho knyghtes had good chere of the kynge Brandegore. And on the morne syre Bors came afore kynge Brandegore and said, Here is my sone Helyn le blanck, that as it is sayd he is my sone. And sythe hit is soo, I wille that ye wete that I wil haue hym with me vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur. Sir sayd the kynge, ye maye wel take hym with you, but he is ouer tender of age. As for that sayd syre Bors I wille haue hym with me, and brynge hym to the hows of most worship of the world. Soo whanne syre Bors shold departe, there was made grete sorowe for the departynge of Helyn le blanck, and grete wepynge was there made. But sire Bors and syre Lyonel departed. And within a whyle they came to Camelot, where was kynge Arthur. And whanne kynge Arthur vnderstood that Helyn le blank was kynge Bors sone, and neuewe vnto kynge Brandegore, Thenne kynge Arthur lete hym make knyghte of the round table, and soo he preued a good knyght, and an aduenturous.

Now wille we torne to our mater of sire launcelot. Hit befelle vpon a day syr Ector and syr Percyual cam to syr Launcelot and asked hym what he wold doo, and whether he wold goo with them vnto kynge Arthur or not. Nay sayd syr Laūcelot that may not be by no meane, for I was so venetreted at the Courte that I cast me neuer to come there more. Sir said syr Ector I am youre broder and ye are the man in the world that I loue moost. And yf I vnderstode that it were your disworship, ye may vnderstande I wold neuer counceyle yow ther to, but kynge Arthur and al his knyghtes, and in especial Quene Gueneuer maade suche dole and sorowe that hit was merueyle to here and see. And ye muste remembre the grete worship and renoume that ye be of, how that ye haue ben more spoken of than ony other knyghte that is now lyuynge, for there is none that bereth the name now but ye and syr Tristram, therfore broder sayd syre Ector make yow redy to ryde to the Courte with vs, and I dar say, there was neuer knyghte better welcome to the court than ye, and I wote wel and can make it good said syr Ector it hath coste my lady the Quene twenty thowsand pound the sekynge of yow. Wel broder said sire launcelot I wil doo after your counceil and ryde with yow. Soo thenne they tooke their horses and made them redy and took their leue at kyng Pelles and at dame Elayne. And whanne syre launcelot shold departe, dame Elayne made grete sorowe. My lord syr Launcelot said dame Elayne at this same feest of Pentecost shall your sone and myn Galahalt be made knyghte, for he is fully now xv wynter old. doo as ye lyst said sir Launcelot, god gyue hym grace to preue a good knyghte. As for that sayd dame Elayne I doubte not he shal preue the best man of his kyn excepte one, thenne shalle he be a man good ynough said syre launcelot.

Capitulum x.

THENNE they departed, and within fyue dayes journey they came to Camelot, that is called in Englyssh, Wynchester. And whanne syre launcelot was come among them, the kynge and all the knyghtes made grete joye of hym. And there syre Percyual de galys and sire Ector de marys beganne and told the hole aduentures that syre launcelot had ben out of his mynde the tyme of his absence, and how he called hym self le cheueler malefet, the knyzt that had trespaced. And in thre dayes sir launcelot smote doun fyue honderd knyghtes. And euer as sire Ector and sire Percyual told these tales of syre launcelot quene Gueneuer wepte as she shold haue dyed. Thenne the quene made grete chere. O Jhesu sayd kynge Arthur I merueyle for what cause ye syre launcelot wente out of your mynde. I and many other deme it was for the loue of fayre Elayne the doughter of kynge Pelles, by whome ye ar noysed that ye haue goten a child, & his name is Galahalt, and men saye, he shalle doo merueylles. My lord sayd syr launcelot yf I dyd ony foly, I haue that I souzt and there with alle the kynge spak no more. But all sire launcelots kynne knewe for whome he wente oute of his mynde. And thenne there were grete feestes made and grete Joye, & many grete lordes and ladyes whanne they herd that sir launcelot was come to the Courte ageyne they made grete joye.

Capitulum xi.

Now wille we leue of this mater and speke we of sire Tristram, and of syr Palomydes that was the Sarasyn vncrystened. Whanne syr Tristram was come home vnto Joyous gard from his aduentures. Alle this whyle that syr launcelot was thus myst two yere and more, syre Tristram bare the renomme thurgh alle the realme of Logrys and many straunge aduentures befelle hym and ful wel and manly and worshipfully he broughte hem to an ende. So whanne he was come home la Beale Isoud told hym of the grete feest that shold be at Pentecost next folowyng, and there she told hym how sir launcelot had ben myst two yere, and al that whyle he had ben oute of his mynde, and how he was holpen by the holy vessel the Sancgreal. Allas said syr Tristram that caused some debate betwixe hym and Quene Gueneuer. Syr said dame Isoud I knowe hit all, for quene

Gweneuer sente me a letter in the whiche she wrote me alle how hit was for to requyre yow to seke hym, and now blessid be god said la Beale Isoud he is hole and sound and come ageyne to the Courte, therof am I glad said syr Tristram and now shal ye and I make vs redy, for both ye and I wille be atte feest. Sir said Isoud and hit please yow I wille not be there, for thorugh me ye be marked of many good knyghtes, and that caused yow to haue moche more labour for my sake than nedeth yow. Thenne wille I not be there said syr Tristram, but yf ye be there, god defende said la beale Isoud, for thenne shal I be spoken of shame amonge alle Quenes and ladyes of estate, for ye that ar called one of the noblest knyghtes of the world, and ye a knyghte of the round table, how maye ye be myst at that feest. What shalle be said amonge all knyghtes. See how sire Tristram hunteth and hawketh & coureth within a Castel with his lady, and forsaketh your worshyp. Allas shalle some say hit is pyte that euer he was made knyght or that euer he shold haue the loue of a lady. Also what shal Quenes and ladyes saye of me, hit is pyte that I haue my lyf that I wille holde soo noble a knyghte as ye ar from his worship. Soo god me help said syre Tristram vnto la Beale Isoud, hit is passynge wel sayd of yow and nobly counceyled, and now I well vnderstande that ye loue me, and lyke as ye haue counceyled me I wille doo a parte there after. But there shalle no man nor childe ryde with me, but my self. And soo wille I ryde on tewesday next comyng and no more harneis of werre but my spere and my suerd.

Capitulum xii.

And soo whanne the daye came, syre Tristram toke his leue at la Beale Isoud, and she sente with hym iiii knyghtes, and within half a myle he sente them ageyne, and within a myle after sir Tristram sawe afore hym where sir palomydes had stryken doune a knyghte, and al moost wounded hym to the dethe. Thenne syr Tristram repentyd hym, that he was not armed, and thenne he houed stylle.

With that sir palomydes knewe syr Tristram and cryed on hygh, syr Tristram now be we mette, for or we departe, we wille redresse our old sores. As for that said sir Tristram there was yet neuer cristen man myghte make his boost that euer I fledde from hym, and wete ye wel syr Palomydes thow that arte a saresyn shal neuer make thy boost that syr Tristram de lyones shall flee from the. And there with syr Tristram made his hors to renne, and with all his myghte he came streyghte vpon syr Palomydes, & braste his spere vpon hym an honderd pyeces. And forth with alle sir Tristram drewe his swerd. And thenne he torned his hors & stroke at palomydes .vi. grete strokes vpon his helme, & thenne sir Palomydes stode stylle, and beheld syre Tristram, & merueyled of his woodenes, and of his foly. And thenne sir palomydes sayd to hym self, and sir Tristram were armed, it were hard to scace hym of this bataille, and yf I torne ageyne and slee hym I am ashamed where someuer that I goo. Thenne syr Tristram spake and said. Thow coward knyghte what castest thow to doo, why wolt thow not doo bataille with me, for haue thow noo doubte I shalle endure alle thy malyce. A syr Tristram said Palomydes ful wel thou wotest I maye not fyghte with the for shame, for thow arte here naked and I am armed. And yf I slee the, dishonour shal be myn, and wel thow wotest said syr Palomydes to sir Tristram I knowe thy strengthe and thy hardynesse to endure ageynst a good knyghte. That is trouthe said syr Tristram I vnderstande thy valyauntnesse wel, ye saye wel said syr Palomydes. Now I requyre yow telle me a question that I shalle saye to yow. Telle me what hit is said syr Tristram, and I shalle ansuer yow the trouthe as god me helpe. I putte caas said sir Palomydes that ye were armed at al ryztes as wel as I am, and I naked as ye be what wold ye doo to me now by your true knyghthode. A said syr Tristram now I vnderstande the wel syr Palomydes, for now must I say myn own jugement, and as god me blysse that I shalle say, shal not be said for no fere that I haue of the. But this is all wete sir Palomydes, as at this tyme thou sholdest departe from me, for I wold not haue adoo with the, no more wil I said palomydes, & therfor ryde forth on thy way, as for that I maye chese said sir Tristram outher to ryde or to abyde, but sir Palomydes said sir Tristram I merueille of one thyng that thow that art soo good a knyghte that thow wolt not be crystened, & thy broder syr Safere hath ben Crystened many a daye.

Capitulum xiii.

As for that said sire Palomydes I may not yet be cristened, for one auowe that I haue made many yeres agone, how be it in my herte I bileue in Jhesu crist & his mylde moder mary, but I haue but one batail to do, & when that is done I wil be baptysed with a good wille.

By my hede sayd Tristram as for one bataille thou shalt not seke it no lenger. For god defende said sir Tristram that thurz my defaute thou sholdest lenger lyue thus a sarasyn, for yonder is a knyghte that ye syre Palomydes haue hurte & smyten doune. Now helpe me that I were armed in his armour, and I shalle soone fulfylle thyne auowes. As ye wille said palomydes soo it shalle be. Soo they rode bothe vnto that knyghte that satte vpon a bank, and thenne sir Tristram salewed hym and he wekely salewed hym ageyne. Sir knyzt said sir Tristram I requyre yow telle me your ryghte name. Sir he sayd my name is syr Galleron of Galway and knyghte of the table round. Soo god me help said sir Tristram I am ryghte heuy of your hurtes, but this is alle I must praye yow to lene me alle your hole armour, for ye see I am vnarmed, and I must doo batail with this knyght, syr said the hurte knyghte ye shalle haue hit with a good will, but ye muste beware for I warne yow that knyghte is wyghte. Syr sayd Galeron I praye yow telle me your name, and what is that knyghtes name y^t hath beten me. Sir as for my name it is sir Tristram de lyones, and as for the knyghtes name that hath hurte you is syr Palomydes broder to the good knyghte syre Safere, and yet is syr Palomydes vncrystened. Allas said syr Galleron, that is pyte that soo good a knyghte and soo noble a man of armes shold be vncrystened. Soo god me help said sir Tristram outher he shalle slee me or I hym, but that he shalle be crystened, or euer we departe in sonder. My lord syr Tristram said sir Galeron, your renoume and worship is wel knowen thorou many reames, and god saue yow this day from senshyp and shame. Thenne syr Tristram vnarmed Galeron, the whiche was a noble knyghte, and had done many dedes of armes, and he was a large knyghte of flesshe and boone. And whan he was vnarmed he stood vpon his feet, for he was brysed in the bak with a spere, yet soo as syr Galleron myghte he armed syr Tristram. And thenne syr Tristram mounted vpon his owne hors and in his hand he gat syr Gallerons spere, and there with al syr palomydes was redy, & soo they came hurtlynge to gyders, and eyther smote other in myddes of theyr sheldes, & there with al sir Palomydes spere brak, and syre Tristram smote doune the hors, and sir Palomydes as soone as he myghte auoyde his hors, & dressid his sheld, & pulled oute his swerd, that sawe sir Tristram, & there with al he alyght and teyed his hors tyl a tree.

Capitulum xiiii.

AND thenne they came to gyders as two wyld bores, lasshynge to gyders tracyng and trauercyng as noble men, that ofte had ben wel proued in batail, but euer syr Palomydes dredde the myghte of syre Tristram, and therfor he suffred hym to brethe hym, thus they fought more than two houres, but often syr Tristram smote suche strokes at syr Palomydes that he made hym to knele, and syre Palomydes brake and cutte awey many pyeces of sir Tristrams shelde, & thenne sir Palomydes wounded sir Tristram for he was a wel fyghtynge man. Thenne sire Tristram was woode wrothe oute of mesure and rasshed vpon syr Palomydes with suche a myghte that sire Palomydes felle grouelynge to the erthe, & there with alle he lepte vp lyghtely vpon his feet, and thenne syre Tristram wounded Palomydes sore thurgh the sholder, & euer syr Tristram foughte stylle in lyke hard, and syr Palomydes fayled not but gaf hym many sadde strokes. And atte laste syr Tristram doubled his strokes, & by fortune syre Tristram smote syr Palomydes swerd oute of his hand, & yf sir Palomydes had stouped for his swerd he had ben slayne. Thenne

Palomydes stode stylle and beheld his swerd with a sorouful herte. How now said syr Tristram vnto Palomydes, now haue I the at auauntage as thow haddest me this daye, but it shalle neuer be said in no Courte nor among good knyghtes that syr Tristram shalle slee ony knyghte that is wepenles, & therfor take thow thy swerd, & lete vs make an ende of thys batail. As for to doo this batail sayd Palomydes I dar ryzt wel ende hit, but I haue no grete luste to fyghte no more, and for this cause said Palomydes, Myn offence to yow is not soo grete, but that we may be frendes. Alle that I haue offended is and was for the loue of la Beale Isoud. And as for her, I dar say she is pyerles aboue alle other ladyes, and also I proferd her neuer no dishonour, and by her I haue geten the moost parte of my worship, and sythen I offended neuer as to her owne persone. And as for the offence that I haue done, it was ageynste your owne persone. And for that offence ye haue gyuen me this day many sad strokes, and some I haue yeuen yow ageyne, and now I dar say I felte neuer man of your myghte, nor soo wel brethed, but yf hit were syr launcelot du lake. Wherfor I requyre yow my lord, forgyue me alle that I haue offended vnto yow. And this same day haue me to the next chirche, and fyrst lete me be clene confessed. And after see yow now that I be truly baptysed. And thenne wil we alle ryde to gyders vnto the courte of Arthur that we be there at the hyhe feeste. Now take your hors said sir Tristram. And as ye say, soo hit shal be, and alle thyn euylle wil god forgyue it yow and I doo. And here within this myle is the suffrecan of Carleil that shalle gyue yow the sacrament of baptym. Thenne they took their horses and sire Galleron rode wyth them. And whanne they cam to the suffrecan syre Tristram told hym their desyre. Thenne the suffrecan lete fylle a grete vessel with water. And whanne he had halowed hit, he thenne confessid clene syr Palomydes, and syr Tristram and sir galleron were his godfaders. And thenne soone after they departed rydynge toward Camelot, where kynge Arthur & Quene Gueneuer was. And for the moost party alle the knyghtes of the round table. And so the kynge and alle the Court were glad that syre Palomydes was crystened. And at the same feeste in came Galahad and sat in the sege perillous.

And soo there with alle departed and disseuered alle the knyghtes of the round table, and sire Tristram retorned ayene vnto Joyous gard, and syr Palomydes folowed the questynge beest.

Here endeth the second book of syr Tristram that was drawen oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe.

But here is no rehersal of the thyrd book. And here foloweth the noble tale of the Sancgreal that called is the hooly vessel and the sygnefycacyon of the blessid blood of our lord Jhesu Cryste, blessid mote it be, the whiche was brought in to this land by Joseph of Armathye, therfor on al synful souls blessid lord haue thou mercy.

Explicit liber xii. Et incipit Decimustercius.

LIBR
OF T
BOMI
BRAN
OF T
ROYAL ASIATI

Capitulum primum.

T the vygyl of Pentecost whan alle the felauship of the round table were comen vnto Camelot, and there herd their seruyse And the tables were set redy to the mete. Ryzte so entryd in to the halle a ful fayre gentylwoman on horsbak that had ryden ful fast, for her hors was al besuette. Thenne she there alyght, and came before the kynge & salewed hym, and he said damoysel god the blysse. Sire said she for goddes sake saye me where syr launcelot is, yonder ye may see hym said the kynge. Thenne she wente vnto Launcelot and said syr launcelot I salewe yow on kyng Pelles behalf, and I requyre yow come on with me here by in to a forest. thenne syr launcelot asked her with whome she dwelled. I dwelle said she with kynge Pelles. What wille ye with me said Launcelot, ye shal knowe said she whanne ye come thyder. Wel sayd he I wille gladly goo with yow. Soo syr launcelot badde his squyer sadel his hors, and brynge his armes, and in all hast he dyd his commaundement. Thenne came the quene vnto laũcelot, and said wille ye leue vs at this hyhe feest. Madame said the gentylwoman wete ye wel he shal be with yow to morn by dyner tyme. Yf I wyst said the Quene that he shold not be with vs here to morne he shold not goo with you by my good wylle.

Ryght soo departed sir launcelot with the gentylwoman, & rode vntyl that he came in to a foreste and in to a grete valey, where they sawe an Abbay of nonnes, and there was a squyer redy and opened the gates, and soo they entryd and descended of their horses, and there came a fayr felauship aboute sir laūcelot, and welcomed hym, & were passyng gladde of his comynge. And thenne they ladde hym vnto the Abbesse chamber & vnarmed hym, and ryght soo he was ware vpon a bed lyeng two of his cosyns syr Bors & sir Lyonel, & thenne he waked them, & when they sawe hym they made grete ioye. sir said syr Bors vnto sir Launcelot what aduenture hath brought you hither, for we wende to morne to haue fond you at Camelot. Soo god me helpe said sir Launcelot a gentylwoman hath brought me hither, but I knowe not the cause.

In the meane whyle as they stode thus talkyng to gyders ther came in xii nonnes which brought wyth hem Galahad, the whiche was passyng fayre and wel made that vnnethe men in the world myght not fynde his matche, and alle those ladyes wepte. Syr said the ladyes, we brynge here this childe the which we haue nourysshed, and we praye yow for to make hym a knyght, for of a more worthyer mans hande may he not receyue the ordre of knyghthode. Syr Launcelot behelde that yonge squyer and sawe he was semely & demure as a doue, with al maner of good features that he wend of his age neuer to haue sene so fayre a man of forme. Thenne sayd sir Launcelot, cometh this desyre of hymself. He and all they sayd yea. Thenne shal he sayd sir Launcelot receyue y^e high ordre of knyghthode as to morne at the reuerence of the hygh feest. That nyght sir Launcelot had passyng good chere and on the morne at y^e houre of prime at galahads desyre he made him knyghte and sayd, God make hym a good man for beaute fayleth hym not as any that lyueth.

Capitulum ii.

Nowe fayre syr saide syre Launcelot, wylle ye come with me vnto the court of my lord king Arthur. Nay sayd he I wyll not goo with you as at this tyme. Thenne he departed from hem and took his two cosyns with hym, and soo they came to Camelot by the houre of vnderne on Whytsondaye. By that tyme the kinge and the quene were gone to the mynster to here theyr seruyce, thenne the kynge and the Quene were passyng gladde of syr Bors and syr Lyonel and so was alle the felaushyp. Soo whan the kinge and al the knyghtes were come from the seruyce, the barons spyed in the syeges of the round table al about written with letters of golde, Here ought to sytte he, and he ought to sytte here. And thus they went soo long vntyll they came vnto the syege peryllous wher they fonde letters newly written of golde that sayde, Four honderd wynters and foure and fyfty accomplysshed after the passion of our Lord Jhesu Cryste oughte this syege to be fulfylled. Thenne they alle sayd, this is a ful merueillous thinge and an aduenturous. In the name of god sayde sir Launcelot, and thenne he accounted the terme of the wrytyng from the birth of our lord vnto that daie. It seemeth me said sir Launcelot this syege ought to be fulfylled this same daye for this is the feeste of Pentecost after the foure honderd and foure and fyftye yeare, and yf hit wolde please al partyes, I wold that none of these letters were sene this daie, til he be comen that ought to acheue thys aduenture. Thenne made they for to ordeyne a cloth of silke for to couer these letters in y^e syege perillous. Thenne the kinge badde haste vnto dyner. Syr said sir Kay the seneschal, yf ye goo now to your mete, ye shalle breke the olde customme of your courte, for yee haue not vsed vpon this daye to sette at your mete or that ye haue seene some aduenture. Ye saye trouthe sayd kynge Arthur, but I had so grete joye of sir Launcelot and of hys cosyns, whiche ben comen to the courte hole and sound that I bethought me not of myne olde customme. Soo as they stood speaking in came a squyer and saide vnto the kyng, Syr I brynge to you merueillous tydynges. What ben they said kynge Arthur. Sir there is here benethe at the riuer a grete stone which I sawe fleet aboue the water and therin sawe I stickinge a swerde. Thenne said the kinge I will see that merueylle. Soo alle the knyztes wente with hym, and whanne they came to the ryuer, they fonde ther a stone fleting as it hadde ben of redde marble and therin stake a fayre and a ryche swerd and in the pomell therof were precyous stones wrought wyth subtill letters of golde. Thenne the barons red the letters whych said in this wyse, Neuer shalle man take me hence, but onely he by whom I ought to hange, and he shal be the best knyzt of the worlde. Whanne the kyng had seene these letters he said vnto sir Launcelot, fair syr this suerd oughte to be yours, for I am sure that ye be the best knyght of the world. Thenne sir Launcelot ansuerd soberly, certainly syr it is not my suerd, Also syr wete ye wel I haue no hardinesse to set my hande to hit, for hit longed not to hange by my syde. Also who that assayeth to take the swerd and fayleth of hit, he shalle receyue a wound by that swerd that he shalle not be hole longe after. And I wille that ye wete that this same day shall the aduentures of the Sancgreal that is called the hooly vessel begynne.

Capitulum iii.

Now fayre neuewe said the kynge vnto syr gawayn, assaye ye for my loue. Sir he said sauf your good grace I shalle not doo that. Sir sayd the kynge assaye to take the suerd and at my commaundement. Syre sayd Gawayne your commaundement I wille obeye, and ther with he took vp the suerd by the handels, but he myghte not stere hit. I thanke yow said the kynge to syre Gawayne.

My lord syr Gawayne said syr Laūcelot now wete ye wel this swerd shalle touche yow soo sore, that ye shalle wylle ye had neuer sette your hand therto for the best Castel of this realme. Syr he sayd I myghte not withsay myn vnkels wyll and commaundement, but whanne the kynge herd this he repentyd hit moche, and said vnto syr Percyual that he shold assaye for his loue, and he said gladly for to bere syr Gawayn felaushyp, and there with he sette his hand on the swerd, and drewe hit strongly, but he myghte not meue hit. Thenne were there moo that durste be soo hardy to sette theire handes therto. Now maye ye goo to your dyner said syr kay vnto the kynge, for a merueillous aduenture haue ye sene. Soo the kynge and alle wente vnto the Courte, and euery knyghte knewe his owne place, and sette hym therin, and yonge men that were knyghtes serued them. Soo whan they were serued and alle seges fulfylled sauf only the syege perillous, Anon there befelle a merueillous aduenture, that alle the dores & wyndowes of the palays shut by them self. Not for thenne the halle was not gretely darked, and there with they abasshed both one and other. Thenne kynge Arthur spak fyrst and sayd by god fayre felawes & lordes we haue sene this daye merueyls, but or nyght I suppose we shal see gretter merueyls. In the meane whyle came in a good old man and an auncyent clothed al in whyte, and there was no knyzt knewe from whens he came. And with hym he broughte a yong knyzt bothe on foote in reed armes withoute swerd or sheld, sauf a scauberd hangynge by his syde. And these wordes he said, pees be with yow faire lordes. Thenne the old man sayd vnto Arthur, syre I brynge here a yonge knyghte, the whiche is of kynges lygnage & of the kynrede of Joseph of Abarimathye where by the merueylles of thys Courte and of straunge realmes shalle be fully accomplysshed.

Capitulum quartum.

THE kynge was ryghte gladde of his wordes, and said vnto the good man, syr ye be ryghte welcome, and the yonge knyzte with yow. Thenne the old man made the yong man to vnarme hym, and he was in a cote of reed sendel, & bare a mantel vpon his sholder that was furred with ermyn, and put that vpon hym. And the old knyghte sayd vnto the yonge knyght, syr foloweth me, and anone he ledde hym vnto the sege peryllous, where besyde sat syr Laũcelot, and the good man lyfte vp the clothe, and fonde there letters that said thus, this is the sege of Galahalt the haute prynce. Sir said thold knyghte, wete ye wel that place is yours. And thenne he sett hym doune surely in that syege. And thenne he sayd to the old man, syr ye maye now goo your way, for wel haue ye done, that ye were commaunded to doo, & recommaunde me vnto my graunt sir kynge Pelles, and vnto my lord Petchere, and say hem on my behalf I shalle come and see hem as soone as euer I may. Soo the good man departed, and there met hym xx noble squyers, and so took their horses and wente their way. Thenne alle the knyghtes of the table round merueylled gretely of sir Galahalt that he durst sytte there in that syege perillous, and was soo tendyr of age, and wist not from whens he came but al only by god, and said this he by whome the Sācgreal shal be encheued. For there sat neuer none, but he, but he were mescheued. Thenne syr launcelot beheld his sone and had grete Joye of hym. Thenne Bors told his felawes vpon payne of my lyf this yonge knyghte shalle come vnto grete worship, this noyse was grete in alle the Courte, soo that it cam to the quene. thenne she had merueylle what knyght it myght be that durste auenture hym to sytte in the syege peryllous, many said vnto the quene, he resembled moche vnto sire Launcelot. I may wel suppose said the quene, that syr Launcelot begatte hym on kynge Pelles doughter, by the whiche he was made to lye by, by enchauntement, and his name is Galahalt. I wold fayne see hym said the quene, for he must nedes be a noble man for soo is his fader that hym begat I reporte me vnto alle the table round. So whanne the mete was done that the kynge & alle were rysen, the kynge yede vnto the syege Peryllous and lyfte vp the clothe, and fonde there the name of Galahad, & thenne he shewed hit vnto syr Gawayne, and sayd fayre neuewe now haue we amonge vs syr Galahad the good knyght that shalle worshippe vs alle, and vpon payne of my lyf he shal encheue the Sancgreal, ryght as sir launcelot had done vs to vnderstande. Thenne came kyng Arthur vnto Galahad and said syr ye be welcome, for ye shall meue many good knyghtes to the quest of the Sancgreal, and ye shal encheue that neuer knyghtes myght brynge to an ende. Thenne the kynge took hym by the hand and wente doune from the paleis to shewe Galahad the aduentures of the stone.

Capitulum v.

THE Quene herd therof and came after with many ladyes, and shewed hem the stone where it houed on the water. Sire said the kyng vnto syre Galahad here is a grete merueylle as euer I sawe, and ryght good knyghtes haue assayed and fayled.

Syre said Galahad that is no merueil, for this aduenture is not theirs, but myne, and for the seurte of this swerd I brought none with me. For here by my syde hangeth the scauberd. And anone he layd his hand on the swerd, and lyghtly drewe it oute of the stone, and putte it in the shethe, & said vnto the kynge, now hit goth better than it dyd afore hand. Sir said the kynge, A sheld god shalle send you now haue I that swerd that somtyme was the good knyghtes Balyn le saueage, and he was a passynge good man of his handes. And with this suerd he slewe his broder Balan and that was grete pyte for he was a good knyghte, and eyther slewe other thorou a dolorous stroke that Balyn gaf vnto my graũte fader, kynge Pelles, the whiche is not yet hole, nor not shal be tyl I hele hym. There with the kynge and all aspyed where came rydynge doune the ryuer a lady on a whyte palfroy toward them. Thenne she salewed the kynge and the quene, and asked yf that syr Launcelot was there. And thenne he ansuerd hym self I am here fayre lady. Thenne she sayd al with wepynge how your grete doynge is chaunged syth this day in the morne. Damoysel why say ye soo sayd Launcelot. I saye yow sothe said the damoysel, for ye were this day the best knyghte of the world, but who shold saye soo now he shold be a lyar, for there is now one better than ye. And wel hit is preued by the aduentures of the suerd where to ye durste not sette to your hand, and that is the chaunge and leuynge of your name, wherfore I make vnto yow a remembraunce, that ye shalle not wene from hensforth that ye be the best knyght of the world. As touchynge vnto that said launcelot, I knowe wel I was neuer the best, yes sayd the damoysel that were ye and are yet of ony synful man of the world. And sir kyng Nacyen the heremyte sendeth the word that the shalle befalle the grettest worship that euer befelle kynge in

Brytayne, and I say yow wherfore, for this daye the Sancgreal appiered in thy hows and fedde the and all thy felaushyp of the round table. Soo she departed and wente that same way that she came.

Capitulum vi.

Now sayd the kyng I am sure at this quest of the Sācgreal shalle alle ye of the table round departe, and neuer shalle I see yow ageyne hole to gyders, therfor I wille see yow alle hole to gyders in the medowe of Camelot to juste and to torneye, that after your dethe men maye speke of hit that suche good knyghtes were holy to gyders suche a day. As vnto that counceyll and at the kynges request they accorded alle, and toke on their harneis that longed vnto Justynge but alle this meuynge of the kyng was for this entent for to see Galahalt preued, for the kynge demed he shold not lyghtly come ageyne vnto the Courte after his departynge. So were they assembled in the medowe bothe more and lasse. Thenne syr Galahalt by the prayer of the kynge and the Quene dyd vpon hym a noble jesseraunce, and also he dyd on hys helme, but shelde wold he take none for no prayer of the kyng. And thenne sir Gawayne and other knyghtes praid hym to take a spere. Ryghte-soo he dyd, and the Quene was in a toure with alle her ladyes for to behold that turnement. Thenne sir Galahalt dressid hym in myddes of the medowe, and began to breke speres merueyllously that all men had wonder of hym for he there surmounted alle other knyztes, for within a whyle he had defouled many good knyghtes of the table round, sauf tweyne that was syr launcelot and sire Percyuale.

Capitulum vii.

Thenne the kyng at the quenes request made hym to alyghte, and to vnlace his helme that the Quene myzt see hym in the vysage. Whanne she beheld hym she sayd sothely I dar wel say that sir launcelot begat hym, for neuer two men resembled more in lykenes, therfor it nys no merueyle though he be of grete prowesse. So a lady that stode by the Quene said, Madame for goddes sake oughte he of ryghte to be so good a knyghte, ye forsothe said the quene, for he is of alle partyes come of the best knyghtes of the world and of the hyhest lygnage, for sir launcelot is come but of the .viii. degre from oure lord Jhesu Cryst, and syre Galahalt is of the nynthe degree from oure lord Jhesu Cryst, therfor I dar saye they be the grettest gentilmen of the world, and thenne the kynge and al estates wente home vnto Camelot, and soo wente to euensonge to the grete mynster. And soo after vpon that to souper, and euery knyzt sette in his owne place as they were to fore hand. Thenne anone they herd crakynge and cryenge of thonder that hem thought the place shold alle to dryue. In the myddes of this blast entred a sonne beaume more clerer by seuen tymes than euer they sawe daye. And al they were alyghted of the grace of the holy ghoost, thenne beganne euery knyghte to behold other, & eyther sawe other by theire semynge fayrer than euer they sawe afore. Not for thenne there was no knyght myghte speke one word a grete whyle, and soo they loked euery man on other as they had ben dome. Thenne ther entred in to the halle the holy graile couerd with whyte samyte, but ther was none myghte see hit, nor who bare hit. And there was al the halle fulfylled with good odoures, and euery knyzt had suche metes and drynkes as he best loued in this world. And whan the holy grayle had be borne thurgh the halle, thenne the holy vessel departed sodenly that they wyste not where hit becam, thenne had they alle brethe to speke. And thenne the kynge yelded thankynges to god of his good grace that he had sente them. Certes said the kynge we oughte to thanke oure lord ihesu gretely for that he hath shewed vs this daye atte reuerence of this hyhe feest of Pentecost. Now said sir Gawayn we haue ben serued this daye of what metes and drynkes we thoughte on, but one thynge begyled vs we myght not see the holy Grayle, it was soo precyously couerd, wherfor I wil make here auowe, that to morne withoute lenger abydyng I shall laboure in the quest of the Sancgreal, that I shalle hold me oute a twelue moneth and a day or more yf nede be, & neuer shalle I retorne ageyne vnto the Courte, tyl I haue sene hit more openly than it hath ben sene here, & yf I may not spede, I shall retorne ageyne as he that maye not be ageynst the wil of our lord Jhesu Cryste. Whan they of the table round herde syr Gawayne saye so, they arose vp the most party and maade suche auowes as sire Gawayne had made.

Anone as kynge Arthur herd this, he was gretely dyspleasyd, for he wyste wel they myghte not ageyne saye theyre auowes. Allas said kynge Arthur vnto sir Gawayn ye haue nyghe slayne me with the auowe and promesse that ye haue made. For thurgh yow ye haue berafte me the fayrest felauship and the truest of knyghthode that euer were sene to gyders in ony realme of the world. For whanne they departe from hens I am sure, they alle shalle neuer mete more in thys world, for they shalle dye many in the quest. And soo it forthynketh me a lytel, for I haue loued them as wel as my lyf wherfor hit shall greue me ryghte sore the departycyon of this felauship. For I haue had an old customme to haue hem in my felauship.

Capitulum Octauuum.

AND ther with the teres fylle in his eyen. And thenne he sayd Gawayne Gawayne ye haue sette me in grete sorowe. For I haue grete doubte that my true felauship shalle neuer mete here more ageyne. A sayd syr Launcelot comforte your self, for hit shalle be vnto vs a grete honour & moche more than yf we dyed in ony other places, for of deth we be syker. A laũcelot said y^e kyng y^e grete loue y^t I haue had vnto you al the dayes of my lyf maketh me to say suche dolefull wordes, for neuer Crysten kynge had neuer soo many worthy men at this table as I haue had this daye at the round table and that is my grete sorowe. Whanne the Quene ladyes & gentilwymmen wyst these tydynges, they had suche sorowe & heuynesse that ther myght no tonge telle hit, for tho knyghtes had hold them in honour and chyerte. But amonge all other Quene Gueneuer made grete sorowe. I merueylle said she my lord wold suffre hem to departe from hym, thus was al the Courte troubled for the loue of the departycyon of tho knyghtes. And many of tho ladyes that loued knyghtes wold haue gone with her louers, and soo had they done had not an old knyghte come amonge them in Relygyous clothyng, and thenne he spake alle on hyghe, and said fayre Lordes which haue sworn in the quest of the Sancgreal. Thus sendeth you nacyen the heremyte word that none in this queste lede lady nor gentylwoman with hym, for hit is not to doo in so hyghe a seruyse as they labour in, for I warne yow playne he that is not clene of his synnes, he shalle not see the mysteryes of our lord Jhesu Cryste, and for this cause they lefte these ladyes and gentylwymmen. After this the quene came vnto Galahad and asked hym of whens he was, and of what countrey, he told her of whens he was, and sone vnto Launcelot, she saide he was. as to that he said neyther ye nor nay. So god me helpe said the quene of your fader ye nede not to shame yow, for he is the goodlyest knyghte and of the best men of the world comen and of the strene of alle partyes of kynges. Wherfore ye oughte of ryghte to be of your dedes a passynge good man, & certaynly she said ye resemble hym moche. Thenne syr Galahad was a lytel ashamed and said Madame sythe ye knowe in certayne wherfore doo ye aske hit me, for he that is my fader, shalle be knowen openly and al by tymes. And thenne they wente to reste them. And in the honour of the hyhenes of Galahad he was ledde in to kynge Arthurs chamber, and there rested in his owne bedde. And as soone as hit was daye the kynge arose for he had no rest of alle that nyght for sorowe. Thenne he wente vnto Gawayne and to syr launcelot that were arysen for to here masse. And thenne the kyng ageyn said, A Gawayne Gawayne ye haue bitrayed me. For neuer shal my Courte be amended by yow, but ye wille neuer be sory for me as I am for yow. And there with the teres began to renne doune by his vysage. And there with the kyng said A knyghte syr launcelot, I requyre the thow counceyle me, for I wold that this quest were vndone and it myghte be. syr sayd syr launcelot, yē sawe yesterday soo many worthy knyghtes that thenne were sworne, that they may not leue it in no maner of wyse. That wote I wel said the kyng, but it shal so heuye me at their departynge that I wote wel there shal no manere of joye remedye me. And thenne the kynge and the Quene wente vnto the mynster. Soo anone launcelot and Gawayne commaunded her men to brynge her armes. And whanne they alle were armed sauf her sheldes and her helmes, thenne they came to theyre felauship, whiche alle were redy in the same wyse for to goo to the mynster to here their seruyse.

Thenne after the seruyse was done, the kynge wolde wete how many hadde vndertake the queste of the holy grayle, and to accompte them he praid them alle.

Thenne fonde they by tale an honderd and fyfty and alle were knyztes of the round table. And thenne they putte on their helmes and departed and recommaunded them al wholye vnto the quene. And ther was wepynge and grete sorowe. Thenne the Quene departed in to her chamber so that no man shold apperceiue her grete sorowes. Whanne sir Launcelot missed the Quene he wente in to her chamber, and whanne she sawe hym she cried alowde, O sir Launcelot ye haue bytrayed me and put me to dethe for to leue thus my lord. A madame sayd syr Launcelot, I praye you be not displeased for I shal come ageyne as soone as I may with my worship. Allas sayd she that euer I sawe you, but he that suffred dethe vpon the crosse for alle mankinde be to your good conduite and sauetie and alle the whole felauship. Ryght soo departed sir Launcelot and fonde hys felaushyp that abode hys cominge. And soo they mounted vpon their horses and rode thurgh the stretes of Camelot, and ther was wepynge of the riche & poore and the kynge torned aweye and myghte not speke for wepyng. Soo within a whyle they came to a cyte and a Castel that hyght Vagon, ther they entred in to the castel, and the lorde of that castel was an old man that hyght Vagon and he was a good man of hys lyuynge and sette open the gates and made hem al the good chere that he myght. And so on the morowe they were al accorded that they sholde depart eueryche from other. and thenne they departed on the morowe wyth wepyng and mourning chere and euery knight toke the waye that hym best lyked.

Capitulum ix.

Now rydeth sir Galahad yet withoute shelde, and soo he rode foure dayes without ony aduenture. And at the fourth daye after euensonge he came to a whyte Abbay, and there he was receyued with grete reuerence and ladde to a chambre & ther he was vnarmed, and thenne was he ware of two knyghtes of the round table, one was kynge Bagdemagus and that other was sir Uwayne. And whanne they sawe him they wente vnto hym and made of him grete solace and so they wente to souper. Syrs said sir Galahad what aduenture brought you hyther. Syrs said they hit is tolde vs that within this place is a shelde that no man may bere about hys neck but yf that he bee myschyeued or dede within thre daies, or els maymed for euer. A syr saide kynge Bagdemagus, I shalle bere it to morowe for-to assaye thys straunge aduenture. In the name of god saide syr Galahad. Syr sayde Bagdemagus and I may not achyue the aduenture of this shelde ye shalle take hit vpon you for I am sure ye shalle not fayle. Syr said Galahad I agree ryght wel therto for I haue no shelde. So on the morne they arose and herd masse. Thenne king Bagdemagus asked wher the aduenturous shelde was. Anone a monke ladde him behynd an aulter wher the shelde henge as whyte as ony snow but in the myddes was a redde crosse. Syr sayd the monke thys shelde ought not to be hanged aboute no knyzts neck but he be the worthyest knyght of the world and therfor I counseille you knyghtes to be wel aduysed. Wel said kyng Bagdemagus, I wote wel that I am not the best knyzt of the worlde, but yet shalle I assay to bere hit, and soo he bare it out of the minystery and thenne he sayd vnto syr Galahad yf hit wil please you I pray you abyde here styll, till ye knowe how I shalle speede. I shall abyde you here said Galahad. Thenne kynge Bagdemagus tooke with hym a squyer the whiche shold brynge tidynges vnto syr Galahad how he spedde. Thenne whan they hadde rydden a two myle and cam in a fayre valeye afore an hermytage, thenne they sawe a goodely knyght come from that parte in whyte armoure hors and alle and he came as fast as his hors myght renne with his spere in the reste, and kynge Bagdemagus dressid his spere ageynst him and brake hit vpon the whyte knyght, but the other stroke hym soo harde that he brake the mayles and thrust hym thurgh the right sholder, for the shelde couerd him not as at that time, and soo he bare hym fro his hors, and ther with he alyghted and tooke the whyte shelde from him sayeng, Knyght thou hast done thyself grete foly for thys shelde ought not to be borne but by hym that shal haue no pyere that lyueth. And thenne he came to kyng Bagdemagus squyer and sayd bere this shelde vnto the good knyght syr Galahad that thou lefte in the Abbaye and greete hym wel from me. Syr sayd the squyer what is your name. Take thou no hede of my name said the knyght for hit is not for the to knowe nor for none erthely man. Now fayr syr said the squyer at the reuerence of Jhesu Cryste, telle me for what cause this shelde may not be borne, but yf the berer therof be meschyeued. Now sythe thow hast coniured me soo sayd the knyghte this shelde behoueth vnto no man but vnto Galahad, & y^e squyer wēt vnto Bagdemagus, & asked whether he were sore wounded or not, ye forsothe said he, I shalle escape hard from the dethe. Thenne he fette his hors and brought hym with grete payne vnto an Abbay, thenne was he taken doun softely and vnarmed and leid in a bedde, and there was loked to his woundes. And as the booke telleth he laye there longe, & escaped hard with the lyf.

Capitulum x.

Syr Galahalt sayd the squyer that knyghte that wounded Bagdemagus sendeth yow gretynge, and bad that ye shold bere this shelde where thurgh grete aduentures shold befalle. Now blessid be good & fortune said Galahad. And thenne he asked his armes, and mounted vpon his hors, and henge the whyte shelde aboute his neck, & commaunded hem vnto god, and syr Uwayne said he wold bere hym felauship yf it pleasyd hym. Sir sayd Galahad that maye ye not, for I must goo alone sauf this squyer shall bere me felauship, and so departed Uwayne. Thenne within a whyle came Galahad there as the whyte knyght abode hym by the heremytage, and eueryche salewed other curtoisly. Sir said Galahad by this shelde ben many merueils fallen. Sir sayd the knyght hit befelle after the passion of our lord Jhesu Crist xxxii yere that Joseph of Armathye the gentyl knyghte, the whiche took doune oure lord of the hooly Crosse att that tyme he departed from Jherusalem with a grete party of his kynred with hym, and so he laboured tyl that they came to a cyte that hyght Sarras, and att that same houre that Joseph came to Sarras there was a kynge that hyghte Euelake that had grete werre ageyne the Sarasyns, and in especyal ageynste one Sarasyn, the whiche was kyng Euelaks cosyn, a ryche kyng and a myghty whiche marched nyghe this land, and his name was called Tolleme la feyntes. Soo on a day this two mette to doo bataill. Thenne Joseph the sone of Joseph of Armathye wente to kynge Euelake, and told hym he shold be discomfyt and slayne but yf he lefte his bileue of the old lawe and byleue vpon the newe lawe. And thenne there he shewed hym the ryght bileue of the holy Trynyte, to the whiche he agreed vnto with alle his herte, and there this shelde was maade for kynge Euelake in the name of hym that dyed vpon the crosse. And thenne thurgh his good bileue he had the better of kynge Tolleme. For whanne Euelake was in the batail, there was a clothe sette afore the sheld. And whanne he was in the grettest perylle he lete putte awaye the clothe, and thenne his enemyes sawe a fygur of a man on the Crosse where thurgh they alle were discomfyte. And soo it befelle that a man of Kynge Euelaks was smyten his hand of, and bare that hand in his other hand, and Joseph called that man vnto hym, and badde hym goo with good deuocyon touche the Crosse. And as soone as that man had touched the Crosse with his hand, it was as hole as euer hit was to fore. Thenne soone after there felle a grete merueyll that the Crosse of the sheld at one tyme vanysshed awey that no man wyst where it became. And thenne kynge Euelake was baptysed, and for the moost party alle the peple of that Cyte. So soone after Joseph wold departe, and kynge Euelake wold goo with hym whether he wold or nold. And soo by fortune they came in to this land that at that tyme was called grete Bretayne, and there they fond a grete felon paynym, that put Joseph in to pryson. And soo by fortune tydynges cam vnto a worthy man that hyghte Mondrames,

& he assembled alle his peple for the grete renomme he had herde of Joseph, and soo he came in to the land of grete Bretayne & disherited this felon paynym and consumed hym, and ther with delyuerd Joseph oute of pryson, and after that alle the peple were torned to the Crysten feithe.

Capitulum vndecimum.

Not longe after that Joseph was layd in his dedely bed. And whanne kynge Euelake sawe that, he made moche sorowe, and sayd, for thy loue I haue lefte my countrey. And sythe ye shalle departe oute of this world, leue me somme token of yours that I may thynke on you. Joseph said that wille I doo ful gladly. Now brynge me your sheld that I toke yow whanne ye went in to bataille ageynst kyng Tolleme. Thenne Joseph bled sore at the nose, so that he myzt not by no meane be staunched. And therupon that sheld he made a crosse of his owne blood. Now may ye see a remembraunce that I loue yow, for ye shalle neuer see this shelde but ye shal thynke on me, and it shall be alweyes as fresshe as it is now. And neuer shalle man bere this sheld aboute his neck but he shalle repente hit vnto the tyme that Galahad the good knyzte bere hit, and the laste of my lygnage shal haue hit aboute his neck that shall doo many merueyllous dedes. Now sayd kynge Euelake where shalle I put this shelde that this worthy knyght may haue hit, ye shal leue hit there as nacyen the heremyte shal be put after his dethe. For thydder shal that good knyghte come the fyftenth day after that he shal receyue the ordre of knyghthode, and soo that daye that they sette, is this tyme that he haue his shelde. And in the same abbay lyeth Nacyen the heremyte. And thenne the whyte knyghte vanysshed away. Anone as the squyer had herde these wordes, he alyghte of his hakney and kneled doune at Galahads feet and prayd hym that he myghte goo with hym tyll he had made hym knyghte. Yf I wold not refuse yow, thenne will ye make me a knyzte sayd the squyer, and that ordre by the grace of god shal be wel sette in me. Soo syr Galahad graunted hym and tourned ageyne vnto the Abbay there they came fro, and there men made grete joye of syr Galahad. And anone as he was alyghte, there was a monke broughte hym vnto a Tombe in a Chirche yerd where that was suche a noyse that who that herd hit shold veryly nyghe be madde or lese his strengthe, and syre they sayd we deme hit is a fende.

Capitulum xii.

Now lede me thyder sayd Galahad, and soo they dyd alle armed sauf his helme. Now sayd the good man, goo to the Tombe and lyfte hit vp. Soo he dyd and herd a grete noyse, and pytously he sayd that alle men myzte here hit. Syr Galahad the seruaunt of Jhesu Cryste come thou not nyghe me. For thow shalt make me goo ageyne ther where I haue ben soo longe. But Galahad was no thynge affrayed but lyfte vp the stone, and there came out so foul a smoke, and after he sawe the fowlest fygur lepe there oute that euer he sawe in the lykenes of a man, & thenne he blessid hym, and wyste wel hit was a fende. Thenne herd he a voyse say, Galahad I see there enuyronne aboute the so many angels that my power may not dere the. Ryght soo syr Galahad sawe a body al armed lye in that tombe and besyde hym a swerd. Now fayr broder sayd Galahad lete vs remeue this body for hit is not worthy to lye in this chirche-yerd, for he was a fals Crysten man. And there with they alle departed and wente to the Abbay. And anone as he was vnarmed a good man cam and sette hym doune by hym, and sayd syre I shall telle yow what betokeneth alle that ye sawe in the Tombe, for that couerd body betokeneth the duresse of the world and the grete synne that oure lord fond in the world. For there was suche wretchydnesse that the fader loued not the sone, nor the sone loued not the fader, and that was one of the causes that oure lord took flesshe and blood of a clene mayden, for oure synnes were so grete at that tyme that wel nyghe all was wickednes. Truly sayd Galahad I bileue yow ryghte wel. So syre Galahad rested hym there that nyghte. And vpon the morne he made the squyer knyghte, and asked hym his name, and of what kynred he was come.

Syre sayd he men calleth me Melyas de lyle. And I am the sone of the kynge of Denmarke. Now fayre sire sayd Galahad sythe that ye be come of kynges and Quenes, now loketh that knyghthode be wel sette in yow, for ye oughte to be a myrrour vnto all chyualry.

Sire sayd syre Melyas ye saye sothe. But syre sythen ye haue made me a knyzt ye must of ryzt graūte me my fyrst desyre yt is resonable, ye say soth said galahad, melyas said thēne that ye wil suffre me to ryde with yow in this quest of the sancgreal tyl that somme aduenture departe vs. I graunte yow sir. Thenne men brought syre Melyas his armoure and his spere and his hors, and soo syr Galahad and he rode forth all that weke or they fond ony aduenture. And thenne vpon a monday in the mornyng as they were departed fro an Abbay they cam to a Crosse whiche departed two wayes, and in that crosse were letters wryten that sayd thus. Now ye knyghtes arraunt the whiche goth to seke knyghtes aduenturous, see here .ii. wayes yt one wey defendeth the that thow ne go yt way, for he shalle not go oute of the way ageyne, but yf he be a good man and a worthy knyghte. And yf thow goo on the lyfte hand, thow shalt not lyghtely there wynne prowesse, for thow shalt in this way be soone assayed. Sir said Melyas to Galahad, yf hit lyke yow to suffer me to take the way on the lyft hand telle me, for there I shalle wel preue my strengthe, hit were better said Galahad ye rode not that way, for I deme I shold better escape in that way than ye, nay my lord I praye yow lete me haue that aduenture. Take it in goddes name said Galahad.

Capitulum xiii.

And thēne rode melyas in to an old forest, and therin he rode two dayes and more. And thenne he came in to a fayr medowe, and there was a fayr lodge of bowes. And thenne he aspyed in that lodge a chayer wherin was a crown of gold subtyly wroughte. Also there were clothes couerd vpon the erthe, and many delycious metes sette theron. Sir Melyadas behelde this auenture and thoughte hit merueillous, but he had no honger, but of the croune of gold he took moch kepe, and there with he stouped doune and took hit vp, and rode his way with it. And anone he sawe a knyght came rydynge after hym that sayd, knyghte sette doune that crowne, whiche is not yours, & therfor defendeth yow. Thenne syre Melyas blessid hym and said Fair lord of heuen helpe and saue thy newe made knyght, & thenne they lete theire horses renne as fast as they myzt, so that the other knyzt smote sir melias thorou hauberk and thorow the lyfte syde that he felle to the erthe nyghe dede. And thenne he took the crowne and went his way and syr Melyas lay stylle and had no power to stere. In the meane whyle by fortune ther came syre Galahad and fond hym there in perille of dethe. And thenne he said A melyas who hath wounded yow, therfor hit had ben better to haue ryden the other way. And whanne sir Melyas herd hym speke, syre he sayd for goddes loue lete me not dye in this forest, but bere me vnto the Abbay here besyde that I may be confessyd and haue my ryghtes. It shal be done said Galahad, but where is he that hath wounded yow. With that syr Galahad herd in the leues crye on hyghe, knyght kepe the from me. A syr said Melyas, Beware. For that is he that hath slayne me. Sir Galahad ansuerd syr knyghte come on your perylle. Thenne eyther dressid to other and came to gyder as fast as their horses myghte renne, and Galahad smote hym soo that hys spere wente thorou his sholder, and smote hym doune of his hors, and in the fallyng Galahadis spere brak. With that cam oute another knyghte oute of the leues, and brake a spere vpon Galahad or euer he myghte torne hym. Thenne Galahad drewe oute his swerd and smote of the lyfte arme of hym soo that it felle to the erthe. And thenne he fledde, and sire Galahad sewed fast after hym. And thenne he torned ageyne vnto syr Melyas, and there he alyghte and dressid hym softely on his hors to fore hym for the truncheon of his spere was in his body, and syr Galahad sterte vp behynde hym, and helde hym in his armes, and soo broughte hym to the Abbay, and there vnarmed hym and broughte hym to his chamber. And thenne he asked his saueour. And whanne he had receyued hym he said vnto syr galahad; syr lete deth come whan it pleasyd hym. And there with he drewe oute the truncheon of the spere oute of his body. And thenne he swouned. Thenne came there an olde monke whiche somtyme had ben a knyghte & behelde syre Melyas. And anone he ransakyd hym, & thenne he saide vnto syr galahad I shal hele hym of this woũde by the grace of god within the terme of seuen wekes. Thenne was sir galahad glad and vnarmed hym, & said he wold abyde there thre dayes. And thenne he asked syr Melyas how it stood with hym. Thenne he sayd he was torned vnto helpyng, god be thanked.

Capitulum xiiii.

Now wylle I departe sayd Galahad, for I haue moche on hand, for many good knyghtes be ful besy aboute hit. And this knyghte and I were in the same quest of the Sancgreal. Sire said a good man, for his synne he was thus wounded, and I merueylle said the good man how ye durst take vpon yow soo ryche a thynge as the hyghe ordre of knyghthode withoute clene confession, & that was the cause ye were bytterly wounded. For the way on the ryzt hand betokeneth the hyghe way of our lord Jhesu Cryste, and the way of a good true good lyuer. And the other wey betokeneth the way of synners and of mysbyleuers. And whanne the deuylle sawe your pryde and presumpcyon for to take yow in the quest of the Sancgreal, that made you to be ouerthrowen for hit may not be encheued but by vertuous lyuynge. Also the wrytynge on the crosse was a sygnyfycacyon of heuenly dedes and of knyghtly dedes in goddes werkes and no knyztly dedes in worldly werkes, and pryde is hede of alle dedely synnes that caused this knyghte to departe from Galahad, & where thow tokest the croune of gold, thow synnest in couetyse and in thefte. Alle this were no knyghtely dedes. And this Galahad the holy knyghte, the whiche foughte with the two knyghtes, the two knyghtes sygnefyen the two dedely synnes whiche were holy in this knyghte Melyas, and they myghte not withstande yow, for ye are withoute dedely synne. Now departed Galahad from thens and betaught hem alle vnto god. Sir Melyas sayd my lord Galahad as soone as I may ryde I shalle seke yow, god send yow helthe said

Galahad, & soo toke his hors and departed, and rode many journeyes forward and backward as aduenture wold lede hym.

And at the laste hit happend hym to departe from a place or a Castel the whiche was named Abblasoure, and he hadde herd no masse, the whiche he was wonte euer to here or euer he departed oute of ony Castel or place, and kepte that for a customme. Thenne syr Galahad came vnto a montayne where he fond an old chappel, and fond there no body for all alle was desolate, and there he kneled to fore the aulter, and besought god of holsome counceil. Soo as he prayd, he herd a voys that sayd, Goo thow now thou aduenturous knyghte to the Castell of maydens, and there doo thow awey thy wycked custommes.

Capitulum xv.

WHANNE syr Galahad herd this, he thanked god, & toke his hors, and he had not ryden but half a myle, he sawe in a valeye afore hym a stronge Castel with depe dyches, and there ranne besyde hit a fayr ryuer that hyghte Syuarne, and there he mette with a man of grete age, and eyther salewed other, and Galahad asked hym the Castels name. Fair syr said he hit is the Castel of maydens. That is a cursyd Castel said Galahalt, and alle they that ben conuersaunt therin, for alle pyte is oute therof and alle hardynesse and meschyef is therin, therfor I counceyle yow sir knyght to torne ageyne. Sir said Galahad wete yow wel I shalle not tourne ageyne. Thenne loked syre Galahad on his armes that noo thynge fayled hym, and thenne he put his sheld afore hym, & anone there mette hym seuen fayr maydens, the whiche sayd vnto hym, syr knyghte ye ryde here in a grete foly, for ye haue the water to passe ouer. Why shold I not passe the water said galahad. So rode he awey from them, and mette with a Squyer that said knyghte, tho knyghtes in the Castel defyen yow, & defenden yow, ye go no ferther tyl that they wete what ye wolde. Faire sir saide Galahad I come for to destroye the wycked custome of this Castel. Sir and ye wille abyde by that ye shal haue ynough to doo, go yow now said Galahad and hast my nedes. Thenne the squyer entryd in to the castel. And anone after there came oute of the Castel seuen knyghtes and all were bretheren. And whan they sawe Galahad, they cryed knyghte kepe the for we assure the no thynge but dethe. Why sayd galahad will ye alle haue adoo with me at ones, ye sayde they therto maist thow trust. Thenne Galahad putte forth his spere and smote the formest to the erthe that nere he brake his neck. And there with alle the other smote hym on his shelde grete strokes so that their speres brake.

Thenne syr Galahad drewe oute his swerd, and set vpon hem soo hard that it was merueylle to see hit, and soo thurgh grete force he made hem to forsake the felde, and Galahad chased hem tyl they entryd in to the Castel, and so passed thurz the Castel at another gate. And there mette syr Galahad an old man clothed in Relygyous clothynge and sayd, sire haue here the kayes of this Castel. Thenne syr Galahad opened the gates, and sawe soo moche peple in the stretes that he myghte not nombre them, and alle sayd syr ye be welcome, for longe haue we abyden here our delyueraunce. Thenne came to hym a gentylwoman and sayde these knyghtes be fledde, but they wille come ageyne this nyghte, and here to begynne ageyn their euylle customme.

What wille ye that I shalle doo sayd Galahad. Sir said the gentilwoman that ye send after alle the knyghtes hyder that hold their landes of this Castel, and make hem to swere for to vse the custommes that were vsed here to fore of olde tyme. I wille wel said Galahad, and there she broughte hym an horne of Ivory boũden with gold rychely, & saide sir blowe this horne whych wille be herde two myle aboute this Castel. Whanne syr Galahad had blowen the horne, he set hym doune vpon a bedde. Thenne came a preest to Galahad, and said syr hit is past a seuen yere agone that these seuen bretheren cam in to this Castel and herberowed with the lord of this castell that hyght the Duke Lyanowre, and he was lord of all thys countrey. And whanne they aspyed the dukes doughter, that was a ful faire woman, Thenne by their fals couyn they made debate betwixe them self, and the duke of his goodenes wold haue departed hem, and there they slewe hym and his eldest sone. And thenne they took the mayden and the tresour of the castel. And thenne by grete force they helde alle the knyghtes of this Castel ageynste theire wylle vnder theyre obeyssaunce and in grete seruage and truage, robbynge and pyllynge the poure comyn peple of all that they had.

Soo hit happend on a daye the dukes doughter sayd ye haue done vnto me greete wronge to slee myn owne fader, and my broder, and thus to holde our landes, not for thenne she sayd, ye shalle not holde this Castel for many yeres, for by one knyghte ye shal be ouercomen. Thus she prophecyed seuen yeres agone. Wel said the seuen knyghtes, sythen ye say so, ther shal neuer lady nor knyghte passe this Castel, but they shall abyde maulgre their hedes, or dye therfor, tyl that knyghte be come, by whome we shalle lese this Castel. And therfore is it called the maydens Castel, for they haue deuoured many maydens. Now said Galahad is she here for whome this Castel was lost. Nay sir said the preest she was dede within these thre nyghtes after that she was thus enforced, and sythen haue they kepte their yonger syster which endureth grete paynes with mo other ladyes. By this were the knyghtes of the countray comen, & thenne he made hem doo homage and feaute to the kynges douzter, and sette hem in grete ease of herte. And in the morne ther came one to Galahad and told hym how that Gawayn, gareth and Uwayne had slayne the seuen bretheren. I suppose wel said syr Galahad and took his armour and his hors, & commaunded hem vnto god.

Capitulum xvi.

Now saith the tale after syr Gawayne departed, he rode many journeyes bothe toward and froward. And att the laste he cam to the Abbaye where syre Galahad had the whyte sheld, and there syr Gawayne lerned the way to sewe after syr Galahad, and soo he rode to the Abbay where Melyas lay seke, and there syr Melyas told syr Gawayn of the merueyllous aduentures that syr Galahad dyd. Certes said sire Gawayne I am not happy, that I took not the way that he wente, for and I maye mete with hym, I wille not departe from hym lyghtely, for alle merueyllous aduentures sir Galahad encheueth. Sir said one of the monkes he wille not of your felauship, why said syr Gawayne. Sir said he, for ye be wycked and synful, and he is ful blessid.

Ryght as they thus stode talkynge, there came in rydynge syr Gareth. And thenne they made joye eyther of other. And on the morne they herd masse, and soo departed. And by the way they met with syr Uwayne les auoultres, and there syre Uwayne told syr Gawayne how he had mette with none aduenture sythe he departed from the Courte. Nor we, said sir gawayne, and eyther promysed other of tho thre knyghtes not to departe whyle they were in that quest but yf fortune caused it. Soo they departed and rode by fortune tyl that they came by the Castel of maydens, and there the seuen bretheren aspyed the thre knyghtes, and said sythen we be flemyd by one knyghte from this Castel, we shalle destroye alle the knyghtes of kyng Arthurs that we maye ouercome for the loue of syr Galahad. And there with the seuen knyghtes sette vpon the thre knyghtes, and by fortune syr Gawayne slewe one of the bretheren, and echone of his felawes slewe another and soo slewe the remenaunt. And thenne they took the wey vnder the Castel, & there they loste the way that sir Galahad rode, and there eueryche of hem departed from other, and sir Gawayne rode tylle he came to an hermytage, and there he fond the good man sayenge his euensonge of our lady, and there syr Gawayne asked herberowe for charyte, and the good man graunted hit hym gladly. Thenne the good man asked hym what he was. Syre he said I am a knyzt of kynge Arthurs that am in the queste of the Sancgreal, and my name is syr Gawayne. Sire sayd the good man I wold wete how it standeth betwixe god and yow. Sir said sir Gawayne I wille with a good will shewe yow my lyf yf hit please yow, and there he tolde the heremyte, how a monke of an Abbay called me wycked knyght, he myght wel saye hit said the heremyte, for whanne ye were fyrste made knyghte ye sholde haue taken yow to knyghtely dedes & vertuous lyuynge, and ye haue done the contrary, for ye haue lyued mescheuously many wynters, & sir Galahad is a mayd and synned neuer, and that is the cause he shalle encheue where he goth, that ye nor none suche shalle not atteyne nor none in your felauship, for ye haue vsed the moost vntruest lyf that euer I herd knyght lyue. For certes had ye not ben so wycked as ye ar, neuer had the seuen bretheren be slayne by yow and your two felawes. For syre Galahad hym self alone bete hem alle seuen the day to forne, but his lyuyng is suche he shal slee no man lyghtely. Also I may say yow the Castel of maidens betokenen the good soules that were in pryson afore the Incarnacyon of Jhesu Cryste. And the seuen knyghtes betokenen the seuen dedely synnes that regned that tyme in the world, & I may lyken the good Galahad vnto the sone of the hyghe fader, that lyghte within a mayde and bought alle the soules oute of thralle. Soo dyd syre Galahad delyuer all the maydens oute of the woful Castel. Now sire Gawayne said the good man, thou must doo penaunce for thy synne. syre what penaunce shalle I do, suche as I wille gyue sayd the good man. Nay said syre Gawayne I may doo no penaunce. For we knyghtes aduenturous ofte suffren grete woo and payne. Wel sayd the good man, and thenne he held his pees. And on the morne syre Gawayne departed from the heremyte, and betaught hym vnto god. And by aduentur he mette with syre Aglouale and syr Gryflet two knyghtes of the table round. And they two rode four dayes withoute fyndynge of ony aduenture, and at the fyfthe day they departed. And eueryche helde as befel them by aduenture.

Here leueth the tale of syr Gawyne and his felawes, and speke we of syr Galahad.

Capitulum xvii.

Soo whanne syr Galahad was departed from the castel of maydens, he rode tyl he came to a waste forest, & there he mette with syre launcelot and syr Percyuale but they knewe hym not, for he was newe desguysed. Ryghte so syr launcelot his fader dressid his spere and brake it vpon syr Galahad, and Galahad smote hym so ageyne that he smote doune hors and man. And thenne he drewe his suerd, and dressid hym vnto syr Percyuale, and smote hym soo on the helme that it rofe to the coyfe of stele, and had not the swerd swarued, syr Percyuale had ben slayne, and with the stroke he felle oute of his sadel. This Justes was done to fore the hermytage where a recluse dwelled. And when she sawe syr galahad ryde, she said god be with the best knyghte of the world. A certes said she alle alowde that Launcelot and Percyuale myzt here it. And yonder two knyghtes had knowen the as wel as I doo they wold not haue encoūtred with the. thenne syr Galahad herd her say so he was adrad to be knowen ther with he smote his hors with his spores and rode a grete paas toward them. Thenne perceyued they bothe that he was Galahad, and vp they gat on their horses, and rode faste after hym but in a whyle he was out of their syghte. And thēne they torned ageyne with heuy chere, lete vs spere some tydynges sayd Percyuale at yonder recluse. Do as ye lyst said syr launcelot. Whanne syr Percyuale came to the recluse she knewe hym wel ynough and syr launcelot bothe, but syr launcelot rode ouerthwart and endlonge in a wylde forest and helde no pathe, but as wyld aduenture led hym. And at the last he came to a stony Crosse whiche departed two wayes in waste land, and by the Crosse was a stone that was of marbel but it was so derke that syr launcelot myghte not wete what it was. Thenne syre Launcelot loked by hym, and sawe an old chappel, & ther he wende to haue fond peple, and sir launcelot teyed his hors tyl a tree, and there he dyd of his sheld, and henge hit vpon a tree. And thenne he wente to the chappel dore and fonde hit waste and broken. And within he fond a fayr aulter ful rychely arayed with clothe of clene sylke, and there stode a fayre clene candelstyk, whiche bare syxe grete candels, and the candel styk was of syluer. And whanne syre launcelot sawe thys lyght, he had grete wylle for to entre in to the chappel, but he coude fynde no place where he myghte entre, thenne was he passynge heuy and desmayed. Thenne he retorned and cam to his hors and dyd of his sadel and brydel, and lete hym pasture, & vnlaced his helme, and vngyrd his swerd and laide hym doune to slepe vpon his shelde to fore the Crosse.

Capitulum xviii.

AND soo he felle on slepe and half wakynge and slepyng he sawe come by hym two palfreys alle fayr & whyte, the whiche bare a lytter, therin lyenge a seke knyghte. And whanne he was nyghe the crosse, he there abode stylle. Alle this syr launcelot sawe, and beheld for he slepte not veryly. and he herd hym saye, O swete lord whanne shal this sorowe leue me, And whanne shalle the holy vessel come by me, where thurgh I shalle be blessid. For I haue endured thus longe, for lytyl trespace. a ful grete whyle complayned the knyght thus, and alweyes syr launcelot herd it. With that syr launcelot sawe the Candelstyk with the syxe tapers come before the Crosse, and he sawe no body that brought it. Also there came a table of syluer and the holy vessel of the Sancgreal whiche launcelot had sene afore tyme in kynge Pescheours hows. And there with the seke knyghte sette hym vp, & helde vp bothe his handes, and said Faire swete lord whiche is here within this holy vessel, take hede vnto me that I may be hole of this maladye. And ther with on his handes and on his knees he wente soo nyghe that he touched the holy vessel, and kyste hit, and anone he was hole, and thenne he sayd lord god I thanke the, for I am helyd of this sekenesse. So whanne the holy vessel had ben there a grete whyle hit wente vnto the Chappel with the chaundeler and the lyght, soo that launcelot wyst not where it was become for he was ouertaken with synne that he had no power to ryse ageyne the holy vessel, wherfor after that many men said of hym shame, but he took repentaunce after that. Thenne the seke knyght dressid hym vp, & kyssed the crosse, anone his squyer brought hym his armes, and asked his lord how he dyd. Certes sayd he I thanke god ryghte wel thurgh the holy vessel I am helyd. But I haue merueil of this slepynge knyghte that had no power to awake whanne this holy vessel was brought hyder. I dare ryzt wel saye, sayd the squyer that he dwelleth in some dedely synne wherof he was neuer confessid. By my feythe said the knyght what someuer he be, he is vnhappy, for as I deme he is of the felauship of the round table, the whiche is entryd in to the quest of the Sancgreal. Sire said the squyer here I haue brought yow alle your armes sauf your helme and your suerd, and therfor by myn assente now maye ye take this knyztes helme and his suerd and so he dyd. And whan he was clene armed, he took syr laũcelots hors, for he was better than his and soo departed they from the Crosse.

Capitulum xix.

THENNE anone syr launcelot waked and sette hym vp and bethought hym what he had sene there, & whether it were dremes or not. Ryght so herd he a voys that said syr launcelot more harder than is the stone, and more bytter than is the wood, and more naked and barer than is the leef of the fygge tree, therfore goo thow from hens, and wythdrawe the from this hooly place. And whanne syre launcelot herd this, he was passynge heuy and wyst not what to do, & so departed sore wepynge, and cursed the tyme that he was borne. For thenne he demed neuer to haue hadde worship more. For tho wordes went to his herte tyl that he knewe wherfor he was called soo. Thenne syre Launcelot wente to the Crosse & fonde his helme, his swerd and his hors taken away. And thenne he called hym self a veray wretche and moost vnhappy of all knyghtes, and there he sayd my synne and my wyckednes haue brought me vnto grete dishonour. For whanne I soughte worldly aduentures for worldly desyres I euer encheued them and had the better in euery place, and neuer was I discomfyt in no quarel were it ryght or wronge. And now I take vpon me the aduentures of holy thynges, & now I see and vnderstande that myn olde synne hyndereth me and shameth me, so that I had no power to stere nor speke whan the holy blood appiered afore me. So thus he sorowed til hit was day, & herd the fowles synge, thenne somwhat he was comforted. But whan syr Launcelot myst his hors and his harneis thenne he wyste wel god was displeasyd with hym. Thenne he departed from the crosse on foote in to a foreste, and soo by pryme he came to an hyghe hylle & fonde an hermytage and an Heremyte theryn whiche was goynge vnto masse. And thenne launcelot kneled doune, & cryed on oure lord mercy for his wycked werkes. Soo whanne masse was done launcelot called hym and prayed hym for charite for to here his lyfe. With a good wil sayd the good man. Sir sayd he be ye of Kyng Arthurs Courte and of the felauship of the round table, ye forsothe and my name is sir Launcelot du lake that hath ben ryght wel said of, and now my good fortune is chaunged. For I am the moost wretche of the world. The Heremyte behelde hym & hadde merueille how he was soo abasshed. Syre said the heremyte ye oughte to thanke god more than ony knyght lyuynge, for he hath caused yow to haue more worldly worship than ony knyghte that now lyueth. And for your presumpcyon to take vpon you in dedely synne for to be in his presence where his flesshe and his blood was, that caused you ye myghte not see hit with worldly eyen, for he wille not appiere where suche synners ben, but yf hit be vnto theire grete hurte & vnto her grete shame, & there is no knyght lyuynge now, that ought to kenne god soo grete thanke as ye, for he hath yeuen yow beaute, semelynes, and grete strengthe aboue all other knyghtes, and therfor ye are the more beholdyng vnto god than ony other man to loue hym and drede hym, for your strength and manhode wille lytel auaylle yow, and god be ageynste yow.

Capitulum xx.

THENNE sir launcelot wepte with heuy chere, and sayd Now I knowe wel ye saye me sothe. Sire sayd the good man, hyde none old synne from me. Truly said syr Launcelot that were me ful lothe to discouere. For this xiiii yere I neuer discouerd one thynge that I haue vsed, and that maye I now wyte my shame and my disauentur. And thenne he told there that good man alle his lyf. And hou he had loued a quene vnmesurably and oute of mesure longe, & alle my grete dedes of armes that I haue done I dyd for the moost party for the quenes sake. And for her sake wold I doo batail were hit ryght or wronge, and neuer dyd I bataille alle only for goddes sake, but for to wynne worshyp and to cause me to be the better biloued, and lytel or noughte I thanked god of hit. Thenne syr launcelot sayd I praye yow, counceylle me. I wille counceyle yow said the heremyte, yf ye wille ensure me that ye will neuer come in that quenes felauship as moche as ye may forbere. And thenne syre launcelot promysed hym he nold by the feithe of his body, loke that your herte and your mouthe accorde said the good man, and I shalle ensure yow ye shalle haue more worship than euer ye had. Holy fader said syre launcelot I merueylle of the voys that sayd to me merueillous wordes as ye haue herd to fore hand, haue ye no merueylle sayd the good man therof, for hit semeth wel god loueth yow, for men maye vnderstande a stone is hard of kynde, and namely one more than another, and that is to vnderstande by the syr launcelot, for thou wylt not leue thy synne for no goodnes that god hath sente the, therfor thou arte more than ony stone, and neuer woldest thow be maade neysshe nor by water nor by fyre. And that is the hete of the holy ghoost maye not entre in the. Now take hede in alle the world men shal not fynde one knyghte to whome oure Lord hath yeuen soo moche of grace as he hath yeuen yow, for he hath yeuen yow fayrenes with semelynes, he hath yeuen the wyt discrecyon to knowe good from euyll, he hath yeuen the prowesse and hardynesse and gyuen the to werke soo largely, that thou hast had at al dayes the better where someuer thow came, and now our lord wille suffre the no lenger, but that thow shalte knowe hym whether thow wilt or nylt. And why the voyce called the bytter than wood, for where ouer moche synne duelleth, there may be but lytel swetnesse, wherfor thow arte lykend to an old roten tree. Now haue I shewed the why thou arte harder than the stone & bytterer than the tree. Now shall I shewe the why thow arte more naked and barer than the fygge tree. It befelle that our lord on palmsondaye preched in Jherusalem, and there he fonde in the people that alle hardnes was herberowed in them, and there he fond in alle the towne not one that wold herberowe hym. And thenne he wente withoute the Towne, and fond in myddes of the way a fygge tree the whiche was ryghte fayr and wel garnysshed of leues, but fruyte had it none. Thenne our lord cursyd the tree that bare no fruyte that betokeneth the fygge tree vnto Jherusalem that had leues and no fruyte. Soo thow syr launcelot whan the hooly Grayle was broughte afore the, he fonde in the noo fruyte, nor good thoughte nor good wille and defowled with lechery. Certes said sir launcelot alle that ye haue said is true. And from hens forward I caste me by the grace of god neuer to be so wycked as I haue ben, but as to folowe knyghthode and to do fetys of armes. Thenne the good man joyned syr launcelot suche penaunce as he myghte doo and to sewe knyghthode, and so assaylled hym, and praid syre launcelot to abyde with hym alle that daye. I wylle wel said syr launcelot, for I haue neyther helme ne hors ne suerd. As for that sayd the good man I shalle helpe yow or to morne at euen of an hors and al that longed vnto yow. And thenne syr laūcelot repented hym gretely.

Here leueth of the history of syr launcelot. And here foloweth of syr Percyual de galys which is the xiiii book.

Capitulum primum.

NOW sayth the tale that whan syr launcelot was ryden after syre Galahad, the whiche had alle these aduentures aboue sayd, Sir Percyual torned ageyne vnto the recluse, where he demed to haue tydynges of that knyzt that Launcelot folowed. And soo he kneled at her wyndow, and the recluse opened hit, and asked syre Percyuale what he wold. Madame he sayd I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs Courte, and my name is syr Percyual de Galys. Whanne the recluse herd his name she had grete Joye of hym, for mykel she had loued hym to forne ony other knyzt, for she ouzt to do so, for she was his aunt. And thenne she commaunded the gates to be opened and there he had alle the chere that she myght make hym and alle that was in her power was at his commaundement. Soo on the morne syr Percyual wente to the recluse, and asked her yf she knewe that knyghte with the whyte shelde. Sir said she why wold ye wete. Truly madame said syr Percyual I shalle neuer be wel at ease tyl that I knowe of that knyghtes felauship, and that I may fyghte with hym, for I maye not leue hym soo lyghtely, for I haue the shame yet. A Percyual sayd she wold ye fyghte with hym. I see wel ye haue grete wylle to be slayne as your fader was thorugh oultrageousnes. Madame sayd syr Percyual hit semeth by your wordes that ye knowe me, ye sayd she, I wel ought to knowe you for I am your aunt, al though I be in a pryory place. For somme called me somtyme the quene of the waste landes, and I was called the quene of moost rychesse in the world, and it pleasyd me neuer my rychesse soo moche as doth my pouerte. Thenne syre Percyual wepte for veray pyte whan that he knewe it was his aunt. A fair neuewe said she whanne herd ye tydynges of your moder. Truly sayd he I herd none of her, but I dreme of her moche in my slepe. And therfore I wote not whether she be dede or on lyue. Certes fayr neuew sayd she, your moder is dede, for after your departynge from her, she took suche a sorowe that anone after she was confessid she dyed. Now god haue mercy on her sowle sayd syr Percyual hit sore forthynketh me, but alle we must chaunge the lyf.

Now fayre Aunt telle me what is the knyghte, I deme hit be he that bare the reed armes on Whytsonday. Wete yow well said she, that this is he, for other wyse oughte he not to doo, but to goo in reed armes, and that same knyghte hath no piere, for he worcheth alle by myracle, and he shalle neuer be ouercome of none erthely mans hand.

Capitulum ii.

Also Merlyn made the round table in tokenyng of roundenes of the world, for by the round table is the world sygnefyed by ryghte. For al the world crysten and hethen repayren vnto the round table. And whan they are chosen to be of the felauship of the roūd table, they thynke hem more blessid & more in worship than yf they had goten halfe the world, and ye haue sene that they haue loste her faders & her moders and alle her kynne and her wyues and her children for to be of your felauship. It is wel sene by yow. For syns ye departed fro your moder, ye wold neuer see her ye fond suche felauship at the roūd table. Whan Merlyn had ordeyned the round table he said by them which shold be felawes of the round table, the trouth of the Sancgreal shold be wel knowen and men asked hym how men myghte knowe them that sholde best do and to encheue the Sancgreal, thenne he said ther shold be thre whyte bulles that shold encheue hit, and the two sholde be maydens, and the thyrd shold be chast. And that one of the thre shold passe his fader as moche as the lyon passeth the lybard bothe of strengthe and hardynes.

They that herd Merlyn saye soo, sayd thus vnto Merlyn, Sythen ther shalle be suche a knyghte thow sholdest ordeyne by thy craftes a sege that no man shold sytte in hit, but he al only that shalle passe alle other knyghtes. Thenne Merlyn ansuerd that he wold doo soo. And thenne he made the sege perillous in the whiche Galahad satte in at his mete on Whytsonday last past. Now madame sayd syr Percyual so moche haue I herd of yow that by my good wylle I wille neuer haue adoo with syr Galahad but by waye of kyndenes, and for goddes loue fayr aunte, can ye teche me some way where I maye fynde hym, for moche wold I loue the felauship of hym. Fair neuewe sayd she ye must ryde vnto a Castel, the whiche is called Goothe, where he hath a cosyn germayn, and ther may ye be lodged this nyghte. And as he techeth you, seweth after as faste as ye can, and yf he can telle yow noo tydynges of hym, ryde streyght vnto the Castel of Carbonek where the maymed kynge is there lyenge, for there shalle ye here true tydynges of hym.

Capitulum Tercium.

THENNE departed syr Percyuale from his aunte eyther makynge grete sorowe. And soo he rode tyl euensonge tyme. And thenne he herd a clok smyte, and thēne he was ware of an hows closed wel with walles and depe dyches, and there he knocked at the gate, and was lete in, and he alyght and was ledde vnto a chamber and soone he was vnarmed. And there he had ryght good chere alle that nyghte, and on the morne he herd his masse, and in the monastery he fonde a preest redy at the aulter. And on the ryght syde he sawe a pewe closyd with yron, and behynde the aulter he sawe a ryche bedde and a fayre as of clothe of sylke and golde. Thenne syr Percyual aspyed that therin was a man or a woman, for the vysage was couerd, thenne he left of his lokyng and herd his seruyse. And whan hit came to the sacrynge, he that lay within that Percloos dressid hym vp and vnoouerd his heede, and thenne hym besemed a passynge old man, and he had a crowne of gold vpon his hede, & his sholders were naked & vnhylled vnto his nauel. And thenne sir Percyual aspyed his body, was ful of grete woundes bothe on the sholders armes and vysage. And euer he held vp his handes ageynst oure lordes body, and cryed, Fair swete fader Jhesu Cryst forgete not me and soo he laye doune, but alwayes he was in his prayers & orysons, and hym semed to be of the age of thre honderd wynter. And whanne the masse was done the preest took oure lordes body, and bare hit to the seke kynge. And whanne he had vsed hit, he dyd of his crowne, and commaunded the crowne to be sette on the aulter. Thenne syr Percyual asked one of the bretheren, what he was. Sire sayd the good man ye haue herd moche of Joseph of Armathye how he was sente by Jhesu Cryst in to this land for to teche and preche the holy cristen feythe, and therfor he suffred many persecucyons the whiche the enemyes of Cryst dyd vnto hym, and in the Cyte of Sarras he conuerted a kynge whos name was Euelake. And so this kynge came with Joseph in to this land, and euer he was besy to be there as the Sancgreal was, and on a tyme he nyghed it soo nyghe that oure lord was displeasyd with hym, but euer he folowed hit more and more, tyl god stroke hym al most blynde. Thenne this kynge cryed mercy, and said, fayre lord lete me neuer dye tyl the good knyghte of my blood of the ix degree be come that I may see hym openly that he shal encheue the Sancgreal that I may kysse hym.

Capitulum Quartum.

Whanne the kynge thus had made his prayers he herd a voys that sayd herd ben thy prayers, for thow shalt not dye tyl he haue kyst the. And whanne that knyzte shalle come the clerenes of your eyen shalle come ageyne, and thow shalt see openly, and thy woundes shalle be heled, & erst shalle they neuer close, and this befelle of kynge Euelake, & this same kynge hath lyued this thre honderd wynters thys holy lyf, and men saye the knyghte is in the Courte that shall hele hym. Sir sayd the good man I praye yow telle me what knyghte that ye be, and yf ye be of kyng Arthurs courte & of the table roūd, ye forsoth said he, & my name is sir percyual de Galys. And whanne the good man vnderstood his name he made grete joy of hym. And thenne syr percyual departed and rode tyl the houre of none, and he mette in a valey about a twenty men of armes whiche bare in a bere a knyghte dedely slayne. And whanne they sawe syr percyuale they asked hym of whens he was, and he ansuerd of the Courte of kyng Arthur, thenne they cryed all at ones slee hym. Thenne syr Percyual smote the fyrst to the erthe and his hors vpon hym. And thenne seuen of the knyghtes smote vpon his sheld al att ones and the remenaunt slewe his hors soo that he felle to the erthe. Soo had they slayne hym or taken hym had not the good knyzte sir Galahad with y^e reed armes come there by aduenture in to tho partyes. And whanne he sawe alle tho knyghtes vpon one knyghte, he cryed saue me that knyghtes lyf. And thenne he dressid hym toward the twenty men of armes as faste as his hors myght dryue with his spere in the reyste, & smote the formest hors and man to the erthe. And whanne his spere was broken, he sette his hand to his suerd and smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand, that it was merueylle to see, and at euery stroke he smote one doune or put hym to a rebuke, soo that they wold fyghte no more but fled to a thyck forest, and syr Galahad folowed them. And whanne sir percyuale sawe hym chase hem soo, he made grete sorowe that hys hors was awey. And thenne he wyst wel it was syre Galahad. And thēne he cryed alowde A fayre knyghte abyde and suffre me to doo thankynges vnto the, for moche haue ye done for me. But euer syr Galahad rode soo fast that atte laste he past oute of his syghte. And as fast as sir percyual myght he went after hym on foote cryenge. And thenne he mette with a yoman rydynge vpon an hakney, the whiche led in his hand a grete stede blacker than ony bere. A fayr frend sayd sir percyuale as euer as I maye doo for yow, and to be your true knyghte in the fyrste place ye wille requyre me that ye wille lene me that black stede that I myghte ouertake a knyghte the whiche rydeth afore me.

Syre knyghte sayd the yoman I praye yow hold me excused of that, for that I maye not doo. For wete ye wel the hors is suche a mans hors that and I lente it yow or ony man that he wold slee me. Allas sayd sir Percyual, I had neuer soo grete sorowe as I haue had for losynge of yonder knyghte. Syr sayd the yoman I am ryghte heuy for yow, for a good hors wold byseme yow wel, but I dar not delyuer you this hors but yf ye wold take hym from me, that wille I not doo sayd syre Percyual, and soo they departed, and syre Percyual sette hym doune vnder a tree, and made sorowe oute of mesure, & as he was there ther came a knyght rydyng on the hors that the yoman lad, and he was clene armed.

Capitulum Quintum.

AND anone the yoman came pryckynge after as fast as euer he myghte, and asked syre Percyuale yf he sawe ony knyghte rydynge on his blak stede, ye sir forsoth, said he, why syr aske ye me that. A syre that stede he hath benome me with strength, wherfor my lord wylle slee me, in what place he fyndeth me. Wel saide syre Percyual what woldest thow that I dyd, thou seest wel that I am on foote, but and I had a good hors, I shold brynge hym soone ageyne. Sir said the yoman take myn hakney and doo the best ye can, and I shall sewe yow on foote to wete how that ye shalle spede. Thenne sir Percyual alyghte vpon that hakney, and rode as faste as he myghte. And at the laste he sawe that knyghte. And thenne he cryed knyghte torne ageyne, and he torned, and set his spere ageynst syr Percyuale, and he smote the hakney in the myddes of the brest that he felle doune dede to the erthe, and there he had a grete falle, and the other rode his waye. And thenne syr Percyual was wood wrothe, and cryed abyde wycked knyghte coward and fals herted knyghte torne ageyne, and fyghte with me on foote, but he ansuerd not, but paste on hys waye. Whanne syr Percyual sawe he wold not torne he caste aweye his helme and suerd, and sayd, now am I a ueray wretche, cursyd, and moost vnhappy aboue all other knyghtes. So in this sorowe he abode all that day tyl hit was nyghte, & thenne he was faynte & leyd hym doun and slepte tyl it was mydnyghte, & thenne he awaked & sawe afore hym a woman whiche sayd vnto hym ryght fyersly, Syre Percyuale what dost thow here, he ansuerd I doo neyther good nor grete ylle. Yf thow wylt ensure me said she that thow wylt fulfylle my wylle, whanne I somone the I shall lene the myn owne hors whiche shalle bere the whyder thou wylt. Syr Percyual was glad of her profer and ensured her to fulfylle alle her desyre. thenne abydeth me here, and I shalle goo fetche yow an hors. And soo she cam soone ageyne and broughte an hors with her that was inly blak. Whan Percyual beheld that hors, he merueylled that it was soo grete and soo wel apparaylled, and not for thenne he was soo hardy, & he lepte vpon hym, & took none hede of hym self. And soo anone as he was vpon hym, he threst to hym with his spores, and soo rode by a forest, and the mone shone clere. And within an houre and lasse he bare hym four dayes journey thens vntyl he came to a rough water the whiche roryd, and his hors wold haue borne hym in to hit.

Capitulum vi.

AND whanne syr Percyuale came nyghe the brymme, & sawe the water so boystous, he doubted to ouerpasse it. And thenne he made a sygne of the crosse in his forheed. Whan the fende felte hym soo charged, he shoke of syr Percyual, and he wente in to the water cryenge and roryng makyng grete sorowe, and it semed vnto hym that the water brente. Thenne sir Percyual perceyued it was a fend the which wold haue brought hym vnto his perdycyon. Thenne he commaunded hymself vnto god, and prayd oure lord to kepe hym from alle suche temptacyons, and so he praid alle that nyghte tyl on the morn that it was day, thenne he sawe that he was in a wylde montayne, the whiche was closed with the see nygh al aboute that he myzt see no land about hym whiche myzte releue hym but wylde beestes. And thenne he went in to a valey, and there he sawe a yonge serpent brynge a yonge lyon by the neck, and soo he came by sir Percyual. With that came a grete lyon cryenge and rorynge after the serpent.

And as fast as syr Percyual sawe thys, he merueylled, & hyhed hym thyder, but anon the lyon had ouertake the serpent and beganne bataille with hym. And thenne syr Percyual thoughte to helpe the lyon for he was the more naturel beeste, of the two, and there with he drewe his suerd, and sette hys shelde afore hym, and ther he gaf the serpent suche a buffet that he had a dedely wound. Whanne the lyon sawe that, he made no resemblaunt to fyghte with hym, but made hym all the chere that a beest myghte make a man. Thenne Percyuale perceyued that and caste doune his sheld, whiche was broken, and thenne he dyd of his helme for to gadre wynde, for he was gretely enchafed with the serpente, and the lyon wente alweye aboute hym fawnynge as a spanyel. And thenne he stroked hym on the neck and on the sholders. And thenne he thanked god of the felauship of that beeste. And aboute none the lyon took his lytel whelp and trussed hym and bare hym there he came fro. Thenne was syr Percyual alone. And as the tale telleth he was one of the men of the world at that tyme, whiche moost byleued in oure lord Jhesu Cryste, for in tho dayes there were but fewe folkes that byleued in god parfytely. For in tho dayes the sone spared not the fader no more than a straunger. And soo syre Percyual comforted hym self in our lord Jhesu, and besoughte god no temptacyon shold brynge hym oute of goddes seruyse, but to endure as his true champyon. Thus whanne syr Percyual had prayd he sawe the lyon came toward hym, and thenne he couched doune at his feete. And soo alle that nyghte the lyon and he slepte to gyders, & whanne syr Percyual slepte, he dremed a merueyllous dreme that there two ladyes mette with hym, and that one sat vpon a lyon, and that other sat vpon a serpent, and that one of hem was yonge and the other was old, and the yongest hym thought said sir Percyual my lord saleweth the, and sendeth the word that thow araye the, and make the redy, for to morne thow must fyghte with the strongest champyon of the world. And yf thow be ouercome, thou shalt not be quyte for losyng of ony of thy membrys, but thow shalt be shamed for euer to the worldes ende. And thenne he asked her what was her lord. And she said the grettest lord of alle the world, and soo she departed sodenly that he wyste not where.

Capitulum vii.

THENNE came forth the other lady that rode vpon the serpent, and she sayd syr Percyual I complayne me of yow that ye haue done vnto me and haue not offended vnto yow. Certes madame he sayd, vnto yow nor no lady I neuer offended. yes sayd she, I shalle telle yow why. I haue nourysshed in this place a grete whyle a serpent whiche serued me a grete whyle, and yesterday ye slewe hym as he gat his pray. Saye me for what cause ye slewe hym, for the lyon was not yours. Madame said syre Percyuale I knowe wel the Lyon was not myn, but I dyd hit, for the lyon is of more gentiller nature than the serpent, and therfor I slewe hym, me semeth, I dyd not amys ageynst yow. Madame sayd he what wold ye that I dyd. I wold sayd she for the amendys of my beste that ye bycome my man, and thenne he ansuerd that wylle I not graunte yow. No sayd she truly ye were neuer but my seruaunt, syn ye receyued the homage of our lord Jhesu crist. Therfor I ensure yow in what place I may fynde yow withoute kepynge I shalle take yow as he that somtyme was my man. And soo she departed from syr Percyual and lefte hym slepynge the whiche was sore trauaylled of his aduysyon, & on the morne he aroos and blessid hym and he was passynge feble. Thenne was sire Percyual ware in the see, and sawe a ship come sayllynge toward hym, and syr Percyual went vnto the shyp and fond hit couerd within and withoute wyth whyte Samyte. And at the bord stood an old man clothed in a surples in lykenes of a preest. Syr said syr Percyuale ye be welcome. god kepe yow sayd the good man. Sir sayd the old man of whens be ye. Syr said sir Percyual I am of kynge Arthurs Courte, and a knyghte of the table Round, the whiche am in the quest of the Sancgreal, and here I am in grete duresse and neuer lyke to escape oute of this wyldernesse. Doubte not sayd the good man and ye be soo true a knyghte, as the ordre of chyualry requyreth, and of herte as ye oughte to be, ye shold not doubte that none enemy shold slay yow. What ar ye said syr Percyuale, syr sayd the old man I am of a straunge countrey, and hyther I come to comforte yow. Syr sayd syr Percyuale what sygnefyeth my dreme that I dremed this nyghte, & there he told hym alle to gyder. She whiche rode vpon the lyon betokeneth the newe lawe of holy chirche that is to vnderstande, fayth, good hope, byleue, and baptym, for she semed yonger than the other. hit is grete reason, for she was borne in the resurection and the passion of our lord Jhesu cryste. And for grete loue*she came to the, to warne the of thy grete bataille that shalle befalle the, with whome sayd syre Percyuale shalle I fyghte, with the moost champyon of the world said the old man, for as the lady sayd, but yf thow quyte the wel thow shalt not be quyte by losynge of one membre, but thow shalt be shamed to the worldes ende. And she that rode on the serpent sygnefyeth the olde lawe, and that serpent betokeneth a fende. And why she blamed the that thow slewest her seruaunt it betokeneth no thyng, the serpent that thow slewest betokeneth the deuylle that thou rodest vp on to the roche. And whan thou madest a sygne of the Crosse, there thow slewest hym, & putte awey his power. And whanne she asked the amendys and to become her man, And thou saydest thou woldest not, that was to make the to bileue on her and leue thy baptym. Soo he commaunded syr Percyuale to departe, and soo he lepte ouer the bord and the ship, and alle wente awey he wyste not whyder. Thenne he wente vp vnto the roche and fonde the lyon whyche alwey kepte hym felaushyp and he stryked hym vpon the bak and had grete joye of hym.

Capitulum viii.

By that syr Percyuale had abyden there tyl myddaye, he sawe a shyp came rowyng in the see as all the wynd of the world had dryuen hit. And soo it drof vnder that roche. And whanne syr

Percyual sawe this, he hyhed hym thyder, and fonde the ship couerd with sylke more blacker than ony beare, and therin was a gentilwoman of grete beaute, and she was clothed rychely that none myghte be better. And whanne she sawe syr Percyuale, she saide who broughte yow in this wyldernes where ye be neuer lyke to passe hens, for ye shal dye here for hongre and meschyef. Damoysel saide syr Percyuale I serue the best man of the world, and in his seruyse he wille not suffre me to dye, for who that knocketh shal entre, and who that asketh shalle haue, and who that seketh hym, he hydeth hym not. But thenne she said syr Percyual wote ye what I am, ye sayd he. Now who taughte yow my name said she. Now sayd syre Percyuale I knowe you better than ye wene. And I came oute of the waste forest where I fond the reed knyghte with the whyte sheld sayd the damoysel. A damoysel said he with that knyghte wold I mete passyng fayn. Sir knyghte said she, and ye wille ensure me by the feyth that ye owe vnto knyghthode that ye shalle doo my wylle what tyme I somone yow, and I shalle brynge yow vnto that knyzt, ye said he, I shalle promyse yow to fulfylle your desyre. Well said she now shal I telle yow, I sawe hym in the foreste chacynge two knyghtes vnto a water the whiche is called mortayse and they drofe hym in to that water, for drede of dethe, and the two knyghtes passed ouer, and the reed knyghte passed after, and there his hors was drenched, and he thorou grete strengthe escaped vnto the land, thus she told hym, and syr Percyuale was passynge glad therof. Thenne she asked hym yf he had ete ony mete late. Nay madame truly I ete no mete nyghe this thre dayes, but late here I spak with a good man that fedde me with his good wordes and hooly, and refresshyd me gretely. A syr knyghte said she that same man is an enchaunter and a multyplyer of wordes. For and ye byleue hym ye shall playnly be shamed & dye in this roche for pure honger and be eten with wylde beestes and ye be a yong man and a goodly knyghte, and I shalle helpe yow & ye wil. What are ye said syr Percyual that profered me thus grete kyndenes. I am said she a gentylwoman that am disheryted, whiche was somtyme the rychest woman of the world. Damoysel said syr Percyual who hath disheryted yow, for I haue grete pyte of yow. Sir said she I dwellid with the grettest man of the world and he made me so fayre and clere that ther was none lyke me, and of that grete beaute I had a lytil pryde more than I ought to haue had. Also I sayd a word that pleasyd hym not. And thenne he wold not suffre me to be ony lenger in his company, and soo drofe me from myn herytage, and soo disheryted me, and he had neuer pyte of me nor of none of my counceylle, nor of my Courte. And sythen sir knyght hit hath befallen me soo, and thurgh me and myn I haue benome hym many of his men, and many hem to become my men. For they aske neuer no thyng of me but I gyue hit hem that and moche more. Thus I and al my seruauntes were ayenst hym nyghte and daye. Therfore I knowe now no good knyzt nor noo good man but I gete hem on my syde and I maye. And for that I knowe that thow arte a good knyzt, I byseche yow to helpe me. And for ye be a felawe of the round table wherfore ye oughte not to fayle noo gentylwoman whiche is disheryted, and she besought yow of helpe.

Capitulum ix.

Thenne syr Percyual promysed her alle the helpe that he myghte. And thenne she thanked hym. And at that tyme the wheder was hote, thenne she called vnto her a gentylwoman and badde her brynge forth a pauelione. And soo she dyd, and pyght hit vpon the grauel. Sire sayd she, Now maye ye reste yow in this hete of the day. Thenne he thanked her, and she put of his helme and his sheld, and there he slepte a grete whyle. And thenne he awoke, and asked her, yf she had ony mete, and she sayd ye, also ye shalle haue ynough, and soo there was sette ynough vpon the table, and theron soo moche y^t^ he had merueil, for there was all maner of metes y^t^ he coude thynke on. Also he dranke ther the strengest wyn that euer he dranke, hym thoughte, and there with he was a lytel chafed more than he oughte to be, with that he beheld the gentilwoman, and hym thought, she was the fayrest creature that euer he sawe. And thenne syre Percyual proferd her loue and prayd her that she wold be his. Thenne she refused hym in a maner whan he requyred her for the cause he shold be the more ardent on her, and euer he seased not to pray her of loue. And whanne she sawe hym wel enchauffed, thenne she sayd syr Percyuale wete yow wel I shall not fulfylle youre wylle, but yf ye swere from hensforth ye shalle be my true seruaunt, and to doo no thynge but that I shalle commaunde yow. Wyl ye ensure me this as ye be a true knyghte, ye sayd he fayr lady by the feythe of my body. Wel sayd she now shal ye doo with me what soo hit please yow, and now wete ye well, ye are the knyghte in the world that I haue moost desyre to. And thenne two squyers were commaunded to make a bed in myddes of the pauelione. And anone she was vnclothed & leyd therin. And thenne syre Percyual leyd hym doune by her naked, and by aduenture and grace he sawe his swerd lye on the ground naked, in whos pomel was a reede crosse and the sygne of the crucyfyxe therin, and bethoughte hym on his knyghthode and his promyse made to fore hand vnto the good man, thenne he made a sygne of the crosse in his forhede, & there with the paueliona torned vp so doune, and thenne it chaunged vnto a smoke, and a blak clowde, and thenne he was adradde and cryed alowde.

Capitulum x.

Fayr swete fader Jhesu Cryste ne lete me not be shamed, the whiche was nyghe lost had not thy good grace ben. And thenne he loked in to a shyp, and sawe her entre therin, whiche sayd sir Percyual ye haue bitrayed me, and soo she wente with the wynde rorynge and yellynge that it semed alle the water brent after her. Thenne syr percyual made grete sorowe, and drewe his suerd vnto hym, sayẽg sythen my flessh will be my maister I shalle punysshe it, and there with he rofe hym self thurgh the thygh that the blood starte aboute hym, & said O good lord take this in recompensacion of that I haue done ageynst the my lord. Soo thenne he clothed hym and armed hym, and called hym self a wretche, sayenge, how nyghe was I lost, and to haue loste that I sholde neuer haue geten ageyne, that was my vyrgynyte, for that maye neuer be recouerd after hit is ones lost, and thenne he stopped his bledyng wounde with a pyece of his sherte. Thus as he made his mone he saw the same shyp come fro Oryent that the good man was in the day afore, and the noble knyzt was ashamed with hym selfe, & there with he felle in a swoune. And whan he awoke he went vnto hym wekely and there he salewed this good man. And thenne he asked syr Percyual how hast thow done sythe I departed. Sir said he, here was a gentylwoman and ledde me in to dedely synne. And there he told hym all to gyders. Knewe ye not the mayde sayd the good man. Syr said he nay but wel I wote the fende sente her hyther to shame me. O good knyghte sayd he thow arte a foole, for that gentilwoman was the maister fende of helle, the whiche hath power aboue alle deuyls, and that was the old lady that thow sawest in thyn aduysyon rydynge on the serpent. Thenne he told syr Percyuale how our lord Jhesu Cryst bete hym oute of heuen for his synne the whiche was the moost bryghtest angel of heuen, & therfore he loste his herytage, and that was the champyon that thow foughtest with alle, the which had ouercome the, had not the grace of god ben. Now beware syre Percyuale and take thys for an Ensample, and thenne the good man vanysshed awey. Thenne sire Percyual took his armes, and entryd in to the shyp, and soo departed from thens.

Here endeth the fourtenthe booke, whiche is of syr percyual. And here foloweth of syre launcelot whiche is the fyftenth book.

Capitulum primum.

WHANNE the Heremyte had kepte syr Launcelot thre dayes, the heremyte gate hym an hors, an helme, and a suerd. And thenne he departed aboute the houre of none. And thenne he saw a lytel hows. And whanne he came nere, he sawe a Chappel, and there besyde he sawe an old man that was clothed al in whyte ful rychely, and thenne sire launcelot saide god saue yow, god kepe yow sayd the good man, and make yow a good knyghte. Thenne syr Launcelot alyghte and entred in to the Chappel, and there he sawe an old man dede in a whyte shert of passyng fyne clothe. Sir said the good man this man that is dede oughte not to be in suche clothynge as ye see hym in, for in that he brake the othe of hys ordre. For he hath ben more than an C wynter a man of a relygyon. And thenne the good man and sire Launcelot wente in to the Chappel, and the good man tooke a stole aboute hys neck and a book, and thenne he coniured on that book, & with that they sawe in an hydous fygure & horryble, that there was no man soo hard herted nor soo hard but he shold haue ben aferd. Thenne saide the fende thow hast trauaylled me gretely. Now telle me what thou wilt with me. I wille saide the good man that thow telle me how my felawe became dede, & whether he be saued or dampned. Thenne he said with an horryble voys, he is not lost but saued, how may that be sayd the good man. It semed to me that he lyued not wel, for he brake his ordre for to were a sherte, where he oughte to were none. And who that trespaceth ageynst our ordre dothe not wel. Not soo sayd the fende this man that lyeth here dede was come of a grete lygnage, and there was a lord that hyghte the erle de Vale that helde grete werre ageynste this mans neuewe the whiche hyghte Aguarus. And soo this Aguarus sawe the Erle was byggar than he. Thenne he wente for to take counceylle of his vnkel the which lyeth here dede as ye maye see.

And thenne he asked leue & wente oute of his heremytage for to mayntene his neuewe ageynst the myghty Erle, and so hit happed that this man that lyeth here dede dyd so moche by his wysedome and hardynes that the Erle was take and thre of his lordes by force of this dede man.

Capitulum ii.

THENNE was there pees betwyxe the Erle and this Aguarus, & grete seurte that the erle shold neuer werre ageynst hym. Thenne this dede man that here lyeth came to this heremytage ageyne. And thenne the erle made two of his neuewes for to be auenged vpon this man. Soo they came on a day, and fonde this dede man at the sacryng of his masse, and they abode hym tyl he had sayd masse. And thenne they set vpon hym and drewe oute swerdes to haue slayne hym. But there wold no suerd byte on hym more than vpon a gad of stele for the hyghe lord whiche he serued, he hym preserued.

Thenne made they a grete fyre and dyd of alle his clothes and the hayre of his bak. And thenne this dede man heremyte sayd vnto them, wene ye to brenne me, it shalle not lye in your power nor to perysshe me as moche as a threde & there were ony on my body. Noo sayd one of them, hit shalle be assayed, & thenne they dispoylled hym, and putte vpon hym this sherte, and cast hym in a fyre, and there he laye all that nyzt tyl hit was daye in that fyre and was nót dede, and soo in the morn I came and fond hym dede, but I fond neyther threde nor skynne tamyd, & soo tooke hym oute of the fyre with grete fere and leyd hym here as ye may see. And now may ye suffer me to goo my way, for I haue sayd yow the sothe. And thenne he departed with a grete tempest. Thenne was the good man and syr launcelot more gladder than they were to fore. And thenne syr launcelot dwelled with that good man that nyght. Sire said the good man be ye not sir launcelot du lake, ye sire said he, What seke ye in this countrey, syr sayd syr launcelot I goo to seke the aduentures of the Sancgreal. Wel sayd he seke it ye may wel. But though it were here ye shalle haue noo power to see hit no more than a blynd man shold see a bryzte suerd, and that is longe on your synne, and els ye were more abeler than ony man lyuynge. And thenne sir launcelot began to wepe. Thenne sayd the good man were ye confessid syth ye loetryd in to the quest of the Sancgreal, ye sir sayd syr launcelot. Thenne vpon the morne whanne the good man had songe his masse, thenne they buryed the dede man. Thenne syr launcelot sayd, fader what shalle I doo. Now sayd the good man, I requyre yow take this hayre that was this holy mans and putte it nexte thy skynne, and it shalle preuaylle the gretely, syr and I wille doo hit sayd sir launcelot. Also I charge you that ye ete no flesshe as longe as ye be in the quest of the sancgreal, nor ye shalle drynke noo wyne, and that ye here masse dayly and ye may doo hit. Soo he took the hayre and putte hit vpon hym and soo departed at euensonge tyme. And soo rode he in to a foreste, and there he mette with a gentylwoman rydynge vpon a whyte palfrey, and thenne she asked hym syre knyght whyder ryde ye. Certes damoysel sayd launcelot I wote not whyder I ryde but as fortune ledeth me. A syre launcelot said she, I wote what aduenture ye seke, for ye were afore tyme nerer than ye be now, and yet shalle ye see hit more openly than euer ye dyd, and that shalle ye vnderstande in shorte tyme. Thenne syr launcelot asked her where he myghte be herberowed that nyghte, ye shalle not fynde this day nor nyghte but to morne ye shal fynde herberowe good and ease of that ye be in doubte of. And thenne he commaunded her vnto god. Thenne he rode tyl that he cam to a crosse and took that for his hoost as for that nyghte.

Capitulum Tercium.

And soo he putte his hors to pasture, and dyd of hys helme and his shelde and made his prayers vnto the Crosse that he neuer falle in dedely synne ageyne. And soo he leyd hym doune to slepe. And anone as he was on slepe, hit befelle hym there an aduysyon, that there came a man afore hym alle by compas of sterres, and that man had a crowne of gold on his hede, and that man ledde in his felaushyp seuen kynges and two knyghtes. And alle these worshipped the Crosse knelyng vpon their knees, holdyng vp their handes toward the heuen. And alle they sayd fair swete fader of heuen come and vysyte vs and yelde vnto vs eueryche as we haue deserued. Thenne loked launcelot vp to the heuen, and hym semed the cloudes dyd open, and an old man came doun with a company of angels, and alyghte amonge them, & gafe vnto eueryche his blessynge and called them his seruauntes, and good and true knyghtes. And whanne this old man had sayd thus he came to one of tho knyghtes and sayd I haue lost alle that I haue sette in the. For thou hast rulyd the ageynste me as a warryour and vsed wrong werres with vayne glory more for the pleasyr of the world than to please me, therfor thow shalt be confounded withoute thow yelde me my tresour. Alle this aduysyon sawe sir Launcelot at the Crosse. And on the morne he took his hors and rode tyl mydday, and there by aduenture he mette with the same knyght that took his hors, helme and his suerd whan he slepte whan the Sancgreal appiered afore the crosse. Whanne sire launcelot sawe hym, he salewed hym not fayre but cryed on hyghe, knyghte kepe the, for thow hast done to me grete vnkyndenes. And thenne they put afore them their speres, and sir launcelot come soo fyersly vpon hym, that he smote hym and his hors doune to the erthe, that he had nyghe broken his neck. Thenne sir Launcelot tooke the knyghtes hors that was his owne afore hand, and descended from the hors he sat vpon and mounted vpon his own hors and teyed the knyghtes owne hors to a tree that he myght fynde that hors whanne that he was arysen.

Thenne sir launcelot rode tyl nyghte, and by aduentur he met an heremyte, and eche of hem salewed other, and there he rested with that good man alle nyght, and gaf his hors suche as he myghte gete. Thenne sayde the good man vnto Launcelot, of whens be yē, syr sayd he I am of Arthurs courte, and my name is sir launcelot du lake, that am in the Quest of the Sancgreal. And therfor I pray yow to counceylle me of a vysyon the whiche I hadde at the Crosse. And soo he tolde hym alle.

Capitulum quartum.

Loo sir launcelot said the good man, there thou myztest vnderstande the hyghe lygnage that thou art comen of. And thyne aduysyon betokeneth after the passion of Jhesu Criste fourty yere Joseph of Armathye preched the vyctory of kynge Euelake, that he had in the batails the better of his enemyes and of the seuen kynges and the two knyghtes, the fyrst of hem is called Nappus an holy man, and the second hyghte Nacyen in remembraunce of his graunte syre, and in hym dwelled oure lord Jhesu Cryst. And the thyrd was called Hellyas le grose, and the fourth hyght Lysays, and the fyfthe hyghte Jonas, he departed out of his countrey and went in to Walys, and toke there the doughter of Manuel, where by he had the lond of Gaule, and he came to dwelle in this countrey. And of hym came kynge launcelot thy graūte syre, the whiche there wedded the kynges doughter of Irland and he was as worthy a man as thow art, and of hym cam kynge Ban thy fader the which was the last of the seuen kynges. And by the sir launcelot hit sygnefyeth that the angels sayd thou were none of the seuen felauships. And the laste was the ix knyght, he was sygnefyed to a lyon, for he shold passe all maner of erthely knyghtes, that is syre Galahad, the whiche thow gate on kynge Pelles doughter, and thou ought to thanke god more than ony other man lyuynge, for of a synner erthely thow hast no piere as in knyghthode nor neuer shalle be. But lytyl thanke hast thou gyuen to god for al the grete vertues that god hath lent the.

Syr said Launcelot ye saye that that good knyzt is my sone. That ouztest thow to knowe and no man better said the good man. For thow knewest the doughter of kyng Pelles flesshely, and on her thow begattest Galahad. And that was he that at the feest of Pentecost satte in the sege peryllous. And therfore make thow hit knowen openly that he is one of thy begetynge on kynge Pelles doughter, for that wyl be youre worship and honour and to alle thy kynred. And I coūceyle yow in no place prece not vpon hym to haue adoo with hym. Wel sayd launcelot, me semeth that good knyghte shold praye for me vnto the hyghe fader, that I falle not to synne ageyne. Trust thow wel sayd the good man thou faryst mykel the better for his prayer, but the sone shall not bere the wyckednes of the fader. Nor the fader shalle not bere the wyckednes of the sone, but eueryche shalle bere his owne burthen. And therfor beseke thow only god, and he wylle helpe the in alle thy nedes. And thenne syr launcelot and he wente to souper, and soo leyd hym to rest, and the hayre prycked so syr launcelots skynne whiche greued hym ful sore, but he toke hit mekely, and suffred the payne. And soo on the morne, he herd his masse and took his armes, and soo toke his leue.

Capitulum Quintum.

And thenne mounted vpon his hors, and rode in to a forest, and helde no hyhe waye. And as he loked afore hym, he sawe a fayre playne, and besyde that a fayre Castel, & afore the Castel were many pauelions of sylke & of dyuerse hewe. And hym semed that he sawe there fyue honderd knyztes rydynge on horsbak, and there were two partyes, they that were of the Castel were all in blak horses and their trappours blak, and they that were withoute were al on whyte horses & trappours, and eueryche hurteled to other that it merueylled syr launcelot. And at the laste hym thoughte they of the castel were putte to the werse. Thenne thoughte sir launcelot for to helpe there the weyker party in encrecynge of his chyualry. And soo syr launcelot threst in among the party of the Castel and smote doune a knyghte hors and man to the erthe. And thenne he rasshed here and there and dyd merueyllous dedes of armes. And thenne he drewe oute his suerd, and strake many knyghtes to the erthe, so that alle tho that sawe hym merueylled that euer one knyghte myghte doo soo grete dedes of armes. But alweyes the whyte knyghtes helde them nyghe aboute syr launcelot for to tyere hym and wynde hym.

But att the laste as a man may not euer endure syre Launcelot waxed so faynt of fyztyng & trauaillyng & was so wery of his grete dedes, but he myghte not lyfte vp his armes for to gyue one stroke so that he wende neuer to haue borne armes, & thenne they alle took and ledde hym awey in to a forest, and there made hym to alyghte & to reste hym. And thenne all the felaushyp of the castel were ouercome for the defaute of hym. Thenne they sayd alle vnto syr launcelot blessid be god, that ye be now of oure felaushyp, for we shalle holde yow in oure pryson, and soo they lefte hym with fewe wordes. And thenne syr launcelot made grete sorowe, for neuer or now was I neuer at turnement nor justes but I had the best, and now I am shamed, and thenne he sayd now I am sure that I am more synfuller than euer I was, thus he rode sorowynge, and half a day he was oute of despayre, tyl that he came in to a depe valey. And whanne syr launcelot sawe he myghte not ryde vp in to the montayne, he there alyghte vnder an Appel tree, and there he lefte his helme and his shelde, and put his hors vnto pasture. And thenne he leid hym doune to slepe. And thenne hym thoughte there came an old man afore hym, the whiche sayd A launcelot of euylle feythe and poure byleue, wherfor is thy wille tourned soo lyghtely toward thy dedely synne. And whanne he had sayd thus, he vanysshed away, & launcelot wyst not where he was become. Thenne he tooke his hors and armed hym. And as he rode by the way he sawe a chappel where was a recluse whiche hadde a wyndowe that she myghte see vp to the Aulter. And alle aloude she called launcelot, for that he semed a knyghte erraunt. And thenne he came and she asked hym what he was, and of what place, & where aboute he wente to seke.

Capitulum Sextum.

And thenne he told her alle to gyder word by word and the trouthe how it befelle hym at the turnement. And after told her his aduysyon that he had had that nyghte in his slepe, and prayd her to telle hym what hit myght mene, for he was not wel contente with hit.

A Launcelot sayd she as longe as ye were knyghte of erthely knyghthode, ye were the moost merueillous man of the world and moost aduenturous. Now said the lady sythen ye be sette amonge the knyghtes of heuenly aduentures, yf aduenture felle the contrary at that turnement, haue thou no merueille, for that turnement yesterdaye was but a tokenynge of oure lord. And not for thenne there was none enchauntement for they at the turnement were erthely knyghtes. The turnemēt was a token to see who shold haue most knyghtes outher Elyazar the sone of kynge Pelles or Argustus the sone of kynge Harlon. But Elyazar was alle clothed in whyte. And Argustus was couerd in blak the whiche were comen. Alle what this betokeneth I shalle telle yow. The daye of Pentecost whan kynge Arthur helde his court, it befelle that erthely kynges and knyghtes toke a turnement to gyders, that is to say the quest of the Sancgreal. The erthely knyghtes were they, the whiche were clothed al in black, and the couerynge betokeneth the synnes wherof they be not confessid. And they with the couerynge of whyte betokeneth vyrgynyte, and they that chosen chastyte. And thus was the quest begonne in them. Thenne thow behelde the synners and the good men, and when thow sawest the synners ouercomē, thow enclynest to that party for bobaunce and pryde of the world, and alle that must be lefte in that quest. For in this quest thow shalte haue many felawes and thy betters. For thow arte soo feble of euylle truste and good byleue, this made hit whan thou were there where they took the, and ledde the in to the forest. And anone there appiered the Sancgreal vnto the whyte knyghtes, but thow was soo feble of good byleue and feyth that thou myghtest not abyde hit for alle the techynge of the good man, but anone thou tornest to the synners, and that caused thy mysauenture that thow sholdest knowe good from euylle, and vayne glory of the world, the whiche is not worth a pere. And for grete pryde thou madest grete sorow that thou haddest not ouercome alle the whyte knyghtes with the keueryng of whyte by whome was betokeneth vyrgynyte & chastyte, & therfor god was wroth with yow, for god loueth no suche dedes in this quest, & this aduision signefyeth y^{t} thou were of euil feythe and of poure byleue, the whiche wille make the to falle in to the depe pytte of helle yf thow kepe the not.

Now haue I warned the of thy vayne glory, and of thy pryde, that thow hast many tymes erryd ageynst thy maker beware of euerlastynge payne, for of alle erthely knyghtes I haue moost pyte of the, for I knowe wel thow hast not thy pyere of ony erthely synful man. And soo she commaunded syr launcelot to dyner. And after dyner he toke his hors and commaunded her to god, and soo rode in to a depe valeye, and there he sawe a ryuer and an hyhe montayn. And thorou the water he must nedes passe, the whiche was hydous, and thenne in the name of god he took hit with good herte. And when he came ouer, he sawe an armed knyghte hors and man black as ony beare withoute ony word he smote syr launcelots hors to the erthe, and soo he passed on he wyst not where he was become. And thenne he took his helme and his shelde, & thanked god of his aduenture.

Here leueth of the story of syr launcelot. And speke we of sir Gawayne,
the whiche is the xvi book.

Capitulum primum.

WHANNE sire Gawayne was departed from his felaushyp, he rode long withoute ony aduenture. For he fond not the tenth parte of aduenture as he was wonte to doo. For syre Gawayn rode from Whytsontyde vntyl Mychelmasse And fonde none aduenture that pleasyd hym. Soo on a daye it befelle Gawayne mette with sir Ector de marys, and eyther made grete joye of other, that it were merueylle to telle. And soo they told eueryche other and complayned them gretely that they coude fynde none aduenture.

Truly sayd syre Gawayne vnto syre Ector I am nyghe wery of this quest, and loth I am to folowe further in straũge Countreyes, one thynge merueilled me sayd syre Ector I haue mette with twenty knyghtes felawes of myn, and al they complayne as I doo. I haue merueille said syr Gawayne where that syr launcelot your broder is. Truly said sire Ector I can not here of hym nor of syr Galahad, Percyuale nor syr Bors. lete hem be sayd syre Gawayne, for they foure haue no pyeres. And yf one thyng were not in syr launcelot, he had no felawe of none erthely man, but he is as we be, but yf he took more payne vpon hym. But and these four be mette to gyders, they wille be lothe that ony man mete with hem, for and they fayle of the Sancgreal, hit is in waste of alle the remenaunt to recouer hit. Thus as Ector and Gawayne rode more than eyghte dayes. And on a saterday they fond an old chappel the whiche was wasted that there semed no man thyder repayred, and there they alyghte, and sette their speres att the dore, and in they entryd in to the chappel, and there made their orysons a grete whyle. And thenne sette hem doune in the seges of the chappel. And as they spak of one thyng and other, for heuynes they felle on slepe, and there befelle hem both merueyllous aduentures. Sir Gawayn hym semed he cam in to a medowe ful of herbes and floures. And there he sawe a rake of bulles an honderd and fyfty that were prowd & blak sauf thre of hem were al whyte and one had a blak spot, and the other two were soo fayre and soo whyte that they myght be no whyter. And these thre bulles whiche were soo fayre were teyed with two stronge cordes. And the remenaunt of the bulles sayd among hem goo we hens to seke better pasture, and so some wente, and some came ageyne, but they were so lene that they myghte not stande vp ryghte, and of the bulles that were soo whyte that one came ageyne and no mo. But whan this whyte bulle was come ageyne amonge these other, there rose vp a grete crye for lack of wynde y^{t} fayled them. And so they departed one here and another there, this aduysyon befelle Gawayne that nyght.

Capitulum secundum.

BUT to Ector de marys befelle another vysyon the contrary. For hit semed hym that his broder syre launcelot and he alyghte oute of a chayer and lepte vpon ii horses, and the one sayde to the other go we seke that we shal not fynde, and hym thoughte that a man bete syr launcelot, and despoylled hym, and clothed hym in another aray the whiche was al ful of knottes, and sette hym vpon an asse, and so he rode tyll he cam to the fayrest welle that euer he sawe, and syre Laūcelot alyghte and wold haue dronke of that welle. And whan he stouped to drynke of the water the water sanke from hym. And whanne syre launcelot sawe that he torned and wente thyder as the hede came fro. And in the meane whyle he trowed that hym self and syr Ector rode tyl that they cam to a ryche mans hows where there was a weddynge. And there he sawe a kynge, the whiche sayd syr knyghte here is no place for yow, and thenne he torned ageyne vnto the chayer that he came fro. Thus within a whyle bothe Gawayne and Ector awaked, and eyther told other of their aduysyon, the whiche merueylled them gretely. Truly sayd Ector I shalle neuer be mery tyl I here tydynges of my broder launcelot.

Now as they sat thus talkyng they sawe an hand shenyng vnto the elbowe, and was couerd with reed Samyte. And vpon that henge a brydel not ryght ryche, and helde within the fyst a grete candel whiche brenned ryght clere, and soo passed afore them, and entryd in to the chappel, and thēne vanysshed awey and they wyst not where. And anone came doune a voyse whiche sayd knyghtes ful of euylle feyth and of poure byleue these two thynges haue fayled yow, and therfor ye may not come to the aduentures of the sancgreal. Thenne fyrst spak Gawayne and sayd Ector haue ye herd these wordes, ye truly said sir Ector I herd alle. Now goo we sayd syre Ector vnto some heremyte that wille telle vs of our aduysyon, for hit semeth me we labour alle in vayne, and soo they departed and rode in to a valeye and there mette with a squyer whiche rode on an hakney, and they salewed hym fayre. Sire sayd Gawayne can thou teche vs to ony heremyte. Here is one in a lytel montayne, but hit is soo rough there may no hors go thyder, and therfore ye muste goo vpon foote, there shalle ye fynde a poure hows, and there is nacyen the heremyte whiche is the holyest man in this countrey, and so they departed eyther from other. And thenne in a valey they mette with a knyghte al armed whiche profered hem to juste as fer as he sawe them. In the name of god sayd syr Gawayne, sythe I departed from camelot, there was none profered me to juste but ones, and now Sir said Ector lete me juste with hym. Nay sayd Gawayne ye shalle not, but yf I be bete, hit shalle not forthynke me thenne yf ye goo after me. And thenne eyther enbraced other to juste and came to gyders as fast as their horses myghte renne, and brast their sheldes and the mayles, and the one more than the other, and Gawayne was wounded in the lyfte syde, but the other knyghte was smyten thorou the brest, and the spere cam oute on the other syde, and soo they felle bothe oute of their sadels, and in the fallynge they brak bothe their speres. Anone Gawayne aroos and sette his hand to his suerd, and caste his shelde afore hym. But alle for nought was it, for the knyght had no power to aryse ageyne hym. Thenne said gawayne ye must yelde you as an ouercome mā, or els I may slee you. A sir knyghte sayd he I am but dede, for goddes sake and of your gentilnes lede me here vnto an Abbay that I may receyue my creatour. Syre sayd Gawayne I knowe no hows of relygyon here by. Syr sayd the knyghte sette me on an hors to fore yow, and I shalle teche yow. Gawayne sette hym vp in the sadel, and he lepte vp behynde hym for to sustene hym, and soo came to an Abbay where they were wel receyued, and anone he was vnarmed, and receyued his creatour. Thenne he prayd Gawayne to drawe out the truncheon of the spere oute of his body. Thenne Gawayne asked hym what he was that knewe hym not. I am sayd he of kynge Arthurs courte, & was a felawe of the round table, and we were bretheren sworne to gyders, and now syr Gawayne thow hast slayne me, and my name is Uwayne les auoultres that somtyme was sone vnto kynge Uryens, and was in the quest of the Sancgreal, & now forgyue it the god, for hit shal euer be sayd that the one sworn broder hath slayne thother.

Capitulum Tercium.

ALLAS sayd Gawayne that euer this mysauenture is befallen me. No force sayd Uwayne sythe I shalle dye this deth, of a moche more worshypfuller mans hand myghte I not dye, but whanne ye come to the Court, recommaunde me vnto my lord kynge Arthur and alle tho that ben lefte on lyue, and for old brotherhode thynke on me. Thenne beganne Gawayne to wepe and Ector also. And thenne Uwayne hym self and syre Gawayne drewe oute the truncheon of the spere, and anone departed the soule from the body. Thēne sir Gawayne and sir Ector beryed hym as men oughte to berye a kynges sone, and made wryten vpon his name, & by whome he was slayne. Thenne departed Gawayne and Ector as heuy as they myghte for their mysauentur, and so rode til that they came to the rouz montayne, and there they teyed their horses and wente on foote to the heremytage. And whanne they were come vp, they sawe a poure hows, & besyde the chappel a lytyl courtelage, where Nacyen the heremyte gadred wortes as he whiche had tasted none other mete of a grete whyle. And whanne he sawe the erraunt knyghtes, he came toward them and salewed them, and they hym ageyne. Faire lordes said he what aduentur brought yow hyther. Syr said Gawayn to speke with yow for to be confessid. Sir said the heremyte I am redy. thenne they told hym soo moche that he wyst well what they were. And thenne he thoughte to counceylle hem yf he myght: Thenne began gawayne fyrst & told hym of his aduysyon that he had had in the Chappel, and Ector told hym alle as it is afore reherced. Sir said the heremyte vnto sir Gawayne the fayr medowe and the rak therin ought to be vnderstande the round table, and by the medowe oughte to be vnderstande humylyte and pacyence, tho ben the thynges whiche ben alweyes grene and quyck, for men maye no tyme ouercome humylyte and pacyence, therfor was the round table foūden, and the Chyualry hath ben at alle tymes, soo by the fraternyte whiche was there that she myght not be ouercomen. For men sayd she was founded in pacyence and in humylyte. at the Rake ete an honderd and fyfty bulles, but they ete not in the medowe, for their hertes shold be sette in humylyte and pacyence, and the bulles were prowde and blak sauf ony thre. By the bulles is to vnderstande the felaushyp of the round table whiche for their synne and their wyckednes ben black. Blaknes is to saye withoute good or vertuous werkes, and the thre bulles which were whyte sauf only one that was spotted. The two whyte bitokenen syr Galahad and sir percyual for they be maydens clene and withoute spotte. And the thyrd that had a spot sygnefyeth syr Bors de ganys, which trespaced but ones in his vyrgynyte, but sythen he kept hym self so wel in chastyte that alle is forgyuen hym and his mysdedes. And why tho thre were teyed by the neckes, they be thre knyghtes in vyrgynyte and chastyte, and there is no pryde smyten in them. And the blak bulles whiche sayd goo we hens, they were tho whiche at Pentecost atte the hyhe feest took vpon hem to goo in the quest of the Sancgreal, withoute confession they myghte not entre in the medowe of humylyte and pacyence. And therfor they retorned in to waste countreyes, that sygnefyeth dethe, for there shalle dye many of them, eueryche of them shalle slee other for synne, and they that shalle escape, shalle be soo lene that hit shalle be merueylle to see them. And of the thre bulles withoute spotte, the one shalle come ageyne, and the other two neuer.

Capitulum Quartum.

Thenne spak Nacyen vnto Ector sothe hit is that launcelot and ye came doune of one chayer, the chayer betokeneth maistership and lordshyp whiche ye came doune fro. But ye two knyghtes sayd the heremyte ye goo to seke that ye shalle neuer fynde that is the Sancgreal. For hit is the secrete thynge of oure lord Jhesu Cryste. What is to meane that syre Launcelot felle doune of his hors, he hath left pryde, and taken hym to humylyte, for he hath cryed mercy lowde for his synne and sore repented hym, and our lorde hath clothed hym in his clothyng whiche is ful of knottes that is the hayre that he weryth dayly. And the asse that he rode vpon is a beest of humylyte. For god wold not ryde vpon no stede nor vpon no palfrey. So in ensample that an asse betokeneth mekenes that thou sawest syr Launcelot ryde on in thy slepe, and the welle where as the water sanke from hym whanne he shold haue taken therof. And whanne he sawe he myghte not haue it, he retorned thyder from whens he came, for the welle betokeneth the hyghe grace of god, the more men desyre hit to take hit, the more shalle be their desyre. Soo whanne he came nyghe the Sancgreal, he meked hym that he held hym not a man worthy to be soo nyghe the holy vessel, for he had ben soo defouled in dedely synne by the space of many yeres, yet whanne he kneled to drynke of the welle, there he sawe grete preuydence of the Sancgreal. And for he had serued soo longe the deuylle, he shal haue vengeaunce four and twenty dayes longe, for that he hath ben the deuyls seruaunt four and twenty yeres. And thenne soone after he shalle retorne vnto Camelot oute of this coūtrey and he shalle saye a parte of suche thynges as he hath fonde.

Now wille I telle yow what betokeneth the hande with the candel and the brydel, that is to vnderstande the holy ghost where charyte is euer, and the brydel sygnefyeth abstynence. For whanne she is brydeled in Crysten mans herte, she holdeth hym soo shorte that he falleth not in dedely synne. And the candell whiche sheweth clerenesse and syghte sygnefyeth the ryzt way of Jhesu Cryst. And whanne he wente and sayd knyghtes of poure feythe and of wycked byleue, these thre thynges fayled charyte, abstynence, and trouth, therfor ye maye not atteyne that hyhe aduenture of the Sancgreal.

Capitulum Quintum.

Certes sayd Gawayne, sothely haue ye sayd that I see it openly. Now I pray yow good man and holy fader telle me why we mette not with soo many aduentures as we were wonte to doo, and comynly haue the better. I shalle telle yow gladly sayd the good man. The aduenture of the Sancgreal whiche ye and many other haue vndertake y^e quest of it & fynde it not, the cause is, for it appiereth not to synners. Wherfore merueylle not though ye fayle therof and many other. For ye be an vntrue knyghte, and a grete murtherer, and to good men sygnefyeth other thynges than murther. For I dar saye as synful as syre launcelot hath ben sythe that he wente in to the quest of the Sancgreal, he slewe neuer man, nor nought shalle tyll that he come vnto Camelot ageyne, for he hath taken vpon hym for to forsake synne. And nere were that he nys nor stable, but by his thoughte he is lykely to torne ageyne, he shold be nexte to encheue it sauf Galahad his sone, but god knoweth his thoughte and his vnstabylnesse, and yet shalle he dye ryght an holy man, and no doubte he hath no felawe of no erthely synful man. Sir sayd Gawayne hit semeth me by your wordes that for oure synnes it wylle not auaylle vs to trauaylle in this quest. Truly sayd the good man, there ben an honderd suche as ye be, that neuer shalle preuayle, but to haue shame. And whanne they had herd these voyces they commaunded hym vnto god.

Thenne the good man called Gawayne and sayd it is longe tyme passed syth that ye were made knyghte, and neuer sythen thow seruedest thy maker, and now thow arte soo old a tree that in the is neyther lyf ne fruyte, wherfore bethynk the that thou yelde to oure lord the bare rynde, sythe the fende hath the leues and the fruyte. Syr said Gawayne & I had leyser I wold speke with yow, but my felawe here syr Ector is gone and abydeth me yonder bynethe the hylle. Wel sayd the good man thow were better to be counceylled. Thenne departed Gawayne and came to Ector, and soo took their horses & rode tyl they came to a fosters hows whiche heberowed them ryzt wel. And on the morne they departed from theyr hooste, and rode longe or they coude fynde ony aduenture.

Capitulum Sextum.

Whanne Bors was departed from Camelot, he mette with a Relygyous man rydynge on an asse, and syre Bors salewed hym. Anon the good man knewe hym that he was one of the knyztes erraunt that was in the quest of the Sancgreal. What are ye sayd the good man. Sire sayd he, I am a knyzte that fayn wold be counceylled in the quest of the Sancgreal. For he shall haue moche erthely worship that may brynge it to an ende. Certes sayd the good man that is sothe, for he shalle be the best knyghte of the world and the fairest of alle the felauship. But wete yow wel there shall none atteyne it but by clennes that is pure confession. So rode they to gyder tyl that they came to an heremytage. And there he prayd Bors to dwelle alle that nyghte with hym, and soo he alyghte and put awey his armour, and prayd hym that he myghte be confessid, and soo they wente in to the chappel, and there he was clene confessid, & they ete brede and drank water to gyder. Now sayd the good man I praye the that thow ete none other, tyl that thou sytte at the table where the Sancgreal shalle be. Sir sayd he I agree me therto, but how wete ye that I shall sytte there, yes sayd the good man that knowe I, but there shalle be but fewe of your felawes with yow. All is welcome sayd sir Bors that god sendeth me. Also said the good man, in stede of a sherte and in sygne of chastysement ye shal were a garment, therfor I pray yow doo of al your clothes and your sherte, and soo he dyd. And thenne he tooke hym a scarlet cote so that shold be in stede of his sherte, tyll he had fulfylled the quest of the Sancgreal, and the good man fond hym in soo merueillous a lyfe, and soo stable, that he merueilled and felte that he was neuer corrupte in flesshely lustes, but in one tyme that he begat Elyan le blank. Thenne he armyd hym and took his leue and so departed. And soo a lytel from thens he loked vp in to a tree, and there he sawe a passynge grete byrde vpon an olde tree, and hit was passyng drye withoute leues, and the byrd sat aboue and had byrdes the whiche were dede for honger. Soo smote he hym self with his bek the whiche was grete and sharpe. And soo the grete byrd bledde tyl that he dyed amonge his byrdes. And the yonge byrdes token the lyf by the blood of the grete byrd. Whan Bors sawe this he wyst wel it was a grete tokenynge. For whanne he sawe the grete byrd arose not, thenne he tooke hys hors and yede his way. So by euensonge by aduentur he cam to a strong toure and an hyhe, & there was he lodged gladly.

Capitulum Septimum.

And whanne he was vnarmed, they ledd hym in to an hyhe toure where was a lady yonge, lusty and fayre. And she receyued hym with grete joye, and made hym to sytte doune by her, and soo was he sette to soupe with flesshe, and many deyntees. And whanne syre Bors sawe that, he bethought hym on his penaunce and badde a squyer to brynge hym water. And soo he broughte hym, and he made soppes therin, and ete them. A sayd the lady, I trowe ye lyke not my mete, yes truly sayd syr Bors, god thanke yow madame but

I may ete none other mete this daye, thenne she spak no more as at that tyme, for she was lothe to displease hym.

Thenne after souper they spak of one thynge and other. With that came a squyer and sayd, Madame ye must purueye yow to morne for a champyon, for els your syster wille haue this castel and also your landes excepte ye can fynde a knyzt that wille fyghte to morne in your quarel ageynst Prydam le noyre. Thenne she made sorowe and sayd, A lord god wherfor graunted ye to hold my lond wherof I shold now be disheryted withoute reason and ryghte. And whanne sire Bors had herd her say thus, he sayd I shalle comforte yow. Syr sayd she I shal telle yow there was here a kynge that hyghte Anyause whiche held alle this land in his kepynge. Soo hit myshapped he loued a gentilwoman a grete dele elder than I. Soo tooke he her alle this land to her kepyng, and all his men to gouerne, and she brought vp many euylle custommes where by she putte to dethe a grete party of his kynnesmen. And whanne he sawe that, he lete chace her oute of this land, and bytoke hit me, and alle this land in my demenys, but anone as that worthy kynge was dede, this other lady beganne to werre vpon me, and hath destroyed many of my men, & tourned hem ageynste me, that I haue wel nyghe no man lefte me. And I haue nought els but this hyhe toure that she lefte me. And yet she hath promysed me to haue this Toure withoute I can fynde a knyghte to fyghte with her Champyon. Now telle me sayd syr Bors, what is that Prydam le noyre, syre sayd she, he is the moost doubted man of thys land Now may ye send her word that ye haue fond a knyghte that shall fyghte with that Prydam le noyre in goddes quarel & yours. Thenne that lady was not a lytel glad, and sente word that she was purueyed, and that nyghte Bors had good chere, but in no bedde he wold come, but leyd hym on the floore, nor neuer wold doo otherwyse tyl that he had met with the quest of the Sancgreal.

Capitulum Octauum.

And anone as he was a slepe, hym befelle a vysyon, that there came to hym two byrdes, the one as whyte as a swan, and the other was merueyllous blak, but it was not soo grete as the other, but in the lykenes of a Rauen, thēne the whyte byrd came to hym, and sayd, and thou woldest gyue me mete and serue me, I shold gyue the alle the ryches of the world. And I shalle make the as fayre and as whyte as I am. Soo the whyte byrd departed, and there cam the blak byrd to hym & sayd, & thou wolte serue me to morowe & haue me in no despyte, though I be blak, for wete thow wel, that more auayleth my blaknes than the others whytnes, and thenne he departed, and he had another vysyon, hym thoughte, that he came to a grete place whiche semed a chappel, & there he fonde a chayer sette on the lyfte syde whiche was worme eten, and feble. And on the ryghte hand were two floures lyke a lylye, and the one wold haue benome the others whytnes. But a good man departed hem that touched not the other, & thenne oute of eueryche floure came oute many floures and fruyte grete plente. Thenne hym thoughte the good man sayd, shold not he doo grete foly that wold lete these two floures perysshe for to socoure the rotten tree that hit felle not to the erthe. Syr sayd he, it semeth me that this woode myghte not auayle. Now kepe the sayd the good man that thou neuer see suche aduenture befalle the. Thenne he awaked and made a sygne of the crosse in myddes of the forhede, and soo rose, & clothed hym and there came the lady of the place, and she salewed hym, & he her ageyne, and so wente to a chappel and herd their seruyse. And ther came a companye of knyghtes that the lady had sent for to lede sir Bors vnto bataille. Thenne asked he his armes. And whanne he was armed, she prayd hym to take a lytyl morsel to dyne. Nay madame sayd he, that shalle I not do tyll I haue done my bataille by the grace of god. And soo he lept vpon his hors, and departed alle the knyghtes and men with hym. And as soone as these two ladyes mette to gyder. She whiche Bors shold fyghte for complayned her and sayd madame ye haue done me wronge to bireue me of my landes that kynge Anyaus gaf me, and ful lothe I am there shold be ony bataille, ye shalle not chese sayd the other lady or els youre knyghte withdrawe hym. Thenne ther was the crye made whiche party had the better of tho two knyghtes that his lady shold reioyse alle the lande. Now departed the one knyghte here, and the other there. Thenne they came to gyders with suche a raundon that they perced their sheldes and their hauberkes, & the speres flewe in pyeces, and they wounded eyther other sore. Thenne hurteled they to gyders so that they felle both to the erthe, and their horses betwix their legges, and anone they arose and sette handes to their swerdes, and smote echone other vpon the hedes that they made grete woundes and depe that the blood wente oute of her bodyes. For ther fonde sir Bors gretter defence in that knyght more than he wende. For that Prydam was a passynge good knyghte, and he wounded sir bors ful euyl and he hym ageyne, but euer this Prydam helde the stoure in lyke hard. That perceyued sire Bors and suffred hym tyl he was nyghe attaynte. And thenne he ranne vpon hym more and more, and the other wente bak for drede of deth. Soo in his withdrawynge he felle vp ryght, and syre Bors drewe his helme soo strongly that he rente hit fro his hede, and gafe hym grete strokes with the flatte of his swerd vpon the vysage, and bad hym yelde hym or he shold slee hym. Thenne he cryed hym mercy and sayd Faire knyght for goddes loue slee me not, and I shalle ensure the neuer to werre ageynst thy lady, but be alwey toward her. Thenne Bors lete hym be, thenne the old lady fledde with alle her knyghtes.

Capitulum nonum.

Soo thenne came Bors to alle tho that held landes of his lady, and sayd he shold destroye hem, but yf they dyd suche seruyse vnto her as longed to their landes. Soo they dyd their homage and they that wold not were chaced oute of their landes. Thenne befelle that yonge lady to come to her estate ageyne by the myghty prowesse of syr Bors de ganys. Soo whan alle the countrey was wel set in pees, thenne syre Bors toke his leue and departed, and she thanked hym gretely, and wold haue gyuen hym grete rychesse but he refused hit. Thenne he rode alle that day tyl nyght, and came to an herberowe to a lady whiche knewe hym wel ynough, & maade of hym grete joye. Vpon the morne as soone as the day appiered, Bors departed from thens, and soo rode in to a foreste, vnto the houre of mydday, and there bifelle hym a merueyllous aduenture. So he mette at the departyng of the two wayes two knyghtes that ledde lyonel his broder al naked bounden vpon a stronge hakney, & his handes bounden to fore his brest. And eueryche of hem helde in his handes thornes where with they wente betynge hym so sore that the blood trayled doune more than in an honderd places of his body, soo that he was al blood to fore and behynde, but he said neuer a word as he whiche was grete of herte, he suffred alle that euer they dyd to hym as though he had felte none anguysshe. Anone syre Bors dressid hym to rescowe hym that was his broder, and soo he loked vpon the other syde of hym, and sawe a knyghte whiche brought a fair gentylwoman, and wold haue set her in the thyckest place of the forest for to haue ben the more surer oute of the way from hem that sought hym. And she whiche was no thynge assured cryed with an hyghe voys Saynte mary socoure your mayde.

And anone she aspyed where syre Bors came rydynge. And whanne she came nygh hym, she demed hym a knyghte of the round table, wherof she hoped to haue some comforte, & thenne she coniured hym by the feythe that he ought vnto hym in whos seruyse thow arte entryd in, and for the feythe ye owe vnto the hyghe ordre of knyghthode, & for the noble kyng Arthurs sake that I suppose that made the knyght that thow help me, and suffre me not to be shamed of this knyghte.

Whanne Bors herd her saye thus, he had soo moche sorowe there he nyst not what to doo. For yf I lete my broder be in aduenture he must be slayne, and that wold I not for alle the erthe. And yf I help not the mayde, she is shamed for euer, and also she shall lese her vyrgynyte, the whiche she shal neuer gete ageyne. Thenne lyfte he vp his eyen and sayd wepynge, Fair swete lord Jhesu Cryste whoos lyege man I am kepe Lyonel my broder that these knyghtes slee hym not, and for pyte of yow, and for Mary sake I shalle socoure this mayde.

Capitulum x.

THENNE dressid he hym vnto the knyghte, the whiche had the gentylwoman, and thenne he cryed sir knyghte lete your hand of that mayden or ye be but dede, & thenne he sette doune the mayden, and was armed at alle pyeces sauf he lacked his spere. Thenne he dressid his sheld, and drewe oute his swerd, and Bors smote hym soo hard that it went thurgh his shelde and haberion on the lyfte sholder, and thorowe grete strengthe he bete hym doune to the erthe, and at the pullynge oute of Bors spere there he swouned.

Thenne came Bors to the mayde, and sayd how semeth it yow of this knyghte, ye be delyuerd at this tyme. Now sir said she I praye yow lede me there as this knyghte hadde me soo shall I do gladly, & took the hors of the wounded knyzght and sette the gentylwoman vpon hym, and soo broughte her as she desyred. Sir knyghte sayd she, ye haue better sped than ye wend, for and I had lost my maydenhede, fyue honderd men shold haue dyed for hit. What knyghte was he that had yow in the forest, by my feithe sayd she, he is my cosyn. So wote I neuer with what engyn the fende enchauffed hym, for yesterday he took me from my fader pryuely, for I nor none of my faders men mystrusted hym not. And yf he hadde hadde my maydenhede, he shold haue dyed for the synne & his body shamed & dishonoured for euer. Thus as she stood talkynge with hym there came twelue knyghtes sekyng after her, and anone she told hem alle how Bors had delyuerd her, thenne they maad grete joye and besoughte hym to come to her fader a grete lord and he shold be ryght welcome. Truly sayd Bors that may not be at this tyme, for I haue a grete aduentur to doo in this countrey. Soo he commaunded hem vnto god and departed. Thenne syr Bors rode after Lyonel his broder by the trace of their horses, thus he rode sekyng a grete whyle. Thenne he ouertoke a man clothed in a Relygyous clothynge, and rode on a stronge black hors blacker than a bery, and sayd syre knyzte what seke yow. Syre sayd he I seke my broder that I sawe within a whyle beten with two knyghtes. A Bors discomforte yow not, ne falle in to no wanhope, for I shall telle you tydynges suche as they ben, for truly he is dede. Thenne shewed he hym a newe slayne body lyenge in a busshe, and it semed hym wel that it was the body of Lyonel, and thenne he made suche a sorowe that he felle to the erthe all in a swoune, and lay a grete whyle there. And whanne he came to hym selfe, he said Faire brother syth the company of yow and me is departed shall I neuer haue joye in my herte, and now he whiche I haue take vnto my maister, he be my help. And whanne he had sayd thus, he toke his body lyghtely in his armes, and putte hit vpon the arson of his sadel. And thenne he sayd to the man canst thow telle me vnto somme chappel where that I may burye this body. Come on said he, here is one fast by, and soo longe they rood tyl they sawe a fayre Toure, and afore it there semed an old feble chappel. And thenne they alyght bothe and put hym in to a Tombe of marbel.

Capitulum xi.

Now leue we hym here sayd the good man, and goo we to oure herberowe tyl to morowe we wille come here ageyne to doo hym seruyse. Sir sayde Bors be ye a preest, ye forsothe sayd he, thenne I pray yow telle me a dreme that befelle to me y^e last nyzt. Say on sayd he, thenne he began soo moche to telle hym of the grete byrd in the forest. And after told hym of his byrdes one whyte, another black, and of the rotten tree and of the whyte floures, syre I shalle telle yow a parte now and the other dele to morowe. The whyte foule betokeneth a gentylwoman fayre and ryche whiche loued the peramours, and hath loued the longe.

And yf thou warne her loue she shalle goo dye anone yf thou haue no pyte on her, that sygnefyeth the grete byrd, the whiche shalle make the to warne her. Now for noo fere that thou hast ne for no drede that thow haste of god, thow shalte not warne her but thou woldest not do hit for to be holden chast for to conquere the loos of (and) the veyne glory of the world, for that shalle befalle the now and thou warne her that Launcelot the good knyghte thy cosyn shalle dye. And therfore men shalle now saye y^t thow art a man sleer, both of thy broder syre Lyonel and of thy cosyn syre launcelot du lake, the whiche thow myghtest haue saued and rescowed easyly. But thow wenest to rescowe a mayde whiche perteyneth no thynge to the. Now loke thow whether hit had ben gretter harme of thy broders deth or els to haue suffred her to haue lost her maydenhode. Thenne asked he hym haste thow herd the tokens of thy dreme the whiche I haue told to yow. Ye forsothe sayd syre Bors, alle youre exposycyon and declarynge of my dreme I haue wel vnderstande and herd. Thenne said the man in this black clothynge, thenne is hit in thy defaute yf sire Launcelot thy cosyn dye. Syre said bors that were me lothe, for wete ye wel there is no thynge in the world but I had leuer doo hit than to see my lord sire launcelot du lake to dye in my defaute. Chese ye now the one or the other said the good man. And thenne he led syre Bors in to an hyghe Toure, and there he fonde knyghtes and ladyes tho ladyes sayde he was welcome, and soo they vnarmed hym. And whanne he was in his dobblet, men broughte hym a mantel furred with ermyn and putte hit aboute hym, and thenne they made hym suche chere that he hadde forgeten alle his sorowe and anguysshe, and only sette his herte in these delytes and deyntees, & tooke noo thoughte more for his broder syre Lyonel neyther of syre Launcelot du lake his cosyn. And anone came oute of a chamber to hym the fayrest lady that euer he sawe & more rycher bysene than euer he sawe Quene Gueneuer or ony other estat. Lo sayd they syre Bors here is the lady vnto whome we owe alle oure seruyse, and I trowe she be the rychest lady and the fayrest of alle the world, and the whiche loueth yow best aboue alle other knyghtes, for she wille haue no knyght but yow. And whanne he vnderstood that langage he was abasshed. Not for thenne she salewed hym, and he her, and thenne they satte doune to gyders and spak of many thynges, in soo moche that she besoughte hym to be her loue, for she had loued hym aboue alle erthely men, and she shold make hym rycher than euer was man of his age. Whanne Bors vnderstood her wordes, he was ryght euyll at ease, whiche in no maner wold not breke chastyte, soo wyst not he how to ansuer her.

Capitulum xii.

ALLAS sayd she Bors shalle ye not doo my wylle. Madame said Bors, there is no lady in this world whos wylle I wylle fulfylle as of this thynge, for my broder lyeth dede whiche was slayne ryght late. A Bors sayd she I haue loued yow longe for the grete beaute I haue sene in yow, and the grete hardynes that I haue herd of yow that nedes ye must lye by me this nyghte, & therfor I praye yow graunte it me. Truly sayd he I shalle not doo hit in no maner wyse, thenne she made hym suche sorowe as though she wold haue dyed. Wel Bors sayd she vnto this haue ye broughte me nyghe to myn ende. And there with she took hym by the hand, & badde hym beholde her, and ye shal see how I shalle dye for your loue. A sayd thenne he that shalle I neuer see. Thenne she departed and wente vp in to an hyhe batilment, and led with her twelue gentylwymmen, and whan they were aboue one of the gentylwymmen cryed and sayd, A syr Bors gentil knyghte haue mercy on vs all, and suffre my lady to haue her wil. And yf ye doo not we muste suffre deth with oure lady for to falle doune of thys hyhe towre. And yf ye suffre vs thus to dye for soo lytel a thynge, alle ladyes and gentilwymmen wylle saye of you dishonour. Thenne loked he vpward, they semed alle ladyes of grete estate and rychely and well bysene, thenne had he of hem grete pyte, not for that he was vncounceiled in hym self that leuer he had they alle had loste their soules than he his, and with that they felle adoune alle at ones vnto the erthe. And whan he sawe that, he was al abasshed, and had therof grete merueylle. With that he blessyd his body and his vysage. And anone he herd a grete noyse & a grete crye as though alle the fendes of helle had ben aboute hym, and there with he sawe neyther toure ne lady ne gentylwoman nor no chappel where he broughte his broder to. Thenne helde he vp bothe his handes to the heuen and sayd, fayre fader god

I am greuously escaped, and thenne he tooke his armes and his hors and rode on his way. Thenne he herde a clok smyte on his ryght hand, and thydder he came to an Abbay on his ryght hand closyd with hyhe walles, and there was lete in, thenne they supposed that he was one of the quest of the Sancgreal. So they ledde hym in to a chamber and vnarmed hym. Syrs sayd syr Bors yf there be ony holy man in this hows, I pray yow lete me speke with hym. Thenne one of hem ledde hym vnto the Abbot whiche was in a Chappel. And thenne syr Bors salewed hym, and he hym ageyne, sir said Bors I am a knyght erraunt, and told hym all the aduenture whiche he had sene. Sir knyght sayd the Abbot I wote not what ye be, for I wende neuer that a knyght of your age myghte haue ben soo strong in the grace of our lord Jhesu Cryst. Not for thenne ye shall go vnto your rest, for I wyll not counceyle yow this day, hit is to late, and to morowe I shalle counceylle yow as I can.

Capitulum xiii.

And that nyghte was syre Bors serued rychely, and on the morne erly he herd masse, and the Abbot came to hym, and bad hym good morow, and Bors to hym ageyne. And thēne he told hym he was a felawe of the quest of the Sancgreal, and how he had charge of the holy man to ete brede and water. Thenne oure lord Jhesus Cryste shewed hym vnto yow in the lykenes of a sowle that suffred grete anguysshe for vs syn he was putte vpon the crosse, and bledde his herte blood for mankynde, there was the token and the lykenes of the Sancgreal that appiered afore yow, for the blood that the grete foule bled reuyued the chyckens from deth to lyf. And by the bare tree is betokened the world whych is naked and withoute fruyte but yf hit come of oure lord. Also the lady for whome ye fought for and kyng Anyaus whiche was lord there to fore betokeneth Jhesu Cryste, whiche is the kynge of the world, and that he foughte with the champyon for the lady, this hit betokeneth, for whanne he took the bataille for the lady, by her shall ye vnderstande the newe lawe of

Jhesu Cryst and holy chirche, and by the other lady ye shalle vnderstande the old lawe and the fende whiche al daye werrith ageynst holy chirche, therfor ye dyd your bataille with ryghte. For ye be Jhesu Crystes knyghtes, therfor ye oughte to be defenders of holy chirche. And by the black byrd myghte ye vnderstande holy chirche whiche sayth I am blak, but he is faire. And by the whyte byrd myghte men vnderstande the fende, & I shalle telle yow how the swan is whyte withoute forth and blak within, hit is ypocrysy whiche is withoute yelowe or pale, and semeth withoute forth the seruauntes of Jhesu Cryste but they ben within soo horryble of fylthe and synne and begyle the world euylle. Also whanne the fende appiered to the in lykenes of a man of relygyon and blamyd the that thow lefte thy broder. For a lady soo ledde the where thow semyd thy broder was slayne, but he is yet on lyue, and alle was for to putte the in errour and brynge the vnto wanhope and lechery, for he knewe thou were tendyr herted, & all was, for thou sholdest not fynde the blessid aduenture of the Sancgreal, and the thyrdde foule betokeneth the stronge bataille ageynst the fair ladyes whiche were alle deuyls. Also the drye tree and the whyte lylye, the drye tree bitokeneth thy broder Lyonel whiche is drye withoute vertue, and therfore many men oughte to calle hym the rotten tree and the worme eten tree, for he is a murtherer and doth contrary to the ordre of knyghthode. And the two whyte floures sygnyfyen two maydens, the one is a knyght whiche was wounded the other day, and the other is the gentylwoman whiche ye rescowed and why the other floure drewe nyghe the other, that was the knyghte which wold haue defowled her and hym self bothe, and syr Bors ye had ben a grete foole and in grete perylle for to haue sene tho two floures perysshe for to socoure the roten tree, for and they had synned to gyder they had ben dampned, and for that ye rescowed hem bothe, men myghte calle yow a veray knyghte and seruaunt of Jhesu Cryste.

Capitulum xiiii.

THENNE wente sir Bors from thens and commaunded the Abbot vnto god. And thenne he rode alle that day and herberowed with an old lady. And on the morne he rode to a Castel in a valey, and there he mette with a yoman goynge a grete paas toward a foreste. Saye me sayd syre Bors canst thow telle me of ony aduenture. Syre sayd he, here shall be vnder this Castel a grete and a merueyllous turnement, of what folkes shal hit be sayd syr Bors. The erle of playns shal be in the one party, & the ladyes neuew of Heruyn on the other party. thenne bors thouzt to be there yf he myzt mete with his broder syr Lyonel or ony other of his felaushyp, whyche were in the quest of the Sancgreal. And thenne he torned to an hermytage that was in the entre of the foreste. And when he was come thyder, he fonde there syr Lyonel his broder whiche sat al armed at the entre of the Chappel dore for to abyde there herberowe tyl on the morn that the turnement shalle be. And whanne sir Bors sawe hym, he had grete joye of hym, that it were merueil to telle of hys Joye. And thenne he alyghte of his hors, and sayd fair swete broder whanne cam ye hydder. Anone as Lyonel sawe hym he said, A Bors ye maye not make none auaunt, but as for you I myzt haue ben slayn whan ye sawe two knyztes ledyng me awey betyng me ye lefte me for to socoure a gentilwoman, and suffred me in perylle of deth, for neuer erst ne dyd no broder to another so grete an vntrouthe. And for that mysdede now I ensure you but deth, for wel haue ye deserued it, therfore kepe the from hensforward and that shal ye fynde as soone as I am armed. Whan sir Bors vnderstood his broders wrath, he knelyd doune to the erthe, and cryed hym mercy, holdyng vp both his handes and prayd hym to forgyue hym his euyll wylle. Nay sayd Lyonel that shalle neuer be and I maye haue the hyher hand that I make myn auowe to god, thow shalt haue dethe for it, for it were pyte ye lyued ony lenger. Ryghte soo he wente in and took his harneis and mounted vpon his hors, and cam to fore hym and sayd, Bors kepe the from me, for I shall do to the as I wold to a felon or a traytour, for ye be the vntruest knyght that euer came oute of soo worthy an hows, as was kynge Bors de ganys, whiche was oure fader, therfore starte vpon thy hors, and soo shalle ye be moost at your auauntage. And but yf ye wylle, I wille renne vpon yow there as ye stande vpon foote, and soo the shame shalle be myn, and the harme yours, but of that shame ne reke I noughte. Whan syr Bors sawe that he must fyghte with his broder or els to dye, he nyst what to doo, thenne his herte counceyled hym not therto in as moche as Lyonel was borne or he, wherfor he ought to bere hym reuerence, yet kneled he doune afore Lyonels hors feet, and sayd fair swete broder haue mercy vpon me, and sle me not, and haue in remembraunce the grete loue whiche oughte to be bitwene vs tweyne. What syr Bors sayd to Lyonel he roughte not, for the fende had broughte hym in suche a wyl that he shold slee hym. Thenne whanne Lyonel sawe he wold none other, and that he wold not haue rysen to gyue hym bataille, he rasshyd ouer hym so that he smote Bors with his hors feete vpward to the erthe, and hurte hym so sore that he swouned of distresse, the whiche he felte in hym self to haue dyed withoute confession. Soo whanne Lyonel sawe this, he alyghte of his hors to haue smyten of his hede. And soo he toke hym by the helme, and wold haue rente hit from his heed. Thenne came the heremyte rennyng vnto hym whiche was a good man and of grete age, and wel had herd alle the wordes that were bitwene them, and soo felle doune vpon syre Bors.

Capitulum xv.

THENNE he sayd to Lyonel A gentyl knyghte haue mercy vpon me and on thy broder, for yf thow slee hym, thow shalte be dede of synne, and that were sorouful, for he is one of the worthyest knyghtes of the world, and of the best condycyons. Soo god me help sayd Lyonel syr preest, but yf ye flee from hym I shall slee yow, and he shalle neuer the sooner be quyte. Certes sayd the good man I haue leuer ye slee me than hym, for my dethe shalle not be grete harme not halfe soo moche as of his. Wel sayd Lyonel I am greed, and sette his hand to his swerd and smote hym soo hard that his hede yede bakward. Not for that he restrayned hym of his euyll wylle, but took his broder by the helme and vnlaced hit to haue stryken of his hede, and had slayn hym withoute fayle but soo it happed Colgreuaunce a felawe of the round table cam at that tyme thyder as oure lordes wylle was. And whanne he sawe the good man slayne he merueylled moche what it myght be. And thenne he beheld Lyonel wold haue slayne his broder, and knewe syre Bors whiche he loued ryzt wel. Thenne starte he doune and toke Lyonel by the sholders and drewe hym strongly abak from Bors, and sayd Lyonel wylle ye slee your broder the worthyest knyghte of the world one, & that shold noo good man suffer, why sayd Lyonel, wylle ye lette me, therfor yf ye entermete yow in this I shall slee you and hym after. Why sayd Colgreuaunce is this sothe that ye wille slee hym, slee hym wylle I sayd he, who so saye the contrary. For he hath done so moche ageynst me, that he hath wel deserued it, and soo ranne vpon hym, and wold haue smyten hym thurgh the hede, and sir Colgreuaunce ranne betwyx them and sayd & ye be so hardy to do soo more we two shal medle to gyders. When Lyonel vnderstood his wordes, he took his sheld afore hym, and asked hym what that he was, and he told hym Colgreuaunce one of his felawes. Thenne Lyonel defyed hym, and gaf hym a grete stroke thurgh the helme. Thenne he drewe his suerd, for he was a passyng good knyzte, and defended hym ryzt manfully, soo longe dured the batail that Bors rose vp all anguysshly & behelde Colgreuaunce the good knyght fought with his broder for his quarel, thenne was he full sory and heuy, and thoughte yf Colgreuaunce slee hym, that was his broder, he sholde neuer haue joye. And yf his broder slew Colgreuaũce the shame shold euer by myn. Thenne wolde he haue rysen to haue departed them, but he had not soo moche myghte to stande on foote, soo he abode hym soo longe tyl Colgreuaunce had the werse, for Lyonel was of grete chyualrye and ryghte hardy, for he had perced the hauberk and the helme that he abode but dethe. For he had lost moche of his blood that it was merueylle that he myghte stande vp ryghte. Thenne beheld he syr Bors whiche sat dressynge hym vpward and said A Bors why come ye not to caste me oute of perylle of dethe wherin I haue put me to socoure yow whiche were ryght now nyghe the dethe. Certes said

Lyonel that shall not auayle you for none of you shalle bere others waraunt, but that ye shalle dye bothe of my hand. Whan Bors herd that, he dyd soo moche he rose and putte on his helme. Thenne perceyued he fyrste the heremyte preest whiche was slayne, thenne made he a merueillous sorowe vpon hym.

Capitulum xvi.

THENNE ofte Colgreuaunce cryed vpon syre Bors, why wylle ye lete me dye here for your sake, yf it please yow that I dye for yow the dethe, it wille please me the better for to saue a worthy man. With that word syre Lyonel smote of the helme from his hede. Thenne Colgreuaunce sawe that he myght not escape, thenne he sayd Fair swete Jhesu that I haue mysdoo haue mercy vpon my sowle. For suche sorowe that my herte suffreth for goodenes and for almes dede that I wold haue done here, be to me a lygement of penaunce vnto my soules helthe. At these wordes Lyonel smote hym soo sore that he bare hym to the erthe, soo whanne he had slayne Colgreuaunce, he ranne vpon his broder as a fendly man, & gaf hym suche a stroke that he made hym stoupe, and he that was ful of humylyte prayd hym for goddes loue to leue this bataille. For and hit befelle fayre broder that I slewe yow or ye me, we shold be dede of that synne. Neuer god me help but yf I haue on yow mercy and I maye haue the better hand. Thenne drewe Bors his suerd al wepynge and sayd, Faire brother god knoweth myn entente. A fayre broder ye haue done ful euylle this daye to slee suche an holy preest the whiche neuer trespast. Also ye haue slayne a gentyl knyghte and one of oure felawes. And wel wote ye that I am not aferd of yow gretely, but I drede the wrathe of god, and this is an vnkyndely werre, therefore god shewe myracle vpon vs bothe. Now god haue mercy vpon me, though I defende my lyf ageynst my broder, with that Bors lyfte vp his hand, & wold haue smyten his broder.

Capitulum xvii.

AND thēne he herd a voyce that sayd flee bors & touche hym not, or els thow shall slee hym. Ryght so alyzt a clowde betwixe them in lykenes of a fyre and a merueyllous flamme, that bothe her two sheltes brente. Thenne were they sore affrayed that they felle bothe to the erthe, and laye there a grete whyle in a swoune. And whanne they came to them self Bors sawe that his broder had no harme, thenne he held vp bothe his handes, for he dradde god had taken vengeaunce vpon hym, with that he herd a voyce saye Bors go hens and bere thy broder noo lenger felaushyp, but take thy way a none ryghte to the see. For sire Percyual abydeth the there. Thenne he sayd to his broder fayr swete broder forgyue me for goddes loue alle that I haue trespaced vnto yow. Thenne he ansuerd God forgyue it the and I doo gladly. So sir Bors departed from hym and rode the nexte way to the see. And at the last by fortune he came to an Abbay whiche was nygh the see. That nyght Bors rested hym there, and in his slepe there came a voice to hym & badde hym go to the see, thenne he starte vp and made a sygne of the Crosse in the myddes of his forhede and took his harneis and made redy his hors, and moūted vpon hym. And at a broken walle he rode oute, & rode soo long tyl that he came to the see. And on the strond he fond a shyp couerd all with whyte samyte. And he alyghte & bitoke hym to Jhesu Cryst. And as soone as he entryd in to the ship the shyp departed in to the see and wente so fast that hym semed the shyp wente fleynge, but hit was soone derke soo that he myght knowe no man, and soo he slepte tyl hit was daye. Thenne he awaked and sawe in myddes of the shyp a knyzt lye alle armed sauf his helme. Thenne knewe he that hit was syr Percyual of Walys, and thenne he made of hym ryzt grete joye, but sir Percyual was abasshed of hym, and he asked hym what he was. A fayr syr sayd Bors knowe ye me not. Certes sayd he I merueylle how ye came hyther, but yf oure lord broughte yow hydder hym self, thenne syre Bors smyled and dyd of his helme. Thenne Percyual knewe hym, & eyther made grete joye of other that it was merueylle to here. Thenne Bors told hym how he came in to the shyp, and by whoos ammonysshement, and eyther told other of theyre temptacyons, as ye haue herd to fore hand.

Soo wente they douneward in the see one whyle bakward another whyle forward, and eueryche comforted other, and ofte were in their prayers, thenne sayd syre Percyual we lak no thynge but Galahad the good knyghte.

And thus endeth the syxtenth book whiche is of syre Gawayne, Ector de marys, and syre Bors de ganys and sir percyual.

And here foloweth the seuententh book whiche is of the noble knyghte syre Galahad.

Capitulum primum.

NOW saith this story whanne Galahad had rescowed Percyual from the twenty knyghtes, he yede tho in to a waste foreste, wherin he rode many journeyes, and he fonde many aduentures, the whiche he brought to an ende, wherof the story maketh here no mencyon. Thenne he toke his waye to the see on a daye, & hit befelle as he passed by a Castel where was a wonder turnement, but they withoute had done soo moche, that they within were putte to the werse, yet were they wythin good knyghtes ynouz. Whanne Galahad sawe that tho within were at soo grete a meschyef that men slewe hem att the entre of the Castel, thenne he thoughte to helpe hem, and putte a spere forth, and smote the fyrste that he flay to the erthe, and the spere brak to pyeces, thenne he drewe his suerd, and smote there as they were thyckest, and so he dyd wonderful dedes of armes, that alle they merueylled. thenne hit happed that Gawayne and sir Ector de marys were with the knyghtes withoute. But whanne they aspyed the whyte shelde with the reed Crosse, the one sayd to the other yonder is the good knyght sir Galahad the haute prynce. Now he shold be a grete foole, whiche shold mete with hym to fyghte. Soo by aduenture he came by sire Gawayne and he smote hym soo hard that he claf his helme and the coyfe of yron vnto his hede, so that Gawayne felle to the erthe, but the stroke was soo grete that it slented doune to the erthe and carfe the hors sholder in two. Whan Ector sawe Gawayne doune he drewe hym asyde, and thoughte it no wysedome for to abyde hym, and also for naturel loue that he was his vnkel. Thus thurgh his grete hardynesse he bete abak alle the knyghtes withoute. And thenne they within cam oute and chaced hem alle aboute. But whanne Galahad sawe ther wold none torne ageyne, he stale awey pryuely so that none wyst where he was bicome. Now by my hede sayd Gawayn to Ector now are the wonders true that were sayd of Launcelot du lake, that the swerd whiche stak in the stone shold gyue me suche a buffet yͭ I wold not haue it for the best Castell in this world, and sothely now hit is preued trewe for neuer ere had I suche a stroke of mans hand. Sir sayd Ector me semeth your quest is done, and yours is not done sayd Gawayn but myn is done I shalle seke noo ferther. Thenne Gawayne was borne in to a Castel and vnarmed hym, and leyd hym in a ryche bedde, and a leche fonde that he myght lyue, & to be hole within a moneth. Thus Gawayne and Ector abode to gyder. For syre Ector wold not awey til Gawayne were hole, & the good knyzt Galahad rode so long tyll he came that nyghte to the Castel of Carboneck, & hit befelle hym thus, that he was benyghted in an hermytage. Soo the good man was fayne whan he sawe he was a knyght erraunt, tho whan they were at rest, ther cam a gentilwoman knockyng at the dore, & called Galahad, and soo the good man cam to the dore to wete what she wold. Thenne she called the heremyte syre Vlfyn I am a gentylwoman that wold speke with the knyght whiche is with yow. Thenne the good man awaked Galahad, & badde hym aryse and speke with a gentylwoman that semeth hath grete nede of yow. Thenne Galahad wente to her & asked her what she wold. Galahad sayd she I will that ye arme you and moūte vpon your hors and folowe me, for I shall shewe yow within these thre dayes the hyest aduenture that euer ony knyght sawe. Anone Galahad armed hym and took his hors and commaunded hym to god, and badde the gentilwoman go and he wold folowe there as she lyked.

Capitulum ii.

Soo she rode as fast as her palfrey myght bere her tylle that she came to the see, the whiche was called Collybe. And at the nyghte they came vnto a Castel in a valeye closed with a rennynge water and with stronge walles and hyhe, & soo she entred in to the Castel with Galahad and there had he grete chere for the lady of that Castel was the damoysels lady. soo whan he was vnarmed, thenne said the damoysel madame shalle we abyde here all this day. Nay sayd she but tylle he hath dyned and tyl he hath slepte a lytyl, so he ete and slepte a whyle tyl that the mayde called hym, and armed hym by torche lyght. And whan the mayde was horsed and he bothe the lady took Galahad a fayr child and ryche, and so they departed from the Castel tyl they came to the see syde, & there they fond the shyp where Bors and Percyual were in, the whiche cryed on the shyps bord sir Galahad ye be welcome, we haue abyden yow longe. And whan he herd them, he asked them what they were. Sir said she leue your hors here, and I shall leue myn and toke her sadels and her brydels with them and made a crosse on them, and soo entryd in to the shyp, and the two knyghtes receyued hem bothe with grete joye, and eueryche knewe other, and soo the wynde aroos, and drofe hem thurgh the see in a merueyllous place. And within a whyle it dawyd. Thenne dyd Galahad of his helme & his suerd, & asked of his felawes from whens cam that fayre shyp. Truly sayd they ye wote as wel as we but of goddes grace, and thenne they told eueryche to other of alle theire hard aduentures, and of her grete temptacyons, truly sayd Galahad ye are moche bounden to god for ye haue escaped grete aduentures and had not the gentilwoman ben, I had not comen here, for as for yow I wend neuer to have fond yow in these straunge countreyes. A Galahad saide Bors yf launcelot your fader were here, thenne were we wel at ease, for thenne me semed we fayled no thynge. That may not be sayde Galahad, but yf it pleasyd oure lorde. By thenne the shyp wente fro the londe of Logrys, and by aduenture it arryued vp betwix two roches passyng grete and merueyllous, but there they myght not londe, for there was a swalowe of the see, sauf there was another ship, and vpon it they myght goo withoute daunger. Goo we thyder sayd the gentylwoman, and there shalle we see aduentures, for soo is oure lordes wylle. And whanne they came thyder, they fond the ship ryche ynouz, but they fond neyther man ne woman therin. But they fonde in the ende of the ship two fayre letters wryten whiche sayd a dredeful word and a merueyllous, Thow man whiche shalle entre in to this shyp beware thou be in stedfast bileue for I am feith & therfor beware hou thou entrest, for & thou faile I shal not helpe the, thenne saide the gētilwoman Percyual wote ye what I am. Certes said nay to my wetynge. Wete you wel sayd she that I am thy syster, whiche am doughter of kynge Pellenore. And therfore wete ye wel ye are the man in the world that I moost loue. And yf ye be not in parfyte byleue of Jhesu Cryst entre not in no maner of wyse, for thenne shold ye perysshe the shyp for he is soo parfyte, he wylle suffre no synner in hym. Whanne Percyual vnderstode that she was his veray syster, he was inwardly glad and sayd, faire syster I shalle entre therin. For yf I be a mys creature or an vntrue knyghte there shalle I perysshe.

Capitulum Tercium.

In the meane whyle Galahad blessed hym, & entrid therin, and thenne next the gentylwoman, & thenne sir Bors & sir Percyual. And whan they were in, it was so merueyllous fayre and ryche that they merueylled, & in myddes of the shyp was a fayr bedde, & Galahad wente therto, & fond there a crowne of sylke. And at the feet was a swerd ryche & fayre, and hit was drawen oute of the shethe half a foot and more, and the suerd was of dyuerse facyons, and the pomel was of stone, and there was in hym alle manere of colours that ony man myght fynde, and eueryche of the colours badde dyuerse vertues, and the skalys of the hafte were of two rybbes of dyuerse beestes, the one beest was a serpent whiche was conuersaunt in Calydone, and is called the serpent of the fend. And the bone of hym is of suche a vertu that there is no hand that handeleth hym shalle neuer be wery nor hurte, and the other beest is a fysshe whiche is not ryght grete, and haunteth the flood of Eufrate, and that fysshe is called Ertanax, and his bones be of suche a maner of kynde that who that handeleth hem, shalle haue soo moche wille that he shalle neuer be wery and he shalle not thynke on joye nor sorow that he hath had. But only that thynge that he beholdeth before hym. And as for this suerd there shalle neuer man begrype hym at the handels but one, but he shalle passe alle other. In the name of god said Percyual I shall assaye to handle hit. Soo he sette his hand to the suerd, but he myghte not begrype hit. by my feyth said he now haue I fayled. Bors set his hand therto & fayled. Thenne Galahad beheld the suerd and sawe letters lyke blood that sayd, lete see who shall assaye to drawe me oute of my shethe, but yf he be more hardyer than ony other, & who that draweth me, wete ye wel that he shalle neuer fayle of shame of his body or to be wounded to the dethe. By my feyth said galahad I wold drawe this suerd oute of the shethe, but the offendynge is soo grete that I shalle not sette my hand therto. Now sirs said the *gentil*woman wete ye wel that the drawynge of this suerd is warned to alle men sauf al only to yow. Also this shyp aryued in the realme of Logrys, and that tyme was dedely werre bytwene kynge labor whiche was fader vnto the maymed kynge and kynge Hurlame whiche was a Sarasyn. But thenne was he newely crystend, soo that men helde hym afterward one of the wyttyest men of the world, & soo vpon a day hit befelle that kynge Labor and kynge Hurlame had assembled their folke vpon the see where this shyp was aryued, and there kyng Hurlame was discomfyte, and his men slayne, and he was aferd to be dede, and fled to his shyp and there fond this suerd and drewe hit, and cam oute and fond kyng Labor the man in the world of al crystendom in whome was thenne the grettest feythe. And when kynge Hurlame sawe kynge Labor he dressid this suerd, and smote hym vpon the helme soo hard that he clafe hym, and his hors to the erthe with the fyrst stroke of his suerd, and hit was in the realme of Logrys, and soo bifelle grete pes, tylenee & grete harme to both Realmes, for sythen encrecyd neyther corne, ne grasse nor wel nyghe no fruyte; ne in the water was no fysshe; wherfor men callen hit the landes of the two marches the waste land, for that dolorous stroke. And when kynge Hurlame sawe this suerd soo keruyng, he torned ageyne to fetche the scaubard. And soo came in to this shyp and entred, and putt vp the suerd in the shethe. And as soone as he had done it, he felle doune dede afore the bedde. Thus was the swerd preued that none ne drewe it but he were dede or maymed. So laye he ther tyl a mayden cam in to the shyp, and cast hym oute, for there was no man so hardy of the world to entre in to that shyp for the defence.

Capitulum quartum.

And thenne beheld they the scaubard, hit semed to be of a serpents skynne. And theron were letters of gold and syluer, and the gyrdel was but pourely to come to and not able to susteyne suche a ryche suerd, and the letters sayd, he whiche shal welde me oughte to be more harder than ony other yf he bere me as truly as me oughte to be born. For the body of hym whiche I oughte to hange by he shal not be shamed in no place whyle he is gyrd with this gyrdel, nor neuer none be soo hardy to doo awey this gyrdel, for it oughte not be done away but by the handes of a mayde, and that she be a kynges doughter and quenes, and she must be a mayde alle the dayes of her lyf, bothe in wylle and in dede. And yf she breke her vyrgynyte she shalle dye the moost vylaynous dethe that euer dyd ony woman. Sir said Percyual torne this suerd that we may see what is on the other syde, & hit was reed as blood with blak letters as ony cole, whiche sayd, he that shal prayse me moost, moost shalle he fynde me to blame at a grete nede and to whome I shold be moost debonair shall I be most felon, and that shalle be at one tyme. Faire broder sayd she to Percyual it befelle after a fourty yere after the passion of Jhesu Cryst that Nacyen thy broder in lawe of kyng Mordrayns was borne in to a Towne more than xiiii dayes journeye from his countrey by the commaundement of our lord in to an yle, in to the partyes of the West that men clepyd the yle of Turnaunce. Soo befelle hit that he fond this shyp at the entre of a roche, and he fond the bedde and this suerd as we haue herd now. Not for thenne he had not soo moche hardynesse to drawe hit, and there he dwellid an eyght dayes, and at the nynythe day there felle a grete wynde whiche departed hym out of the yle and brought hym to another yle by a roche, and there he fond the grettest gyaunt that euer man myghte see, therwith cam that horryble gyaunt to slee hym, and thenne he loked aboute hym and myghte not flee, and he had no thynge to defende hym with. Soo he ranne to his suerd, and when he sawe hit naked, he praysed it moche, and thenne he shoke it, and ther with he brak it in the myddes. A said Nacyen the thyng that I moost praysed ought I now moost to blame, and ther with he threwe the pyeces of his suerd ouer his bedde. And after he lepte ouer the borde to fyghte with the gyaunt, and slewe hym. And anone he entryd in to the shyp ageyne, and the wynde arose, and drofe hym thurgh the see, that by aduenture he came to another shyp where kynge Mordrayns was, whiche hadde ben tempted ful euyll with a fende in the porte of peryllous roche. And whanne that one sawe the other, they made grete joye of other, and eyther told other of their aduenture, & how the swerd fayled hym at his moost nede. Whanne Mordrayns sawe the suerd he praysed hit moche, but the brekyng was not to doo, but by wyckednes of thy self ward, for thow arte in somme synne, and there he took the suerd, and sette the pecys to gyders, and they soudered as fayr as euer they were to fore, and there putte he the swerd in the shethe, and leyd it doune on the bedde. Thenne herd they a voyce that sayd go out of this ship a lytel whyle, and entre in to the other for drede ye falle in dedely synne, for and ye be fonde in dedely synne ye maye not escape but perysshe, and soo they wente in to the other shyp. And as Nacyen wente ouer the borde he was smyten with a swerd on the ryghte foote that he felle doune noselynge to the shyps bord, and there with he sayd O god how am I hurte, and thenne there came a voyce and sayd, take thow that for thy forfette that thow dydest in drawynge of this suerd, therfor thow receyuest a wounde, for thow were neuer worthy to handel it, the wrytynge maketh mencyon. In the name of god said galahad ye ar ryzt wyse of these werkes.

Capitulum v.

Syr sayd she there was a kynge that hyghte Pelles the maymed kynge. And whyle he myghte ryde, he supported moche crystendome and holy chirche. Soo vpon a daye he hunted in a woode of his whiche lasted vnto the see, and at the last he loste his houndes, and his knyghtes, sauf only one, and there he and his knyghte wente tyl that they cam toward Irland, and there he fonde the shyp. And whanne he sawe the letters and vnderstood them, yet he entryd, for he was ryghte parfyte of his lyf, but his knyghte had none hardynes to entre & ther fonde he this suerd & drewe it oute as moche as ye maye see. Soo there with entryd a spere where with he was smyte hym thurgh bothe the thyes, and neuer sythe myghte he be helyd ne nought shall to fore we come to hym. Thus said she was not kynge Pelles your graunte sir maymed for his hardynesse. In the name of god damoysel sayd Galahad, so they wente toward the bedde to behold al aboute hit, and aboue the hede ther henge two swerdes. Also there were two spyndels whiche were as whyte as ony snowe, and other that were as reed as blood, and other aboue grene as ony emeraude, of these thre colours were the spyndels and of naturel coloure within and withoute ony payntynge. These spyndels sayd the damoysel were whan synful Eue came to gadre fruyte, for whiche Adam and she were putte oute of paradyse, she tooke with her the bough on whiche the Appel henge on. Thenne perceyued she that the braunche was fayre and grene, and she remembryd her the losse whiche came fro the tree. Thenne she thoughte to kepe the braunche as longe as she myghte. And for she had no cofer to kepe hit in, she put it in the erthe. Soo by the wylle of our lord the braunche grewe to a grete tree within a lytil whyle, & was as whyte as ony snowe, braūches, bowes, and leues that was a token a mayden planted hit. But after god came to Adam and bad hym knowe his wyf flesshly as nature requyred, Soo lay Adam with his wyf vnder the same tree, and anone the tree whiche was whyte and ful grene as ony grasse and alle that came oute of hit, and in the same tyme that they medled to gyders there was Abel begoten, thus was the tree longe of grene colour. And so it befelle many dayes after, vnder the same tree Cayne slewe Abel, wherof befelle grete merueil. For anone as Abel had receyued the dethe vnder the grene tree he lost the grene colour and becam reed and that was in tokenyng of the blood, & anone alle the plantes dyed therof, but the tree grewe and waxed merueyllously fayre, & hit was the fayrest tree & the moost delectable that ony man myght beholde and see and so dyd the plantes that grewe out of it to fore that Abel was slayne vnder it. Soo longe dured the tree tyl that Salamon kynge Dauyds sone regned, and helde the londe after his fader. This Salamon was wyse and knewe alle the vertues of stones and trees, and soo he knewe the course of the sterres and many other dyuerse thynges.

This Salamon had an euylle wyfe, where thurgh he wende that there had ben no good woman, and soo he despysed hem in his bookes. Soo ansuerd a voyce hym ones, Salamon, yf heuynes come to a man by a woman, ne reke thow neuer. For yet shalle there come a woman wherof there shalle come gretter joye to man an honderd tymes more than this heuynesse geueth sorowe, and that woman shalle be borne of thy lygnage. Tho whan Salamon herd these wordes, he held hym self but a foole, & the trouthe he perceyued by old bookes. Also the holy ghoost shewed hym the comynge of the gloryous vyrgyne marye. Thenne asked he of the voyce, yf hit shold be in the yerde of his lygnage. Nay sayd the voyce but there shalle come a man whiche shalle be a mayde, and the last of your blood, & he shalle be as good a knyght as duke Josue, thy broder in lawe.

Capitulum vi.

Now haue I certefyed the of that thow stodest in doubte, thenne was Salamon glad that there shold come ony suche of his lygnage, but euer he merueylled & studyed who that shold be, And what his name myghte be, his wyf perceyued that he studyed, and thoughte she wolde knowe it at some season, and so she wayted her tyme, and asked of hym the cause of his studyenge, and there he told her alle to gyder how the voyce tolde hym. Wel sayd she, I shalle lete make a shyp of the best wood and moost durable that men maye fynde. Soo Salamon sente for alle the Carpenters of the lond and the best. And whan they had made the shyp, the lady sayd to Salamon, syr sayd she, syn hit is soo that this knyght ouzte to passe all knyghtes of cheualry whiche haue ben to fore hym, & shall come after hym. More ouer I shall telle yow sayd she ye shalle goo in to oure lordes temple where is kynge Dauyds suerd your fader, the whiche is the merueyllous and the sharpest that euer was taken in ony knyghtes hand, therfore take that, and take of the pomel, and therto make ye a pomel of precyous stones that it be soo subtylly made that noo man perceyue it, but that they be al one, & after make there an hylte soo merueyllously and wonderly that noo man maye knowe hit. And after make a merueyllous sheth. And whan ye haue made alle this, I shalle lete make a gyrdel ther to suche as shalle please me. Alle this kynge Salamon dyd lete make as she deuysed, bothe the shyp and alle the remenaunt. And whan the ship was redy in the see to sayle, the lady lete make a grete bedde and merueyllous ryche, and sette her vpon the beddes hede couerd with sylke, and leyd the suerd at the feete, & the gyrdels were of hempe, and there with the kynge was angry. Syr wete ye wel sayd she that I haue none soo hyghe a thynge whiche were worthy to susteyne soo hyhe a suerd, and a mayde shall brynge other knyghtes ther to, but I wote not whanne hit shalle be ne what tyme, and there she lete make a coueryng to the shyp of clothe of sylke that shold neuer rote for no maner of weder, yet went that lady and maade a Carpenter to come to the tree whiche Abel was slayne vnder. Now sayd she carue me oute of this tree as moche wood as wylle make me a spyndyl. A madame sayd he, this is the tree, the whiche our fyrst moder planted. Do hit sayd she or els I shall destroye the. Anone as he beganne to werke, ther cam out droppes of blood, and thenne wold he haue lefte, but she wold not suffre hym, and soo he tooke aweye as moche wood as myzte make a spyndyl, and soo she made hym to take as moche of the grene tree and of the whyte tree. And whan these thre spyndels were shapen, she made hem to be fastned vpon the selar of the bedde. Whanne Salamone sawe this, he sayd to his wyf ye haue done merueyllously, for though alle the world were here ryght now, he coude not deuyse wherfor alle this was made, but oure lord hym self, and thow that hast done hit, wotest not what it shal betoken. Now lete hit be sayd she, for ye shal here tydynges sooner than ye wene.

Now shalle ye here a wonderful tale of kyng Salamon and his wyf.

Capitulum vii.

THAT nyght lay Salamon bifore the ship with lytel felauship. And whan he was on slepe, hym thoughte, there come from heuen a grete company of angels and alyghte in to the ship and took water whiche was broughte by an angel in a vessel of syluer, and sprente alle the shyp. And after he came to the suerd and drewe letters on the hylte. And after wente to the shyps borde, and wrote there other letters, whiche sayd thou man that wylt entre within me, beware that thow be ful within the feythe, for I ne am but feythe & byleue. Whanne Salamon aspyed these letters he was abasshed, soo that he durste not entre, and soo drewe hym abak, and the shyp was anone shouen in the see, and he wente soo faste that he lost syghte of hym within a lytyl whyle. And thenne a lytyl voyce said, Salamon, the last knyghte of thy lygnage shalle reste in this bedde. Thenne wente Salamon and awaked his wyf, and told her of the aduentures of the shyp.

Now sayth thystory that a grete whyle the thre felawes biheld the bedde, and the thre spyndels, than they were at certayne that they were of naturel colours withoute payntynge. Thenne they lefte vp a clothe whiche was aboue the ground & there fond a ryche purse by semynge, and Percyual took hit. And fonde therin a wrytte, & so he redde hit, and deuysed the maner of the spyndels and of the shyp whens hit came, and by whome it was made. Now sayd Galahad where shall we fynde the gentylwoman, that shalle make newe gyrdels to the suerd. Fair syre sayd Percyuals syster, desmaye yow not. For by the leue of god I shall lete make a gyrdel to the suerd suche one as shalle longe therto. And thenne she opend a boxe and toke oute gyrdels which were semely wroughte with golden thredys, and vpon that were sette ful precyous stones & a ryche buckel of gold. lo lordes said she, here is a gyrdel that oughte to be sette aboute the suerd. And wete ye wel the grettest parte of this gyrdle was made of my here whiche I loued wel whyle that I was a woman of the world. But as soone as I wyst that this aduenture was ordeyned me I clypped of my here, and made this gyrdel in the name of god. ye be wel y fonde said sir Bors, for certes ye haue put vs out of grete payne wherin we shold haue entryd ne had your tydynges ben. Thenne wente the gentilwoman and sette hit on the gyrdel of the suerd. Now sayd the felauship what is the name of the suerd, and what shalle we calle hit. Truly sayd she the name of the suerd is the suerd with the straunge gyrdels and the shethe meuer of blood, for noo man that hath blood in hym ne shalle neuer see the one party of the shethe whiche was made of the tree of lyf. Thenne they sayd to Galahad In the name of Jhesu Cryste, and praye yow that ye gyrd you with this suerd whiche hath ben desyred so moche in the Realme of Logrys. Now lete me begynne sayd Galahad to grype thys swerd for to gyue yow courage. But wete ye wel hit longeth no more to me than it doth to yow. And thenne he gryped aboute hit with his fyngers a gréte dele. And thenne she gyrte hym aboute the myddel with the swerd. Now rek I not though I dye, for now I hold me one of the blessid maydens of the world whiche hath made the worthyest knyght of the world. Damoysel sayd Galahad ye haue done soo moche that I shalle be your knyghte alle the dayes of my lyf. Thenne they wente from that shyp, and wente to the other. And anone the wynde droofe hem in to the see a grete paas but they had no vytaille, but hit befelle that they came on the morne to a Castell that men calle Carteloyse, that was in the marches of Scotlād. And whan they had passed the porte, the gentilwoman sayde lordes here be men aryuen that and they wyste that ye were of kynge Arthurs courte, ye shold be assaylled anone. Damoysell sayd Galahad he that cast vs oute of the Roche shalle delyuer vs from hem.

Capitulum Octauum.

Soo hit befelle as they spoken thus, there cam a squyer by them, and asked what they were, and they said they were of kynge Arthurs hows, is that sothe sayd he. Now by my hede sayd he ye be ylle arayed, and thenne torned he ageyn vnto the clyff fortresse. And within a whyle they herd an horne blowe. Thenne a gentylwoman came to hem and asked hem of whens they were, and they told her. Faire lordes sayd she for goddes loue torne ageyne yf ye may, for ye be come vnto youre dethe. Nay they sayd we wille not torne ageyne, for he shalle helpe vs in whos seruyse we ben entred in. Thenne as they stode talkynge, there came knyghtes wel armed and bad hem yelde them or els to dye. that yeldyng sayd they shal be noyous to yow, and there with they lete theyr horses renne, and sir Percyual smote the formest to the erthe, and took his hors, & mounted therupon, and the same dyd Galahad. Also Bors serued another soo for they had no horses in that countrey, for they lefte their horses whan they toke their shyp in other countrayes. And soo whan they were horsed, thenne beganne they to sette vpon them, and they of the Castel fled in to the stronge fortresse, and the thre knyghtes after them in to the Castel, and soo alyghte on foote, and with their swerdes slewe them doune and gate in to the halle. Thenne whan they beheld the grete multytude of peple, that they had slayne, they held them self grete synners. Certes sayd Bors, I wene & god had loued hem that we shold not haue had power to haue slayne hem thus. But they haue done soo moche ageyn our lord that he wold not suffre hem to regne no lenger. Say ye not soo sayd Galahad, for yf they mysdyd ageynst god, the vengeaunce is not ours, but to hym whiche hath power therof. So came there oute of a chamber a good man whiche was a preest and bare goddes body in a coupe. And whanne he sawe hem whiche lay dede in the halle, he was alle abasshed, and Galahad dyd of his helme and kneled doune, and soo dyd his two felawes, syre sayd they haue ye no drede of vs, For we ben of kynge Arthurs courte. Thenne asked the good man how they were slayn so sodenly, and they told it hym.

Truly sayd the good man and ye myghte lyue as longe as the world myght endure, ne myghte ye haue done soo grete an almesse dede as this. Sire sayd Galahad I repente me moch in as moche as they were crystened. Nay repente yow not sayd he for they were not crystened, and I shalle telle you hou that I wote of this Castel, here was lord Erle Hernox not but one yere, and he had thre sones good knyghtes of armes and a doughter the fayrest gentylwoman that men knewe, soo tho thre knyghtes loued theyr syster so sore that they brente in loue, and so they lay by her maulgre her hede. And for she cryed to her fader, they slewe her and took their fader, and putte hym in pryson, and woūded hym nygh to the deth, but a cosyn of hers rescowed hym. And thenne dyd they grete vntrouthe, they slewe clerkes and preestes, and made bete doune chappels that oure lordes seruyse myght not be serued ne sayd, and this same daye her fader sente to me for to be confessid & houseld, but suche shame had neuer man as I had this day with the thre bretheren, but the erle badde me suffer, for he sayde they shold not longe endure, for thre seruauntes of oure lord shold destroye them, and now hit is brought to an ende. And by this maye ye wete that our lord is not displeasyd with your dedes. Certes sayd Galahad and hit had not pleasyd our lord, neuer shold we haue slayne soo many men in soo lytyl a whyle, & thenne they broughte the erle Hernox oute of pryson in to the myddes of the halle that knewe Galahad anone, and yet he sawe hym neuer afore but by reuelacyon of our lord.

Capitulum ix.

THENNE beganne he to wepe ryght tendyrly & said long haue I abyden your comynge, but for goddes loue holdeth me in your armes that my sowle may departe oute of my body in soo good a mans armes as ye be. Gladly sayd Galahad. And thenne one sayd on hyghe that alle herde, Galahad, wel hast thou auenged me on goddes enemyes. Now behoueth the to goo to the maymed kyng as soone as thow maist, for he shalle receyue by the helthe whiche he hath abyden soo long, and ther with the sowle departed from the body, and Galahad made hym to be buryed as hym ought to be. Ryght soo departed the thre knyghtes and Percyuals syster with them. And soo they came in to a waste foreste, and there they sawe afore them a whyte herte whiche four lyons ladde. Thenne they took hem to assent for to folowe after, for to knowe whydder they repayred and soo they rode after a grete paas til that they cam to a valeye, & ther by was an hermytage where a good man dwellid and the herte and the lyons entryd also. soo whanne they sawe all this, they torned to the chappel, and sawe the good man in a relygyous wede & in the armour of our lord, for he wold synge masse of the holy ghoost, and soo they entryd in & herde masse: And at the secretys of the masse, they thre sawe the hert become a man, the whiche merueyled hem and sette hym vpon the aulter, in a ryche sege, and sawe the four lyons were chaunged, the one to the forme of a man, the other to the forme of a lyon, and the thyrd to an Egle, and the fourth was chaunged vnto an oxe. thenne toke they her sege, where the herte sat, and wente oute thurgh a glas wyndowe, and there was no thynge perysshed nor broken, and they herd a voyce say in suche a maner entred the sone of god in the wombe of a mayd mary, whos vyrgynyte ne was perysshed ne hurte, & whanne they herd these wordes they felle doune to the erthe, and were astonyed, and ther with was a grete clerenes. And whanne they were come to their self ageyn they wente to the good man and prayd hym that he wold say hem trouthe. What thynge haue ye sene sayd he, & they told hym all that they had sene. A lordes sayd he ye be welcome, now wote I wel ye be the good knyghtes, the whiche shal brynge the Sancgreal to an ende. For ye ben they vnto whome oure lord shalle shewe grete secretes, and wel oughte oure lord be sygnefyed to an herte. For the herte whanne he is old, he waxeth yonge ageyn in hys whyte skynne. Ryght soo cometh ageyne oure lord from dethe to lyf, for he lost erthely flesshe that was the dedely flesshe, whyche he had taken in the wombe of the blessid vyrgyn mary, & for that cause appiered oure lord as a whyte herte withoute spot, and the foure that were with hym is to vnderstande the foure euuangelystes whiche sette in wrytynge a parte of Jhesu Crystes dedes that he dyd somtyme whan he was amonge yow an erthely man, for wete ye wel neuer erst ne myghte no knyghte knowe the trouthe, for oftymes or this oure lord shewed hym vnto good men and vnto good knyghtes in lykenes of an herte. But I suppose from hens forth ye shalle see no more, and thenne they joyed moche, and dwelled ther alle that day. And vpon the morowe whan they had herde masse, they departed and commaunded the good man to god and soo they came to a Castel and passed by. So there came a knyghte armed after them and sayd lordes herke what I shal saye to yow.

Capitulum x.

THIS gentylwoman that ye lede with yow is a mayde. Syr said she, a mayde I am. Thenne he took her by the brydel, and sayd by the holy crosse ye shalle not escape me to fore ye haue yolden the customme of this Castel. lete her go sayd Percyual ye be not wyse, for a mayde in what place she cometh is free. Soo in the meane whyle there came oute a ten or twelue knyghtes armed oute of the Castel, and with hem came gentylwymmen whiche held a dysshe of syluer, and thenne they sayd this gentylwoman must yelde vs the customme of this Castel, sir sayd a knyghte, what mayde passeth here by shalle yeue this dysshe ful of blood of her ryghte arme. blame haue ye sayd Galahad that broughte vp suche custommes, and soo god me saue I ensure yow of this gentylwoman ye shal fayle whyle that I lyue. Soo god me help sayd Percyual I had lever be slayne, and I also sayd sir Bors. By my trouthe sayd the knyght, thenne shalle ye dye, for ye maye not endure ageynste vs, though ye were the best knyghtes of the world. thenne lete them renne eche to other, and the thre felawes bete the ten knyghtes, and thenne sette theire handes to their swerdes and bete them doune and slewe them. Thenne there came oute of the Castel a thre score knyghtes armed. Faire lordes sayd the thre felawes haue mercy on youre selfe and haue not adoo with vs. Nay fayre lordes sayd the knyghtes of the Castel we counceyl yow to withdrawe yow, for ye ben the best knyghtes of the world, and therfore doo no more for ye haue done ynough. We wille lete yow go with this harme but we must nedes haue the customme. Certes sayd Galahad for nought speke ye. Wel sayd they, wille ye dye. We be not yet come therto sayd Galahad, thēne beganne they to medle to gyders, and Galahad with the straunge gyrdels drewe his suerd, and smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand & slewe what that euer abode hym, & dyd suche merueils that there was none that sawe hym, they wend he had ben none erthely man but a monstre, and his two felawes halp hym passyng wel, and soo they held the journey eueryche in lyke hard tyl it was nyzt, thenne must they nedes departe. So cam in a good knyghte, and sayd to the thre felawes, yf ye wyll come in to nyght, and take suche herberowe as here is, ye shal be ryght welcome, and we shall ensure yow by the feyth of our bodyes, and as we be true knyghtes to leue yow in suche estat to morowe as we fynde yow withoute ony falshede. And as soone as ye knowe of the custome we dare say ye wyll accorde, therfor for goddes loue said the gentylwoman goo thyder and spare not for me. Go we sayd Galahad, and soo they entryd in to the chappel. And when they were alyghte, they made grete joye of hem. Soo within a whyle the thre knyghtes asked the customme of the Castel and wherefor it was. What hit is sayd they we wille saye yow sothe.

Capitulum xi.

THER is in this Castel a gentylwoman whiche we and this castel is hers and many other. Soo it befelle many yeres agone there fylle vpon her a maladye. And whanne she had layne a grete whyle she felle vnto a mesel, and of no leche she coude haue no remedy. But at the last an old man sayd and she myght haue a dysshe ful of blood of a mayde and a clene vyrgyn in wylle and in werke, And a kynges doughter, that blood shold be her hele, and for to anoynte her with alle, & for this thynge was this customme made. Now said Percyuals sister fayr knyztes I see wel y^t this gentylwoman is but dede. Certes sayd Galahad and ye blede soo moche ye maye dye. Truly sayd she, and I dye for to hele her, I shal gete me grete worship and sowles helthe, and worshyp to my lygnage, and better is one harme than tweyn. And therfor ther shall be no more batail but to morne I shall yelde yow your customme of this castel, and thenne there was grete joye more than there was to fore. For els had there ben mortal werre vpon the morne, not withstandyng she wold none other whether they wold or nold, that nyght were the thre felawes easyd with the best, & on the morne they herd masse, and sir Percyuals sister bad brynge forth the seke lady, so she was, the whiche was euylle at ease, thenne sayd she who shall lete me blood. Soo one came forth and lete her blood, and she bled soo moche, that the dysshe was ful, thenne she lyfte vp her hand and blessid her. And thenne she said to the lady, Madame I am come to the dethe for to make yow hole, for goddes loue prayeth for me. With that she felle in a swoune. Thenne Galahad and his two felawes starte vp to her and lyfte her vp and staunched her, but she had bled soo moche that she myght not lyue. Thenne she sayd whanne she was awaked fayre broder Percyual I dye for the helynge of this lady. Soo I requyre yow that ye berye me not in this countrey, but as soone as I am dede, put me in a bote at the next hauen, and lete me goo as aduenture will lede me. And as soone as ye thre come to the Cyte of Sarras ther to encheue the holy graile ye shalle fynde me vnder a Towre arryued, and there bery me in the spyrytual place, for I saye yow soo moche there Galahad shalle be buryed and ye also in the same place. Thenne Percyual vnderstood, these wordes and graunted it her wepynge. And thenne sayd a voyce lordes and felawes to morowe at the houre of pryme ye thre shalle departe eueryche from other, tyl the aduenture brynge yow to the maymed kynge. Thenne asked she her saueour, and as soone as she had receyued hit, the soule departed from the body. Soo the same daye was the lady helyd whan she was enoynted with alle. Thenne syr Percyuale made a letter of all that she had holpen hem as in straunge aduentures, and put hit in her ryght hand and soo leyd her in a barge, and couerd it with blak sylke, and so the wynde aroos, and drofe the barge from the lond, & alle knyghtes beheld hit, tyl it was oute of their syghte.

Thenne they drewe alle to the Castel, and soo forthe with ther felle a sodeyne tempest and a thonder layte and rayne as alle the erthe wold haue broken. Soo half the castel torned vp soo doune. Soo it passed euensonge or the tempest was seaced. Thenne they sawe afore hem a knyghte armed and wounded hard in the body and in the hede that sayd O god socoure me for now it is nede. After this knyght came another knyghte, & a dwerf whiche cryed to hem afer, stand ye may not escape. Thenne the wounded knyghte held vp his handes to god that he shold not dye in suche trybulacyon. Truly sayd Galahad I shalle socoure hym for his sake that he calleth vpon. Sir said Bors I shalle doo hit, for it is not for yow, for he is but one knyghte. Sir sayd he I graunte. So sir Bors toke his hors and commaunded hym to god, and rode after to rescowe the wounded knyghte.

Now torne we to the two felawes.

Capitulum xii.

Now saith the story that al nyght Galahad and Percyual were in a chappel in her prayers for to saue sir Bors. Soo on the morowe they dressid hem in theire harneis toward the Castel to wete what was fallen of them there in. And when they cam there, they fond neyther man ne woman that he ne was dede by the vengeaunce of oure lord. With that they herd a voyce that sayd, this vengeaunce is for blood shedynge of maydens. Also they fonde atte ende of the chappel a Chirche yerd, and therin myght they see a thre score fair tombes, and that place was soo fayre and soo delectable that it semed hem there had ben none tempest. For there lay the bodyes of alle the good maydens whiche were martred for the seke ladyes sake. Also they fond the names of eueryche, and of what blood they were come, and alle were of kynges blood & twelue of them were kynges doughters. Thenne they departed and wente in to a foreste. Now said Percyual vnto Galahad we must departe, soo pray we oure lord that we maye mete to gyders in short tyme, thenne they dyd of their helmes and kyssed to gyder, and wepte at their departynge.

Capitulum xiii.

Now sayth the history that whan launcelot was come to the water of Mortoyse as hit is reherced before, he was in grete perylle, and soo he leyd hym doune and slepte, and toke the aduenture that god wold sende hym.

Soo whan he was a slepe, there came a vysyon vnto hym and said Launcelot aryse vp & take thyn armour, and entre in to the first ship that thow shalt fynde. And when he herd these wordes he starte vp and sawe grete clerenes about hym. And thenne he lyfte vp his hande and blessid hym and so toke his armes and made hym redy, and soo by aduenture he came by a stronde, & fonde a shyp the which was withoute sayle or ore. And as soone as he was within the shyp there he felte the moost swetnes that euer he felt, and he was fulfylled with alle thynge that he thought on or desyred. Thenne he sayd, Fair swete fader Jhesu Cryst I wote not in what joye I am, For this joye passeth alle erthely joyes that euer I was in. And soo in this ioye he leyd hym doune to the shyps borde, & slepte tyl day. And when he awoke, he fonde there a fayre bed & therin lyenge a gentylwoman dede, the whiche was syr percyuals syster. And as launcelot deuysed her, he aspyed in hir ryght hand a wrytte, the whiche he redde, the whiche told hym all the aduentures that ye haue herd to fore, and of what lygnage she was come. Soo with this gentylwoman syr launcelot was a moneth and more. yf ye wold aske how he lyued, he that fedde the peple of Israel with manna in deserte, soo was he fedde. For euery day when he had sayd his prayers, he was susteyned with the grace of the holy ghoost. So on a nyghte he wente to playe hym by the water syde, for he was somwhat wery of the shyp. And thenne he lystned and herd an hors come, And one rydynge vpon hym. And whanne he cam nygh he semed a knyghte. And soo he lete hym passe, and wente there as the shyp was, and there he alyghte, and toke the sadel and the brydel and putte the hors from hym, and went in to the ship. And thenne Launcelot dressid vnto hym and said ye be welcome, and he ansuerd and salewed hym ageyne, & asked hym what is your name, for moche my hert gyueth vnto yow. Truly sayd he my name is launcelot du lake, sir saide he, thēne be ye welcome, for ye were the begynner of me in this world. A sayd he ar ye Galahad, ye forsothe sayd he, and so he kneled doune and asked hym his blessynge, and after toke of his helme and kyssed hym. And there was grete joye bitwene them, for there is no tonge can telle the joye that they made eyther of other, and many a frendely word spoken bitwene, as kynde wold, the whiche is no nede here to be reherced. And there eueryche told other of theire aduentures and merueils that were befallen to them in many journeyes sythe that they departed from the courte. Anone as Galahad sawe the gentilwoman dede in the bed, he knewe her wel ynough, & told grete worship of her that she was the best mayde lyuyng and hit was grete pyte of her dethe. But whanne Launcelot herd how the merueylous swerd was goten, and who made hit, and alle the merueyls reherced afore, Thenne he prayd galahad his sone that he wold shewe hym the suerd, and so he dyd, and anone he kyssed the pomel and the hyltes and the scaubard. Truly sayd launcelot neuer erst knewe I of so hyhe aduentures done and so merueyllous & straunge. So dwellid Launcelot and Galahad within that shyp half a yere, and serued god dayly and nyghtly with alle their power, and often they aryued in yles ferre from folke, where there repayred none but wylde beestes, and ther they fond many straunge aduentures and peryllous whiche they broughte to an ende, but for tho aduentures were with wylde beestes, and not in the quest of the Sancgreal, therfor the tale maketh here no mencyon therof, for it wolde be to longe to telle of alle tho aduentures that befelle them.

Capitulum xiiii.

Soo after on a mondaye hit befelle that they aryued in the edge of a foreste to fore a crosse, and thenne sawe they a knyghte armed al in whyte and was rychely horsed, and ledde in his ryght hand a whyte hors, and soo he cam to the shyp and salewed the two knyghtes on the hyghe lordes behalf, and sayd Galahad syr ye haue ben longe ynough with your fader, come oute of the ship, and starte vpon this hors, & goo where the aduentures shall lede the in the quest of the sancgreal. thenne he wente to his fader and kyst hym swetely and sayd, Fair swete fader I wote not whan I shal see you more tyl I see the body of Jhesu Cryst. I praye yow sayd launcelot praye ye to the hyghe fader that he hold me in his seruyse & soo he took his hors, & ther they herd a voyce that sayd thynke for to doo wel, for the one shal neuer see the other before the dredeful day of dome. Now sone galahad said laūcelot syn we shal departe, & neuer see other, I pray to y^e hyz fader to conserue me and yow bothe. Sire said Galahad noo prayer auaylleth soo moche as yours. And there with Galahad entryd in to the foreste. And the wynde aroos and drofe Launcelot more than a moneth thurgh oute the see where he slepte but lytel but prayed to god that he myght see some tydynges of the Sancgreal. Soo hit befelle on a nyghte at mydnyghte he aryued afore a Castel on the bak syde whiche was ryche and fayre, & there was a posterne opened toward the see, and was open withoute ony kepynge, sauf two lyons kept the entre, and the moone shone clere. Anone sir launcelot herd a voyce that sayd Launcelot goo oute of this shyp, and entre in to the Castel, where thou shalt see a grete parte of thy desyre. Thenne he ran to his armes and soo armed hym, and soo wente to the gate and sawe the lyons. Thenne sette he hand to his suerd & drewe hit. Thenne ther came a dwerf sodenly and smote hym on the harme so sore that the suerd felle oute of his hand. Thenne herd he a voyce say O man of euylle feyth and poure byleue wherfor trowest thow more on thy harneis than in thy maker, for he myghte more auayle the than thyn armour in whos seruyse that thou arte sette. Thenne said launcelot, fayre fader ihesu Cryste I thanke the of thy grete mercy that thou repreuest me of my mysdede. Now see I wel that ye hold me for youre seruaunt. thenne toke he ageyne his suerd and putte it vp in his shethe and made a crosse in his forhede, and came to the lyons, and they made semblaunt to doo hym harme. Notwithstandynge he passed by hem without hurte and entryd in to the castel to the chyef fortresse, and there were they al at rest, thenne Launcelot entryd in so armed, for he fond noo gate nor dore but it was open. And at the last he fond a chamber wherof the dore was shytte, and he sette his hand therto to haue opened hit, but he myghte not.

Capitulum xv.

THENNE he enforced hym mykel to vndoo the dore, thenne he lystned and herd a voyce whiche sange so swetely that it semed none erthely thynge, and hym thoughte the voyce said Joye and honour be to the fader of heuen. Thenne Launcelot kneled doun to fore the chamber, for wel wyst he that there was the Sancgreal within that chamber. Thenne sayd he Fair swete fader Jhesu Cryst yf euer I dyd thyng that pleasyd the lord, for thy pyte ne haue me not in despyte for my synnes done afore tyme, and that thou shewe me some thynge of that I seke. And with that he sawe the chamber dore open and there came oute a grete clerenes, that the hows was as bryghte as all the torches of the world had ben there. So cam he to the chamber dore, and wold haue entryd. And anone a voyce said to hym, Flee launcelot, and entre not, for thou oughtest not to doo hit. And yf thou entre, thou shalt forthynke hit. Thenne he withdrewe hym abak ryght heuy. Thenne loked he vp in the myddes of the chamber, and sawe a table of syluer and the holy vessel couerd with reed samyte, and many angels aboute hit, wherof one helde a candel of waxe brennyng and the other held a crosse and the ornementys of an aulter. And bifore the holy vessel he sawe a good man clothed as a preest. And it semed that he was at the sacrynge of the masse. And it semed to Launcelot that aboue the preestes handes were thre men wherof the two putte the yongest by lykenes bitwene the preestes handes, and soo he lyfte hit vp ryghte hyhe, & it semed to shewe so to the peple. And thenne launcelot merueyled not a lytel. For hym thouzt the preest was so gretely charged of the fygure that hym semed that he shold falle to the erthe. And whan he sawe none aboute hym that wolde helpe hym, Thenne came he to the dore a grete paas and sayd, Faire fader Jhesu Cryst ne take hit for no synne though I helpe the good man whiche hath grete nede of help. Ryghte soo entryd he in to the chamber and cam toward the table of syluer, and whanne he came nyghe he felte a brethe that hym thoughte hit was entremedled with fyre whiche smote hym so sore in the vysage that hym thoughte it brente his vysage, and there with he felle to the erthe and had no power to aryse, as he that was soo araged that had loste the power of his body and his herynge and his seynge.

Thenne felte he many handes aboute hym whiche tooke hym vp, and bare hym oute of the chamber dore, withoute ony amendynge of his swoune, and lefte hym there semyng dede to al peple. Soo vpon the morowe whan it was fayre day they within were arysen, and fonde Launcelot lyenge afore the chamber dore. Alle they merueylled how that he cam in, and so they loked vpon hym and felte his pouse to wyte whether there were ony lyf in hym, and soo they fond lyf in hym, but he myght not stande nor stere no membre that he had, and soo they tooke hym by euery parte of the body, and bare hym in to a chamber and leyd hym in a ryche bedde ferre from alle folke, and soo he lay four dayes. Thenne the one sayd he was on lyue, and the other sayd Nay. In the name of god sayd an old man, for I doo yow veryly to wete, he is not dede, but he is soo fulle of lyf as the myghtyest of yow alle, and therfor I counceylle yow that he be wel kepte tyl god send hym lyf ageyne.

Capitulum xvi.

In suche maner they kepte launcelot four and twenty dayes and also many nyghtes that euer he laye stylle as a dede man, and at the xxv daye befelle hym after myddaye that he opened his eyen. And whan he sawe folke he made grete sorowe and sayd why haue ye awaked me, for I was more at ease than I am now. O Jhesu Cryst who myghte be soo blessid that myght see openly thy grete merueyls of secretenes there where no synnar may be. What haue ye sene sayd they aboute hym. I haue sene said he so grete merueyls that no tong may telle, and more than ony herte can thynke, & had not my sone ben here afore me I had sene moche more. Thenne they told hym how he had layne there four and twenty dayes and nyghtes, thenne hym thoughte hit was punysshement for the four and twenty yeres that he had ben a synner wherfore our lord put hym in penaunce four and twenty dayes and nyghtes. Thenne loked syr launcelot afore hym, & sawe the hayre whiche he had borne nyghe a yere, for that he forthoughte hym ryzte moche that he had broken his promyse vnto the heremyte whiche he had auowed to doo. Thenne they asked how hit stood with hym, for sothe sayd he I am hole of body thanked be our lord, therfore syrs for goddes loue telle me where I am. thenne sayd they alle that he was in the castel of Carbonek. there with came a gentylwoman, and brought hym a sherte of smal lynen clothe, but he chaunged not there, but toke the hayre to hym ageyne. Sir sayd they, the queste of the Sancgreal is encheued now ryght in yow, that neuer shall ye see of the Sangreal no more than ye haue seen. Now I thanke god said Launcelot of his grete mercy of that I haue seen, for it suffyseth me, for as I suppose no man in thys worlde hath lyued better than I haue done to encheue that I haue done. And therwith he took the hayre and clothyd hym in it, & aboue that he put a lynen sherte, & after a robe of scarlet fresshe & newe. And whanne he was so arayed, they merueylled alle, for they knewe hym that he was Launcelot the good knyghte. And thenne they sayd all O my lord syr Launcelot be that ye, and he sayd Truly I am he. Then came worde to kynge Pelles that the knyghte that had layen so long dede was syr Launcelot, thenne was the kynge ryghte gladde, & went to see hym. And whanne Launcelot sawe hym come, he dressyd hym ageynste hym, and there made the kynge grete Joye of hym. And there the kyng tolde hym tydynges, that his fayr doughter was dede. Thenne Launcelot was ryght heuy of it, and sayd syre me forthynketh the deth of youre doughter, for she was a ful fayre lady, fresshe and yonge. And well I wote she bare the best knyghte that is now on the erthe, or that euer was syth god was borne. Soo the kynge helde hym there four dayes. And on the morowe he took his leue atte kynge Pelles and at all the felaushyp, and thanked them of ther grete labour. Ryghte soo as they satte at theyr dyner in the cheyf halle, thenne was it soo that the Sancgreal had fulfyled the table with all manere of metes that ony herte myght thynke. Soo as they sate they sawe al the dores and the wyndowes of the place were shytte without mannys hand, wherof they were al abasshyd, and none wyst what to do. And thenne it happend sodenly that a knyghte came to the chyef dore, and knocked & cryed, vndoo the dore, but they wold not. And euer he cryed vndoo, but they wolde not. And at last it noyed hym soo moche that the kynge hymself arose and came to a wyndowe where the knyght called. Thenne he said Syr knyghte ye shall not entre at this tyme whyle the sancgreal is here, and therfore goo in to another. For certes ye ben none of the knyghtes of the quest, but one of them whiche hath serued the fende, and haste lefte the seruyse of oure lord, and he was passyng wrothe at the kynges wordes. Sir knyght sayd the kyng syth ye wold soo fayn entre, saye me of what coūtrey ye be. Sir sayd he I am of the Realme of Logrys, and my name is Ector de Marys, and broder vnto my lord sir laūcelot. In the name of god sayd the kynge, me forthynketh of what I haue said, for your broder is here within, & whan Ector de Marys vnderstode that his broder was there, for he was the man in the worlde that he mooste dredde and loued. And thenne he sayd A god now doubleth my sorowe and shame. Full truly sayd the good man of the hylle vnto Gawayne and to me of our dremes. Then wente he oute of the courte as faste as his hors myght, & soo thurgh oute the Castel.

Ca. xvii.

THENNE kynge Pelles cam to syre Lancelot and told hym tydynges of his broder, wherof he was sory that he wyst not what to do. Soo sire Launcelot departed and toke his armes and said he wold goo se the realme of Logrys, whiche I haue not seen these twelue monethes. And there with he commaunded the kynge to god, and so rode thurgh many realmes. And at the last he came to a whyte abbay, and there they made hym that nyghte grete chere, and on the morne he rose and herde masse, and afore an aulter he fond a ryche tombe, the whiche was newely made, and thenne he toke hede, and sawe the sydes wryten with golde, whyche said, Here lyeth kynge Bagdemagus of Gore, whiche kynge Arthurs neuewe slewe and named hym syr Gawayne. Thenne was he not a lytyl sory, for Launcelot loued hym moche more than ony other, and had it ben ony other than Gawayne he shold not haue escapyd from dethe to lyf, and sayd to hym self A lord god this is a grete hurt vnto kyng Arthurs court the losse of suche a man. And thenne he departid and came to the Abbay where Galahad dyd the aduenture of the tombes, and wanne the whyte shelde with the redde crosse, and there had he grete chere all that nyghte. And on the morne he torned vnto Camelot, where he fond kynge Arthur and the quene. But many of the knyghtes of the round table were slayne, and destroyed more than halfe. And so thre were come home ageyne, that were sir Gawayne, syr Ector & syr Lyonel, and many other that nede not to be reherced. Thenne all the courte was passyng glad of syr Laūcelot, and the kynge asked hym many tydynges of his sone Galahad. And there Laūcelot tolde the kyng of his aduentures that had befallen hym syn he departed. And also he told hym of the aduentures of Galahad, Percyuale and Bors, whiche that he knewe by the letter of the dede damoysel, and as Galahad had tolde hym. Now god wold sayd the kyng that they were al thre here. That shal neuer be sayd Launcelot, for two of them shall ye neuer se, but one of them shall come ageyne.

Capitulum xviii.

Now sayth the story that Galahad rode many Journeyes in vayne. And at the last he came to the abbay where kynge Mordrayns was. And whanne he herde that, he thought he wold abyde to see hym. And vpon the morne whan he hadde herd masse Galahad came vnto kynge Mordrayns, and anone the kynge sawe hym whiche had lyen blinde a longe tyme. And thenne he dressid hym ageynst hym & sayd Galahad the seruaunt of Jhesu Cryst whos comynge I haue abyden soo longe, now enbrace me & lete me reste on thy breste, so that I maye reste bitwene thine armes, for thou arte a clene vyrgyn aboue all Knyghtes as the floure of the lely, in whose vyrgynyte is sygnefyed, & thou art the rose the whiche is the floure of all good vertues, & in coloure of fyre. For the fyre of the holy ghoost is taken so in the that my flesshe whiche was of dede oldnesse, is become yong ageyne. Whanne Galahad herd his wordes, thenne he enbraced hym & all his body. Thene sayd he Fayr lord Jhesu Cryst now I haue my wyll. Now I requyre the in this poynt that I am in thou come & visyte me. And anone our lorde herde his praier, ther with the soule departyd from the body. And thenne Galahad put hym in the erth as a kynge ought to be, and so departed, & came in to a peryllous forest where he fond the welle the whyche boylleth with grete waues as the tale telleth to fore. And as soone as Galahad sette his hand therto it sessid, so that it brente no more, & the hete departed. For that it brent it was a sygne of lechery, the which was that tyme moche vsed. But that hete myzte not abyde his pure vyrgynyte. And this was taken in the coūtrey for a myracle. And so euer after was it called Galahadis welle. Thenne by aduenture he came in to the countrey of Gore and in to the Abbay where Launcelot had ben to fore hand & fond the tombe of kynge Bagdemagus. But Joseph of Armathyes sōne was founder therof, and the tombe of Symeon where Launcelot had fayled. Thenne he loked in to a crofte vnder the mynstre, and there he sawe a tombe whiche brent full merueyllously. Thenne asked he the bretheren what it was. Sire sayd they a merueyllous aduenture that may not be broughte vnto none ende, but by hym that passeth of bountey and of knyghthode all the knyghtes of the round table. I wold sayd Galahad that ye wold lede me therto. Gladly sayd they. And soo they ladde hym vnto a caue. And he wente downe vpon gretys, & came nyghe the tombe. And then the flammynge faylled, and the fyre staunched, the whiche many a day had ben grete. Thenne came there a voys that sayd, Moche are ye beholde to thank our lord, the whiche hath gyuen you a good houre, that ye may drawe out the soules of erthly payne and to put them in to the Joyes of paradise. I am of your kynred the whiche hath dwelled in this hete this thre honderd foure & fyfty wynter to be purged of the synne that I did ageynste Joseph of Armathye. Thenne Galahad toke the body in his armes and bare it in to the mynstre. And that nyght lay Galahad in the abbaye. And on the morne he gaf hym seruyse, and put hym in the erthe afore the hygh aulter.

Capitulum xix.

Soo departed he from thens, and commaunded the bretheren to god, and soo he rode fyue dayes tyl that he came to the maymed kynge. And euer folowed Percyual the fyue dayes askynge where he had ben, and soo one told hym, how the aduentures of Logrys were encheued. So on a daye it bifelle that they cam oute of a grete foreste, and there they mette at trauers with sir Bors the whiche rode alone. hit is none nede to telle yf they were glad, & hem he salewed, & they yelded hym honour and good aduenture, and eueryche told other. Thenne said Bors hit is more than a yere and an half that I ne lay ten tymes where men dwelled, but in wylde forestes and in montayns, but god was euer my comforte.

Thenne rode they a grete whyle tyl that they came to the castel of Carbonek. And whan they were entryd within the Castel kynge Pelles knewe hem, thenne there was grete joye. For they wyst wel by theire comynge that they had fulfylled the quest of the Sancgreal. Thenne Elyazar kynge Pelles sone broughte to fore hem the broken suerd where with Joseph was stryken thurgh the thygh. Thenne Bors sette his hand therto, yf that he myght haue souded hit ageyne but it wold not be. Thenne he took it to Percyual but he had no more power ther to than he. Now haue ye hit ageyne sayd Percyuall to Galahad, for and it be euer encheued by ony bodely man, ye must doo hit, and thenne he took the pyeces and sette hem to gyders and they semed that they had neuer ben broken, and as well as hit had ben fyrst forged. And whanne they within aspyed that the aduenture of the suerd was encheued, thenne they gaf the suerd to Bors, for hit myght not be better set, for he was a good knyghte and a worthy man, and a lytel afore euen the suerd arose grete and merueyllous, and was ful of grete hete that many men felle for drede. And anone alyght a voys amonge them and sayd they that ought not to sytte at the table of Jhesu Cryst, aryse, for now shalle veray knyghtes ben fedde. Soo they wente thens all sauf kynge Pelles and Elyazar his sone, the whiche were holy men and a mayde which was his nece, and soo these thre felawes and they thre were there no mo. Anone they sawe knyghtes al armed came in at the halle dore and dyd of their helmes and their armes and sayd vnto Galahad, Sire we haue hyed ryght moche for to be with yow at this table where the holy mete shalle be departed. Thenne sayd he ye be welcome, but of whens be ye. So thre of them sayd they were of gaule, and other thre sayd they were of Irland, and the other thre sayd they were of Denmarke. So as they satte thus, there came oute a bed of tree of a chamber, the whiche four gentylwymmen broughte, and in the bed lay a good man seke, and a crowne of gold vpon his hede, & there in the myddes of the place they sette hym doune and wente ageyne their waye. Thenne he lyfte vp his hede and sayd Galahad knyght ye be welcome, for moche haue I desyred your comynge, for in suche payne and in suche anguysshe I haue ben longe. But now I truste to god the terme is come that my payn shall be alayed that I shall passe out of this world so as it was promysed me longe ago, there with a voyce sayd ther be two amonge you that be not in the quest of the Sancgreal and therfor departe ye.

Capitulum xx.

THENNE kynge Pelles and his sone departed, and there with alle besemed them that there cam a man and four angels from heuen clothed in lykenes of a Bisshop, and had a crosse in his hand, and these foure angels bare hym vp in a chayer, and sette hym doune before the table of syluer where vpon the Sancgreal was, and it semed that he had in myddes of his forhede letters the whiche sayd, See ye here Joseph the fyrst Bisshop of Crystendome the same whiche our lord socoured in the Cyte of Sarras in the spyrytuel place. Thenne the knyghtes merueylled, for that Bisshop was dede more than thre honderd yere to fore. O knyghtes sayde he, merueyle not. For I was somtyme an erthely man. With that they herde the chamber dore open, and there they sawe Angels and two bare candels of waxe, and the thyrd a towel, and the fourthe a spere whiche bled merueillously that thre droppes felle within a boxe whiche he helde with his other hand. And they sette the candels vpon the table, and the thyrd the towel vpon the vessel, and the fourth the holy spere euen vp ryghte vpon the vessel. And thenne the Bisshop made semblaunt as thouz he wold haue gone to the sacrynge of the masse. And thenne he tooke an vbblye whiche was made in lykenes of breed. And at the lyftynge vp, there came a fygur in lykenes of a chyld, and the vysage was as reed and as bryghte as ony fyre & smote hym self in to the breed, so that they all sawe hit that the breed was formed of a flesshely man, and thenne he putte hit in to the holy vessel ageyne, and thenne he dyd that longed to a preest to doo to a masse. And thenne he wente to Galahad and kyssed hym, and badde hym goo and kysse his felawes, and soo he dyd anone. Now sayd he seruauntes of Jhesu Cryste ye shall be fedde afore this table with swete metes that neuer knyghtes tasted. And whanne he had sayd, he vanysshed awey. And they sette hem at the table in grete drede and made their prayers, thenne loked they and sawe a man come oute of the holy vessel that had alle the sygnes of the passion of Jhesu Cryste bledynge alle openly, and sayd my knyghtes and my seruauntes & my true children whiche ben come oute of dedely lyf in to spyrytual lyf I wyl now no lenger hyde me from yow, but ye shal see now a parte of my secretes & of my hydde thynges. Now holdeth and receyueth the hyghe mete whiche ye haue soo moche desyred. Thenne took he hym self the holy vessel and came to Galahad, and he kneled doune, and there he receyued his saueour, and after hym soo receyued alle his felawes, and they thoughte it soo swete that hit was merueillous to telle. Thenne sayd he to Galahad, sone wotest thow what I hold betwixe my handes. Nay sayd he, but yf ye will telle me. This is sayd he the holy dysshe wherin I ete the lambe on sherthursdaye. And now hast thou sene that thou most desyred to see, but yet haste thou not sene hit soo openly as thow shalt see it in the Cyte of Sarras in the spyrituel place. Therfore thow must go hens and bere with the this holy vessel. For this nyght it shalle departe from the Realme of Logrys, that it shalle neuer be sene more here, and wotest thou wherfor for he is not serued nor worshypped to his ryghte by them of this land, for they be torned to euylle lyuynge, therfor I shall disheryte them of the honour whiche I haue done hem. And therfore goo ye thre to morowe vnto the see where ye shal fynde your shyp redy, & with you take the suerd with the straunge gyrdels and no mo with yow but sire Percyual and syre Bors. Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this spere for to enoynte the maymed kynge bothe his legges and alle his body and he shalle haue his hele. Sire sayd Galahad why shalle not these other felawes goo with vs, for this cause For ryght as I departed my postels one here and another there soo I wille that ye departe, and two of yow shalle dye in my seruyse, but one of yow shal come ageyne and telle tydynges. Thenne gaf he hem his blessynge and vanysshed awaye.

Capitulum xxi.

And Galahad wente anone to the spere whiche lay vpon the table, and touched the blood with his fyngers and came after to the maymed kynge and anoynted his legges, and there with he clothed hym anone, and starte vpon his feete oute of his bedde as an hole man, and thanked oure lorde that he had helyd hym, and that was not to the world ward. For anone he yelded hym to a place of Relygyon of whyte monkes and was a ful holy man. That same nyghte aboute mydnyght came a voyce amonge hem whiche sayde my sones & not my chyef sones my frendes and not my werryours, goo ye hens where ye hope best to doo and as I bad yow. A thanked be thou lord that thou wilt vouchesaufe to calle vs thy synners. Now maye we wel preue that we haue not lost our paynes.

And anone in alle haste they took their harneis and departed. But the thre knyghtes of Gaule one of them hyghte Claudyne kynge

Claudas sone, and the other two were grete gentylmen, thenne praid galahad to eueryche of them that yf they come to kynge Arthurs court that they sholde salewe my lorde sir launcelot my fader and of hem of the round table, and prayed hem yf that they cam on that party that they shold not forgete it. Ryght soo departed Galahad, Percyual, and Bors with hym, and soo they rode thre dayes, and thenne they came to a Ryuage and fonde the shyp wherof the tale speketh of to fore. And whanne they cam to the borde, they fonde in the myddes the table of syluer, whiche they had lefte with the maymed kynge and the Sancgreal whiche was couerd with reed samyte. Thenne were they gladde to haue suche thynges in theyr felaushyp, and soo they entryd, and maade grete reuerence ther to, and Galahad felle in his prayer longe tyme to oure lord that at what tyme he asked that he shold passe out of this world, soo moche he prayd tyl a voyce sayd to hym Galahad thou shalt haue thy request. And whan thow askest the dethe of thy body thou shalt haue it, & thenne shalt thow fynde the lyf of the soule. Percyual herd this, and prayd hym of felauship that was bitwene them to telle hym wherfor he asked suche thynges. That shalle I telle yow said Galahad. thother day whanne we sawe a parte of the aduentures of the Sancgreal I was in suche a joye of herte that I trowe neuer man was, that was erthely. And therfore I wote wel whan my body is dede, my sowle shalle be in grete joye to see the blessid Trynyte euery day, and the mageste of oure lord Jhesu Cryst. Soo longe were they in the shyp, that they sayd to Galahad syr in this bedde ought ye to lye, for soo saith the scrypture, & soo he leyd hym doune and slepte a grete whyle. And whan he awaked he loked afore hym and sawe the Cyte of Sarras. And as they wold haue landed, they sawe the shyp wherein Percyual had putte his syster in. Truly sayd Percyual in the name of god, wel hath my syster holden vs couenaunt. Thenne toke they out of the ship the table of syluer, and he tooke it to Percyual and to Bors to goo to fore, and Galahad came behynde, and ryght soo they went to the Cyte, and at the gate of the Cyte they sawe an old man croked. Thenne Galahad called hym and bad hym helpe to bere this heuy thynge. Truly said the old man, it is ten yere ago that I myzt not goo but with crouchys. Care thou not sayd Galahad and aryse vp and shewe thy good wille, and soo he assayed, and fonde hym self as hole as euer he was. Thenne ranne he to the table, and took one parte ageynst Galahad, and anone arose there grete noyse in the Cyte that a cryppyl was maade hole by knyghtes merueyls that entryd in to the Cyte. Thenne anon after the thre knyghtes wente to the water, and broughte vp in to the paleys Percyuals syster, and buryed her as rychely as a kynges doughter oughte to be. And whan the kynge of the Cyte whiche was cleped Estorause sawe the felaushyp, he asked hem of whens they were, and what thyng it was that they had broughte vpon the table of syluer, & they told hym the trouthe of the Sancgreal and the power whiche that god had sette there. Thenne the kynge was a Tyraunt, and was come of the lyne of paynyms, and toke hem, and putte hem in pryson in a depe hole.

Capitulum xxii.

But as soone as they were there oure lord sente hem the Sancgreal, thorow whoos grace they were al waye fulfylled whyle that they were in pryson. Soo at the yeres ende hit befelle that this kynge Estourause lay seke and felte that he shold dye. Thenne he sente for the thre knyghtes & they came afore hym, and he cryed hem mercy of that he had done to them, and they forgaf hit hym goodely and he dyed anone. Whanne the kynge was dede, alle the Cyte was desmayed and wyst not who myghte be her kynge. Ryght soo as they were in counceille there came a voyce amonge them, and badde hem chese the yongest knyght of them thre to be her kynge for he shalle wel mayntene yow and all yours. Soo they made Galahad kynge by alle the assente of the hole Cyte, & els they wold haue slayne hym. And whanne he was come to beholde the land, he lete make aboue the table of syluer a cheste of gold and of precyous stones that hylled the holy vessel. And euery day erly the thre felawes wold come afore hit, & make their prayers. Now at the yeres ende and the self daye after Galahad had borne the croune of gold, he arose vp erly and his felawes, and came to the palais, and sawe to fore hem the holy vessel, and a man knelynge on his knees in lykenes of a Bisshop that had aboute hym a grete felaushyp of Angels as it had ben Jhesu Cryst hym self, & thenne he arose and beganne a masse of oure lady. And whan he cam to the sacrament of the masse, and had done, anone he called Galahad and sayd to hym come forthe the seruaunt of Jhesu cryst and thou shalt see that thou hast moche desyred to see, & thenne he beganne to tremble ryght hard, whan the dedely flesshe beganne to beholde the spyrytuel thynges. Thenne he helde vp his handes toward heuen, and sayd lord I thanke the, for now I see that that hath ben my desyre many a daye. Now blessyd lord wold I not lenger lyue yf it myghte please the lord, & there with the good man tooke oure lordes body betwixe hys handes, and proferd it to Galahad, and he receyued hit ryghte gladly and mekely. Now wotest thow what I am sayd the good man. Nay said Galahad. I am Joseph of Armathye the whiche oure lord hath sente here to the to bere the felaushyp, and wotest thou wherfor that he hath sente me more than ony other. For thou hast resemblyd in to thynges in that thou hast sene the merueyls of the Sancgreal in that thou hast ben a clene mayden as I haue ben and am. And whanne he had said these wordes Galahad went to Percyual and kyssed hym & commaunded hym to god, and soo he wente to sire Bors, & kyssed hym, and commaunded hym to god, and sayd Fayre lord salewe me to my lord syr launcelot my fader. And as soone as ye see hym, byd hym remembre of this vnstable world. And there with he kneled doune to fore the table, and made his prayers, and thenne sodenly his soule departed to Jhesu Crist and a grete multitude of Angels bare his soule vp to heuen, that the two felawes myghte wel behold hit. Also the two felawes sawe come from heuen an hand, but they sawe not the body. And thenne hit cam ryght to the vessel, and took it and the spere, and soo bare hit vp to heuen. Sythen was there neuer man soo hardy to saye that he had sene the Sancgreal.

Capitulum xxiii.

Whanne Percyual & Bors sawe Galahad dede, they made as moche sorowe as euer dyd two men. And yf they had not ben good men, they myght lyghtly haue fallen in despair, & the peple of the countrey & of the cyte were ryzt heuy. And thenne he was buryed. And as soone as he was buryed sire Percyual yelded hym to an hermytage oute of the cyte, and took a relygyous clothynge, and Bors was alwaye with hym, but neuer chaunged he his seculer clothyng for that he purposed hym to goo ageyne in to the Realme of Logrys. Thus a yere and two monethes lyued sir Percyual in the hermytage a ful holy lyf, and thenne passed oute of this world and Bors lete bery hym by his syster and by Galahad in the spyrytueltees. Whanne Bors sawe that he was in so fer countreyes as in the partyes of Babyloyne he departed from Sarras, and armed hym and cam to the see, and entryd in to a shyp, and soo it befelle hym in good aduenture, he cam in to the Realme of Logrys, and he rode so fast tyl he came to Camelot where the kynge was, and thenne was there grete joye made of hym in the Courte, for they wend alle, he had ben dede, for as moche as he had ben soo longe oute of the countrey, and whan they had eten, the kynge made grete clerkes to come afore hym, that they shold cronycle of the hyghe aduentures of the good knyghtes. Whanne Bors had told hym of the aduentures of the Sancgreal suche as had befalle hym, and his thre felawes that was launcelot, Percyual, Galahad, & hym self. There Launcelot told the aduentures of the Sancgreal, that he had sene. Alle this was made in grete bookes, and put vp in almeryes at Salysbury. And anone sir Bors sayd to syre Launcelot, Galahad youre owne sone salewed yow by me, & after yow kynge Arthur, and alle the Courte, and soo dyd sir Percyual, for I buryed hem with myn owne handes in the Cyte of Sarras.

Also sire Launcelot, Galahad prayd yow to remembre of this vnsyker world as ye behyght hym whan ye were to gyders more than half a yere. This is true sayd launcelot. Now I truste to god his prayer shalle auayle me. thenne Launcelot took syr Bors in his armes, and sayd gentyl cosyn ye are ryght welcome to me, and alle that euer I maye doo for yow and for yours ye shalle fynde my poure body redy atte all tymes, whyles the spyryte is in hit, and that I promyse yow feythfully, and neuer to fayle. And wete ye wel gentyl cosyn syre Bors that ye and I wylle neuer departe in sonder whylest oure lyues may laste. Sir sayd he I wylle as ye wylle.

Thus endeth thistory of the Sancgreal that was breuely drawen oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe, the whiche is a story cronycled for one of the truest and the holyest that is in thys world, the whiche is the xvii book.

And here foloweth the eyghtenth book.

Capitulum Primum.

OO after the quest of the Sancgreal was fulfylled, and alle knyghtes that were lefte on lyue were comen ageyne vnto the table round as the booke of the Sancgreal maketh mencyon, Thenne was there grete joye in the courte, and in especyal kynge Arthur and quene Gueneuer made grete joye of the remenaunt that were comen home, and passynge glad was the kynge and the quene of sire launcelot and of sire Bors. For they had ben passynge long away in the quest of the Sancgreal. Thenne as the book saith syr launcelot beganne to resorte vnto quene Gueneuer ageyne, and forgat the promyse and the perfectyon that he made in the quest, for as the book sayth had not sire Launcelot ben in his preuy thouztes and in his myndes so sette inwardly to the quene as he was in semyng outeward to god, there had no knyghte passed hym in the queste of the Sancgreal, but euer his thoughtes were pryuely on the Quene, and so they loued to gyder more hotter than they did to fore hand, and had suche preuy draughtes to gyder that many in the Courte spak of hit, and in especial sir Agrauayne, syr Gawayns broder, for he was euer open mouthed. So bifel that syre Launcelot had many resortes of ladyes and damoysels that dayly resorted vnto hym, that besoughte hym to be their champyon, and in alle suche maters of ryghte sir launcelot applyed hym dayly to do for the pleasyr of oure lord Jhesu crist. And euer as moche as he myghte he withdrewe hym from the companye and felaushyp of Quene Gueneuer for to eschewe the sklaunder and noyse, wherfor the quene waxed wroth with sir Launcelot, and vpon a day she called sir launcelot vnto her chamber and saide thus. Sir Launcelot I see and fele dayly that thy loue begynneth to slake, for thou hast no joye to be in my presence, but euer thou arte oute of thys Courte, and quarels and maters thow hast now a dayes for ladyes and gentilwymmen more than euer thou were wonte to haue afore hand. A madame said launcelot, in this ye must holde me excused for dyuerse causes, one is, I was but late in the quest of the Sancgreal, and I thanke god of his grete mercy and neuer of my deserte that I sawe in that my quest as moche as euer sawe ony synful man, and so was it told me. And yf I had not had my pryuy thoughtes to retorne to your loue ageyne as I doo I had sene as grete mysteryes as euer sawe my sone Galahad outher Percyual or sir Bors, & therfor madame I was but late in that quest. Wete ye wel madame hit maye not be yet lyghtely forgeten the hyz seruyse in whome I dyd my dylygent laboure. Also madame wete ye wel that there be many men speken of our loue in this courte, and haue yow and me gretely in a wayte, as sire Agrauayne and syr Mordred, and madame wete ye wel I drede them more for youre sake, than for ony fere I haue of them my self, for I maye happen to escape and ryde my self in a grete nede where ye must abyde alle that wille be said vnto yow. And thenne yf that ye falle in ony distresse thurgh wylfulle foly, thenne is there none other remedy or help but by me and my blood. And wete ye wel madame the boldenes of you and me wille brynge vs to grete shame and sklaunder, and that were me lothe to see you dishonoured, and that is the cause, I take vpon me more for to do for damoysels and maydens than euer I did to forne that men shold vnderstande my joye and my delyte is my pleasyr to haue adoo for damoisels and maydens.

Capitulum ii.

ALLE this whyle the quene stood stylle and lete sir launcelot saye what he wold. And when he hadde alle said she brast oute on wepynge, and soo she sobbed and wepte a grete whyle. And whan she myght speke she sayd, launcelot now I wel vnderstande that thou arte a fals recreaüt knyghte and a comyn lecheoure, and louest and holdest other ladyes, and by me thou hast desdayne and scorne. For wete thou wel she sayd now I vnderstande thy falshede, and therfor shalle I neuer loue the no more, and neuer be thou so hardy to come in my syghte, and ryghte here I discharge the this Courte that thow neuer come within hit, and I forfende the my felaushyp, and vpon payne of thy hede that thou see me no more. Ryght soo sire Launcelot departed with grete heuynes, that vnnethe he myzt susteyne hym self for grete dole makyng. Thenne he called sir Bors, sir Ector de marys and syr Lyonel and told hem how the quene had forfendyd hym the Courte and soo he was in wille to departe in to his owne Countrey. Fair sir said sire Bors de ganys, ye shalle not departe oute of this land by myn aduyse, ye must remembre in what honour ye are renoumed and called the noblest knyght of the world, and many grete maters ye haue in hand, and wymmen in their hastynes wille doo oftymes that sore repenteth hem, & therfor by myn aduyse ye shalle take youre hors, and ryde to the good hermytage here besyde Wyndsoure that somtyme was a good knyght, his name is sir Brasias, and there shalle ye abyde tyl I sende yow word of better tydynges. Broder said sir launcelot wete ye wel I am ful lothe to departe oute of this realme, but the quene hath defended me soo hyhely, that me semeth she wille neuer be my good lady as she hath ben. Saye ye neuer soo sayd sir Bors, for many tymes or this tyme she hath ben wroth with yow, and after it she was the first that repented it. Ye saye wel sayd launcelot, for now wille I doo by youre counceylle and take myn hors and my harneis and ryde to the heremyte sir Brasias, and there will I repose me vntyl I here somme maner of tydynges fro yow, but fair broder

I praye yow gete me the loue of my lady Quene Gueneuer and ye maye.

Sire said sire Bors ye nede not to meue me of suche maters, For wel ye wote I wille doo what I may to please yow, & thenne the noble knyghte sire Launcelot departed with ryghte heuy chere sodenly, that none erthely creature wyste of hym, nor where he was become, but sir Bors. Soo whan sir launcelot was departed, the quene outward made no maner of sorowe in shewynge to none of his blood nor to none other. But wete ye wel inwardly as the book sayth she took grete thoughte but she bare it out with a proud countenaunce, as though she felte nothynge nor daunger.

Capitulum Tercium.

AND thenne the quene lete make a preuy dyner in london vnto the knyztes of the round table, and al was for to shewe outward that she had as grete joye in al other knyghtes of the table round as she had in sir launcelot, al only at that dyner she had sir Gawayne and his bretheren, that is for to saye sir Agrauayn, sir Gaherys, sire Gareth and syre Mordred. Also there was sir Bors de ganys, sire Blamor de ganys, syr Bleoberys de ganys, sire Galyhud, sir Galyhodyn, syre Ector de marys, sir Lyonel, sire Palomydes, sir Safyr his broder, sir la cote mayle tayle, sir Persaunt, syr Ironsyde, syre Brandyles, syr kay le Seneschal, sir Mador de la porte, Syre Patryse a knyght of Irland, Alyduk, sir Astamore, and sir Pynel le saueage, the whiche was cosyn to sire Lamorak de galys the good knyghte that syr Gawayne and his bretheren slewe by treason, and so these four and twenty knyghtes shold dyne with the quene in a preuy place by them self, and there was made a grete feest of al maner of deyntees, but syre Gawayne had a customme that he vsed dayly at dyner and at souper that he loued wel al maner of fruyte, and in especial appels and perys. And therfore who someuer dyned or feested syre Gawayne wold comynly purueye for good fruyte for hym, and soo dyd the quene for to please sir Gawayne, she lete purueye for hym al maner of fruyte, for sir Gawayn was a passyng hote knyght of nature, and this Pyonel hated syre Gawayne by cause of his kynnesman syr Lamorak de galys & therfor for pure enuy & hate sir Pyonel enpoysond certayn appels for to enpoysonne sir Gawayn, & soo this was wel vnto the ende of the mete, and soo it befelle by mysfortune a good knyght named Patryse cosyn vnto sire Mador de la porte to take a poysond Appel. And whanne he had eten hit, he swalle soo tyl he brast, & there sire Patryce felle doun sodenly deede amonge hem. Thenne euery knyghte lepte from the bord ashamed and araged for wrathe nyghe oute of her wyttes. For they wyste not what to saye consyderynge Quene Gueneuer made the feest and dyner, they alle had suspecyon vnto her. My lady the quene said Gawayne, wete ye wel madame that this dyner was made for me, for alle folkes that knowen my condycyon vnderstande that I loue wel fruyte, and now I see wel, I had nere be slayne, therfor madame I drede lest ye will be shamed. Thenne the quene stood stylle and was sore abasshed, that he nyst not what to saye. This shalle not so be ended said syr Mador de la porte, for here haue I loste a ful noble knyght of my blood. And therfore vpon this shame & despyte I wille be reuenged to the vtteraunce, and there openly sir Mador appeled the quene of the dethe of his cosyn sir patryse. thenne stode they all stylle that none wold speke a word ageynst hym, for they all had grete suspecyon vnto the quene by cause she lete make that dyner, and the quene was so abasshed that she coude none other wayes doo but wepte soo hertely that she felle in a swoune. With this noyse and crye came to them kynge Arthur. And whanne he wyst of that trouble, he was a passynge heuy man.

Capitulum iiii.

AND euer sir Mador stood stylle afore the kynge, and euer he appeled the quene of treason, for the customme was suche that tyme that alle manere of shameful dethe was called treason. Fair lordes sayd kynge Arthur me repenteth of this trouble, but the caas is so I maye not haue adoo in this mater, for I must be a ryghtful Juge, and that repenteth me that I maye not doo batail for my wyf, for as

I deme this dede came neuer by her. And therfore I suppose she shalle not be alle distayned, but that somme good knyght shal putt his body in jeopardy for my quene rather than she shal be brent in a wrong quarel. And therfor sir Mador be not so hasty, for hit maye happen she shalle not be all frendeles, and therfore desyre thow thy daye of bataille, and she shalle purueye her of somme good knyghte, that shalle ansuer yow or els it were to me grete shame, and to alle my courte. My gracyous lord sayd sir Mador ye muste holde me excused, for though ye be oure kynge in that degree, ye are but a knyght as we are, and ye are sworne vnto knyghthode as wel as we, and therfor I biseche yow that ye be not displeased. For there is none of the four and twenty knyghtes that were boden to this dyner, but alle they haue grete suspecyon vnto the quene. What say ye all my lordes said sir Mador, thenne they ansuerd by and by that they coude not excuse the quene, for why she made the dyner, & outher hit must come by her or by her seruauntes. Allas sayd the quene I made this dyner for a good entente, and neuer for none euyl soo almyghty god me help in my ryght as I was neuer purposed to doo suche euylle dedes, and that I reporte me vnto god. My lord the kynge sayd sir Mador I requyre yow as ye be a ryghtuous kyng gyue me a day that I may haue justyce. Wel sayd the kynge I gyue the daye thys day xv dayes that thow be redy armed on horsbak in the medowe besyde Westmynster. And yf it soo falle that there be ony knyght to encountre with yow, there mayst thow doo the best, and god spede the ryght. And yf hit so falle that there be no knyght at that day, thenne must my quene be brente, and ther she shalle be redy to haue her jugement. I am ansuerd sayd sir Mador, and euery knyghte wente where it lyked hem. So whan the kynge and the quene were to gyders, the kynge asked the quene how this caas bifelle, the quene ansuerd, so god me help I wote not how nor in what maner. Where is sir launcelot said kyng Arthur, and he were here he wold not grutche to doo bataille for yow. Sire sayd the quene I wote not where he is, but his brother and his kynnesmen deme that he be not within this Realme, that me repenteth sayd kyng Arthur. For and he were here, he wold soone stynte this stryf.

Thenne I wille counceyle yow sayd the kynge and (that ye go) vnto sire Bors (and pray hym) that ye (he) wil doo bataille for her (you) for sir launcelots sake, And vpon my lyf he wille not refuse yow. For wel I see said the kynge that none of these foure and twenty knyghtes that were with you at your dyner where sir Patryse was slayn that wille doo batail for yow nor none of hem wille saye well of yow, and that shalle be a grete sklaunder for yow in thys Courte. Allas said the quene and I maye not doo with all but now I mys sir launcelot, for and he were here, he wold putte me soone to my hertes ease. What eyleth yow said the kynge ye can not kepe sir launcelot vpon your syde, for wete ye wel sayd the kynge who that hath sire Launcelot vpon his partye, hath the moost man of worship in the world vpon his syde. Now goo your way said the kynge vnto the quene, and requyre sir Bors to doo bataille for yow for sire launcelots sake.

Capitulum quintum.

Soo the quene departed from the kynge, and sente for sir Bors in to her chamber. And whan he was come she besought hym of sucour. Madame said he, what wold ye that I dyd, for I maye not with my worshyp haue adoo in this mater by cause I was at the same dyner for drede that ony of tho knyghtes wold haue me in suspecyon. Also madame said sir Bors now mys ye sir launcelot, for he wold not haue fayled yow neyther in ryght nor in wronge, as ye haue wel preued whan ye haue ben in daunger, and now ye haue dryuen hym oute of this countrey, by whome ye and alle we were dayly worshypped by, therfor madame I merueylle how ye dar for shame requyre me to doo ony thynge for yow in soo moche ye haue chaced hym oute of your countrey, by whome we were borne vp and honoured. Allas fayr knyghte sayd the quene I put me holy in your grace, and alle that is done amys, I will amende as ye wille counceyle me. And therwith she kneled doune vpon bothe her knees, and besought sir Bors to haue mercy vpon her, outher I shall haue a shameful dethe and therto I neuer offended. Ryght soo cam kyng Arthur, & fonde the quene knelyng afore sir Bors, thenne sir Bors pulled her vp, and said Madame ye doo me grete dishonoure. A gentil knyght said the kyng haue mercy vpon my Quene curtois knyght, for I am now in certayne she is vntruly defamed. And therfor curtois knyght sayd the kynge, promyse her to doo bataille for her, I requyre yow for the loue of syr launcelot. My lord sayd syr Bors ye requyre me the grettest thynge that ony man may requyre me. And wete ye wel yf I graunte to doo bataille for the quene I shalle wrathe many of my felauship of the table round, but as for that sayd Bors I wille graunte my lord, that for my lord sir launcelots sake & for your sake I wille at that daye be the quenes champyon, onles that there come by aduenture a better knyghte than I am to doo batail for her. Will ye promyse me this sayd the kynge by your feythe, ye sir said sir Bors, of that I will not fayle yow, nor her bothe, but yf there come a better knyghte than I am, and thenne shalle he haue the bataille. Thenne was the kynge and the quene passyng gladde, and soo departed, and thanked hym hertely. Soo thenne sir Bors departed secretely vpon a day, and rode vnto sire launcelot there as he was wyth the heremyte sir Brastias, & told hym of all theire aduenture. A Jhesu said sir Launcelot this is come happely as I wold haue hit, and therfor I praye yow make you redy to doo bataille, but loke that ye tary tyl ye see me come as longe as ye may. For I am sure Mador is an hote knyghte whan he is enchaufed, for the more ye suffre hym the hastyer wille he be to batail. syr said Bors lete me dele with hym. Doubte ye not ye shalle haue alle your wille. thenne departed syre Bors from hym, and came to the Courte ageyne. Thenne was hit noysed in alle the Courte that sir Bors shold doo bataill for the quene. Wherfore many knyghtes were displeasyd with hym, that he wold take vpon hym to doo batail in the quenes quarel for there were but fewe knyghtes in all the courte but they demed the quene was in the wronge, and that she had done that treason. Soo sire Bors ansuerd thus to his felawes of the table round. Wete ye wel my fayre lordes it were shame to vs alle and we suffred to see the moost noble quene of the world to be shamed openly consyderynge her lord, and our lord is the man of moost worship in the world, & moost crystend, and he hath euer worshipped vs alle in al places. Many ansuerd hym ageyne. As for oure mooſte noble kynge Arthur we loue hym and honoure hym as wel as ye do, but as for quene Gueneuer we loue her not by cause she is a destroyer of good knyghtes. Faire lordes sayd sir Bors me semeth ye saye not as ye shold say, for neuer yet in my dayes knewe I neuer nor herd saye, that euer she was a destroyer of ony good knyghte. But att alle tymes as ferre as euer I coude knowe, she was a mayntener of good knyghtes, and euer she hath ben large and free of her goodes to alle good knyghtes, and the moost bounteuous lady of her yeſtes and her good grace that euer I sawe or herd speke of. And therefor it were shame said sire Bors to vs all to our most noble kynges wyf, & we suffred her to be shamefully slayne. And wete ye wel sayd sire Bors I wylle not suffer it, for I dare say soo moche the quene is not gylty of sir Patryse dethe, for she owed hym neuer none ylle wylle, nor none of the four and twenty knyghtes that were at that dyner, for I dar saye, for good loue she bad vs to dyner, and not for no male engyne, and that I doubte not shalle be preued here after, for how someuer the game goth, there was treason amonge vs. Thenne some sayd to sire Bors we may wel bileue your wordes, and soo some of them were wel pleasyd, and somme were not so.

Capitulum vi.

THE daye came on faste vntyl the euen that the bataille shold be. Thenne the quene sente for sir Bors and asked hym how he was disposed. Truly madame sayd he I am disposed in lyke wyse as I promysed yow, that is for to saye I shal not fayle yow, onles by aduenture there come a better knyghte than I am to doo batail for yow, thenne madame am I discharged of my promyse. Wylle ye sayd the quene that I telle my lord Arthur thus, doth as it shal please yow madame. Thenne the quene wente vnto the kynge and told hym the ansuer of sir Bors, haue ye no doubte said the kynge of sir Bors, for I calle hym now one of the beste knyghtes of the world and the most profytelyest man. And thus it past on vntyl the morne, and the kynge and the quene and all maner of knyghtes that were there at that tyme dreWe them vnto the medowe by syde Wynchester (Westmynster) where the bataylle shold be. And soo whan the kynge was come with the Quene, and many knyghtes of the round table, than the quene was putte there in the Conestables ward and a grete fyre made aboute an yron stake, that and syr Mador de la porte hadde the better, she shold be brente, suche customme was vsed in tho dayes, that neyther for fauour neyther for loue nor affynyte, there shold be none other but ryghtuous jugement as wel vpon a kynge as vpon a knyghte, and as wel vpon a Quene as vpon another poure lady. Soo in this meane whyle came in sir Mador de la porte, and tooke his othe afore the kynge, that the quene dyd this treason vntyl his cosyn sir Patryse, & vnto his othe, he wold preue it with his body hand for hand who that wold saye the contrary. Ryght so cam in sir Bors de ganys and sayde that as for quene Gueneuer she is in the ryght and that wille I make good with my handes, that she is not culpable of this treason that is putte vpon her. Thenne make the redy said sir Mador, and we shalle preue whether thow be in the ryght or I. Sir Mador said sir Bors wete thou wel I knowe you for a good knyghte. Not for thenne I shal not fere yow soo gretely, but I truste to god I shalle be able to withstande your malyce. But thus moche haue I promysed my lord Arthur and my lady the quene that I shalle do bataille for her in this caas to the vttermest, onles that there come a better knyghte than I am, and discharge me. Is that alle said sire Mador, outher come thou of, and doo batail with me, or els say nay. Take your hors said sire Bors, and as I suppose ye shalle not tary longe, but ye shalle be ansuerd. thenne eyther departed to their tentys and maade hem redy to horsbak as they thoughte best. And anone sir Mador cam in to the felde with his shelde on his sholder & his spere in his hand. And soo rode aboute the place cryenge vnto Arthur byd your champyon come forthe and he dare. Thenne was sir Bors ashamed and took his hors, and came to the lystes ende. And thenne was he ware where cam from a wood there faste by a knyght all armed vpon a whyte hors with a straunge shelde of straunge armes, and he came rydynge alle that he myghte renne, and soo he came to sir Bors and sayd thus, Fair knyght I pray yow be not displeased, for here must a better knyzt than ye are haue thys bataille, therfor I praye yow withdrawe yow. For wete ye wel I haue had this day a ryght grete journeye, and this bataille ought to be myn, and soo I promysed yow whan I spak with yow last, and with alle my herte I thanke yow of your good wille. Thenne sire Bors rode vnto kynge Arthur and told hym how there was a knyzt come that wold haue the bataille for to fyghte for the Quene. What knyght is he said the kynge, I wote not sayd syre Bors, but suche couenaunt he made with me to be here this day. Now my lord sayd syr Bors here am I discharged.

Capitulum vii.

THENNE the kynge called to that knyghte, and asked hym, yf he wold fyghte for the quene. Thenne he ansuerd to the kynge therfor cam I hydder, and therfor sir kyng he sayd tary me noo lenger for I may not tary. For anone as I haue fynysshed this bataille I must departe hens, for I haue a doo many maters els where. For wete yow wel sayd that knyght this is dishonour to yow alle knyghtes of the round table to see and knowe soo noble a lady and so curtoys a quene as quene Gueneuer is thus to be rebuked and shamed amongest yow. thenne they alle merueylled what knyzt that myghte be that soo tooke the bataille vpon hym. For there was not one that knewe hym but yf it were syre Bors. Thenne sayd sir Mador de la porte vnto the kynge, now lete me wete with whome I shalle haue adoo with alle. And thenne they rode to the lystes ende, and there they couched their speres, & ranne to gyder with alle their myghtes, and sire Madors spere brake alle to pyeces, but the others spere held, and bare sire Madors hors and alle bakward to the erthe a grete falle. But myghtely and sodenly he auoyded his hors, and putte his sheld afore hym, and thenne drewe his suerd, and badde the other knyghte alyghte, and doo batail with hym on foote. Thenne that knyght descended from his hors lyghtly lyke a valyaunt man, and putte his sheld afore hym and drewe his suerd, and soo they came egerly vnto bataille, and eyther gaf other many grete strokes tracynge and trauercynge, racynge and foynynge, and hurtlyng to gyder with her suerdes as it were wyld bores, thus were they fyghtynge nyghe an houre. For this sir Mador was a stronge knyghte, and myghtely proued in many stronge batails. But at the laste thys knyghte smote sir Madore grouelynge vpon the erthe, and the knyght stepped nere hym to haue pulled sir Mador flatlynge vpon the ground, and there with sodenly sir Mador aroos, & in his rysynge he smote that knyghte thurgh the thyck of the thyzes that the blood ranne oute fyersly. And whan he felte hym self soo wounded, and sawe his blood, he lete hym aryse vpon his feet. And thenne he gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme, that he felle to the erthe flatlynge, and therwith he strode to hym to haue pulled of his helme of his hede. And thenne sir Mador prayd that knyghte to saue his lyf, and so he yelded hym as ouercome and relecyd the quene of his quarel. I wille not graunte the thy lyf said that knyghte only that thou frely relece the quene for euer, and that no mencyon be made vpon sir Patryces tombe that euer Quene Gueneuer consented to that treason. Alle this shalle be done said sir mador I clerely discharge my quarel for euer. Thenne the knyztes parters of the lystes toke vp sire Mador, and ledde hym to his tente, and the other knyghte wente streyghte to the steyer foote where sat kyng Arthur, and by that tyme was the quene come to the kynge, and eyther kyssed other hertely. And whan the kynge sawe that knyghte, he stouped doune to hym, and thanked hym, and in lyke wyse dyd the quene, and the kynge prayd hym to putte of his helmet, and to repose hym, & to take a sop of wyn, and thenne he putte of his helme to drynke, and thenne euery knyght knewe hym that it was syre Launcelot du lake. Anone as the quene (Kyng) wyst that, he took the quene in his hand, and yode vnto syr launcelot and sayd sir graunt mercy of your grete trauaille that ye haue hadde thys day for me and for my quene. My lord sayd sir launcelot wete ye wel I oughte of ryghte euer to be in your quarel, and in my lady the quenes quarel to do batail, for ye ar the man that gaf me the hyghe ordre of knyghthode, and that daye my lady your quene dyd me grete worship, & els I had ben shamed for that same day ye made me knyghte, thurgh my hastynesse I lost my suerd, and my lady your quene fond hit, and lapped hit in her trayne, and gafe me my suerd whan I hadde nede therto, and els had I ben shamed emonge alle knyghtes, & therfor my lord Arthur I promysed her at that day euer to be her knyghte in ryghte outher in wronge. Graunt mercy sayd the kyng for this iourneye, & wete ye wel said the kyng I shal acquyte youre goodenes, and euer the quene behelde sir launcelot, and wepte so tendyrly that she sanke all most to the groūd for sorowe that he had done to her soo grete goodenes where she shewed hym grete vnkyndenes. Thenne the knyghtes of his blood drewe vnto hym, and there eyther of them made grete ioye of other. And so came alle the knyghtes of the table round that were there at that tyme, and welcomed hym. And thenne sir Mador was had to leche crafte, and sire launcelot was helyd of his woūd. And thenne there was made grete joye & myrthes in that courte.

Capitulum octauum.

And soo it befelle that the damoysel of the lake, her name was Nymue, the whiche wedded the good knyzt sir Pelleas, and soo she cam to the Courte, for euer she dyd grete goodenes vnto kynge Arthur, and to alle his knytes thurgh her sorcery and enchauntementes. And soo whan she herd how the quene was an angred for the dethe of syre Patryse, Thenne she told it openly that she was neuer gylty and there she disclosed by whome it was done and named hym syr Pynel, and for what cause he dyd it, there it was openly disclosed, and soo the quene was excused, and the knyzt Pynel fled in to his countre. Thenne was it openly knowen that syr Pynel enpoysond the appels att the feest to that entente to haue destroyed sire Gawayne, by cause syr Gawayne and his bretheren destroyed syr Lamorak de galys, to the whiche syre Pynel was cosyn vnto. Thenne was sire Patryce buryed in the chirche of Westmestre in a tombe, and there vpon was wryten, Here lyeth syre Patryce of Irlond slayne by syre Pynel le saueage, that enpoysoned appels to haue slayne syre Gawayne, and by mysfortune sire Patryce ete one of tho appels, & thenne sodenly he brast. Also there was wryten vpon the tombe that quene Gueneuer was appelyd of treason of the deth of sire Patryce by sir Mador de la porte, and there was made mencyon how sire launcelot foughte with hym for quene Gueneuer, and ouercame hym in playne bataille. Alle this was wryten vpon the tombe of syr Patryce in excusyng of the quene. And thenne sir Mador sewed dayly and long, to haue the Quenes good grace, and soo by the meanes of syre launcelot he caused hym to stande in the quenes good grace, and all was forgyuen. Thus it passed on tyl oure lady daye assūpcyon, within a xv dayes of that feest the kynge lete crye a grete Justes and a turnement that shold be at that daye att Camelot that is Wynchester, and the kynge lete crye that he and the kynge of Scottes wold juste ageynst alle that wold come ageynst hem. And whan this crye was made, thydder cam many knyghtes. Soo there came thyder the kyng of Northgalys and kyng Anguysshe of Irland, and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes, and Galahaut the haute prynce, and the Kynge of Northumberland, and many other noble dukes & Erles of dyuerse countreyes. Soo kynge Arthur made hym redy to departe to these Justys, and wold haue had the Quene with hym, but at that tyme she wold not, she said, for she was seke and myghte not ryde at that tyme. That me repenteth sayd the kynge, for this seuen yere ye sawe not suche a noble felaushyp to gyders excepte at Wytsontyde whan Galahad departed from the Courte. Truly sayd the quene to the kynge, ye muste holde me excused, I maye not be there, and that me repenteth, and many demed the quene wold not be there by cause of sir launcelot du lake, for sire launcelot wold not ryde with the kynge, for he said, that he was not hole of the wound the whiche sire Mador had gyuen hym, wherfor the kynge was heuy and passynge wrothe, and soo he departed toward Wynchestre with his felaushyp, and soo by the way the kynge lodged in a Towne called Astolot, that is now in Englyssh called Gylford, and there the kynge lay in the Castel. Soo whan the kynge was departed, the quene called sir launcelot to her, and said thus. Sire launcelot ye are gretely to blame thus to holde yow behynde my lord, what trowe ye what will youre enemyes and myne saye and deme, noughte els but see how sire launcelot holdeth hym euer behynde the kyng, and soo doth the quene, for that they wold haue their pleasyr to gyders. And thus wylle they saye sayd the Quene to syr launcelot haue ye noo doubte therof.

Capitulum ix.

MADAME said syr Launcelot I allowe your wytte, it is of late come syn ye were wyse. And therfor madame at this tyme I wille be rulyd by your counceylle, and thys nyghte I wylle take my rest, and to morowe by tyme I wyll take my waye toward Wynchestre. But wete yow wel sayd sir Launcelot to the quene, that at that justes I wille be ageynst the kynge and ageynste al his felaushyp. ye maye there doo as ye lyst sayd the Quene, but by my counceylle ye shalle not be ageynst youre kyng and youre felaushyp. For therin ben ful many hard knyghtes of youre blood as ye wote wel ynough, hit nedeth not to reherce them. Madame said syre Launcelot I praye yow that ye be not displeasyd with me, for I wille take the aduenture that god wylle sende me. And soo vpon the morne erly syre launcelot herd masse and brake his fast, and soo toke his leue of the quene and departed. And thenne he rode soo moche vntyl he came to Astolat that is Gylford, and there hit happed hym in the euentyde he cam to an old Barons place that hyght sir Bernard of Astolat. And as syre launcelot entryd in to his lodgynge, kynge Arthur aspyed hym as he dyd walke in a gardyn besyde the Castel how he took his lodgynge, & knewe hym ful wel. It is wel sayd kynge Arthur vnto the knyghtes that were with hym in that gardyn besyde the castel, I haue now aspyed one knyghte that wylle playe his playe at the justes, to the whiche we be gone toward, I vndertake he wil do merueils. Who is that we pray you telle vs sayd many knyghtes that were there at that tyme, ye shal not wete for me said the kynge as at this tyme. And soo the kyng smyled, and wente to his lodgynge. Soo whan sire launcelot was in his lodgynge, and vnarmed hym in his chamber the olde baron and heremyte came to hym makynge his reuerence and welcomed hym in the best maner, but the old knyght knewe not sire Launcelot. Fair sir said sir launcelot to his hooste I wold praye yow to lene me a shelde that were not openly knowen, for myn is wel knowen. Sir said his hoost ye shalle haue your desyre, for me semeth ye be one of the lykelyest knyghtes of the world, and therfor I shall shewe you frendship. Sire wete yow wel I haue two sones that were but late made knyghtes, and the eldest hyghte sir Tirre, and he was hurt that same day he was made knyghte that he may not ryde, and his sheld ye shalle haue. For that is not knowen I dare saye but here, and in no place els, and my yongest sone hyght Lauayne, and yf hit please yow, he shalle ryde with yow vnto that Justes, and he is of his age stronge and wyght, for moche my herte gyueth vnto yow that ye shold be a noble knyzte, therfor I praye yow telle me your name, said sir Bernard. As for that sayd sire launcelot ye must holde me excused as at this tyme. And yf god gyue me grace to spede wel att the justes, I shalle come ageyne and telle yow, but I praye yow said sir launcelot in ony wyse lete me haue youre sone sire lauayne with me, and that I maye haue your broders (sones) shelde. Alle this shalle be done said sir Bernard.

This old baron had a doughter that tyme that was called that tyme the faire mayden of Astolat. And euer she beheld sir launcelot wonderfully. And as the book sayth she cast suche a loue vnto sir launcelot that she coude neuer withdrawe her loue, wherfore she dyed, and her name was Elayne le blank. Soo thus as she cam to and fro, she was soo hote in her loue that she besoughte syr launcelot to were vpon hym at the justes a token of hers. Faire damoysel said sir launcelot, and yf I graunte yow that ye may saye I doo more for youre loue than euer I dyd for lady or damoysel. Thenne he remembryd hym that he wold goo to the justes desguysed. And by cause he had neuer fore that tyme borne noo manere of token of noo damoysel, Thenne he bethoughte hym that he wold bere one of her that none of his blood there by myghte knowe hym, and thenne he said Faire mayden I wylle graunte yow to were a token of yours vpon myn helmet, and therfor what it is, shewe it me. Sir she said it is a reed sleue of myn of scarlet wel enbroudred with grete perlys, and soo she brought it hym. Soo syre Launcelot receyued it, and sayd neuer dyd I erst soo moche, for no damoysel. And thenne sir launcelot bitoke the fair mayden his shelde in kepyng, and praid her to kepe that vntyl that he came ageyne, and soo that nyghte he had mery rest & grete chere. For euer the damoysel Elayne was aboute sire Launcelot alle the whyle she myghte be suffred.

Capitulum x.

Soo vpon a daye on the morne kynge Arthur and al his knyghtes departed, for theire kynge had taryed thre dayes to abyde his noble knyghtes. And soo whanne the kynge was ryden, sir launcelot and sire Lauayne made hem redy to ryde, and eyther of hem had whyte sheldes, and the reed sleue sir Launcelot lete cary with hym, and soo they tooke their leue at syr Bernard the old baron, and att his doughter the faire mayden of Astolat. And thenne they rode soo long til that they came to Camelot that tyme called Wynchestre, and there was grete prees of kynges, dukes, Erles, and barons, and many noble knyghtes. But there sir launcelot was lodged pryuely by the meanes of sir lauayne with a ryche burgeis that no man in that toune was ware what they were, & soo they reposed them there til oure lady day assumpcyon as the grete feest sholde be. Soo thenne trumpets blewe vnto the felde, and kynge Arthur was sette on hyghe vpon a skafhold to beholde who dyd best. But as the Frensshe book saith, the kynge wold not suffer syre Gawayn to goo from hym, for neuer had sir Gawayn the better and sire launcelot were in the felde, & many tymes was sir Gawayn rebuked whan laũcelot cam in to ony justes desguysed. Thenne som of the kynges as kynge Anguysshe of Irland and the kynge of Scottes were that tyme torned vpon the syde of kynge Arthur. And thenne on the other party was the kynge of Northgalys, and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, and the kynge of Northumberland, and syre Galahad the haut prynce. But these thre kynges and this duke were passyng weyke to holde ageynst kynge Arthurs party, for with hym were the noblest knyghtes of the world. Soo thenne they withdrewe hem eyther party from other, and euery man made hym redy in his best maner to doo what he myghte. Thenne syre Launcelot made hym redy, and putte the reed sleue vpon his hede, and fastned it fast, and soo syre launcelot and syre Lauayne departed out of Wynchestre pryuely, and rode vntyl a lytel leuyd wood, behynde the party that held ageynst kyng Arthurs party, and there they helde them stylle tyl the partyes smote to gyders, & thenne cam in the kynge of Scottes and the kyng of

Irland on Arthurs party, and ageynst them came the kynge of Northumberland, and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doun the kynge of Northumberland, and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doune kynge Anguysshe of Irland. Thenne syre Palomydes that was on Arthurs party encountred with syre Galahad, and eyther of hem smote doune other, and eyther party halpe their lordes on horsbak ageyne. Soo there began a stronge assaile vpon bothe partyes. And thenne came in syr Brandyles, syre Sagramor le desyrus, sire Dodynas le saueage, sir kay le seneschal, sir Gryflet le fyse de dieu, sir Mordred, sir Melyot de logrys, syr Ozanna le cure hardy, sir Safyr, sir Epynogrys, syr Galleron of Galway. Alle these xv knyghtes were knyghtes of the table round. Soo these with moo other came in to gyders, and bete on bak the kynge of Northumberland and the kynge of Northwalys. Whan sir launcelot sawe this as he houed in a lytil leued woode, thenne he sayd vnto syre lauayn, see yonder is a company of good knyghtes, and they hold them to gyders as bores that were chauffed with dogges, that is trouthe said syre Lauayne.

Capitulum xi.

Now sayd syre Launcelot, and ye wille helpe me a lytel, ye shalle see yonder felauship that chaseth now these men in oure syde that they shal go as fast bakward as they wente forward. Sir spare not said sire Lauayne, for I shall doo what I maye. Thenne sire Launcelot and sire Lauayne cam in at the thyckest of the prees, and there syre launcelot smote doune syr Brandyles, syre Sagramore, syre Dodynas, sir Kay, syr Gryflet, and alle this he dyd with one spere, and sire Lauayne smote doune sire Lucan le buttelere, and sir Bedeuere. And thenne sire Launcelot gat another spere, & there he smote doune sir Agrauayne, sire Gaherys, and sir Mordred and sir Melyot de Logrys, and sir Lauayne smote doune Ozanna le cure hardy, and thenne sir Launcelot drewe his suerd and there he smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand and by grete force he vnhorced syr Safyr, sire Epynogrys, & sir Galleron, and thenne the knyghtes of the table round withdrewe them abak after they had goten their horses as wel as they myghte. O mercy Jhesu said sire Gawayne what knyzte is yonder that doth soo merueyllous dedes of armes in that felde. I wote not what he is sayd kynge Arthur. But as att this tyme I wille not name hym. syre sayd sire Gawayne I wold say it were syr launcelot by his rydynge and his buffets that I see hym dele, but euer me semeth it shold not be he for that he bereth the reed sleue vpon his hede, for I wyst hym neuer bere token at no justes of lady nor gentilwoman. Lete hym be said kynge Arthur, he wille be better knowen, and do more or euer he departe. Thenne the party that was ayenst kynge Arthur were wel comforted, and thenne they helde hem to gyders that before hand were sore rebuked. Thenne sir Bors, sir Ector de marys and sir Lyonel called vnto them the knyztes of their blood, as sir Blamor de ganys, syre Bleoberys syr Alyduke, sir Galyhud, sire Galyhodyn, sir Bellangere le beuse, soo these nyne knyghtes of sir launcelots skynne threste in myghtely, for they were al noble knyghtes, and they of grete hate and despyte that they had vnto hym thoughte to rebuke that noble knyght sir launcelot & sire lauayne, for they knewe hem not, and soo they cam hurlynge to gyders, & smote doune many knyghtes of northgalys and of northumberland. And whanne sire launcelot sawe them fare soo, he gat a spere in his hand, and there encountred with hym al attones syr bors sir Ector and sire Lyonel, and alle they thre smote hym atte ones with their speres. And with fors of them self they smote sir launcelots hors to the erthe, and by mysfortune sir bors smote syre launcelot thurgh the shelde in to the syde, and the spere brake, and the hede lefte stylle in his syde. Whan sir Lauayne sawe his maister lye on the ground, he ranne to the kynge of scottes, and smote hym to the erthe, and by grete force he took his hors, and brought hym to syr launcelot, and maulgre of them al he made hym to mounte vpon that hors, & thenne launcelot gat a spere in his hand, and there he smote syre Bors hors and man to the erthe, in the same wyse he serued syre Ector and syre Lyonel, and syre Lauayne smote doune sir Blamore de ganys. And thenne sir launcelot drewe his suerd for he felte hym self so sore & hurte that he wende there to haue had his dethe. And thenne he smote sire Bleoberys suche a buffet on the helmet that he felle doune to the erthe in a swoun. And in the same wyse he serued sir Alyduk, and sir Galyhud. And sire Lauayne smote doune syr Bellangere that was the sone of Alysaunder le orphelyn, and by this was sire Bors horsed, and thenne he came with sire Ector and syr Lyonel, & alle they thre smote with suerdes vpon syre launcelots helmet. And whan he felte their buffets, and his wounde the whiche was soo greuous than he thought to doo what he myght whyle he myght endure. And thenne he gaf syr Bors suche a buffet that he made hym bowe his heed passynge lowe, and there with al he raced of his helme, and myght haue slayne hym, & soo pulled hym doune, and in the same wyse he serued syre Ector and sire Lyonel. For as the book saith he myghte haue slayne them, but whan he sawe their vysages, his herte myght not serue hym therto, but lefte hem there.

And thenne afterward he hurled in to the thyckest prees of them alle and dyd there the merueyloust dedes of armes that euer man sawe or herde speke of. And euer sire Lauayne the good knyghte with hym, and there sire Launcelot with his suerd smote doune and pulled doune as the Frensshe book maketh mencyon moo than thyrtty knyghtes, & the moost party were of the table round, and sire Lauayne dyd ful wel that day, for he smote doune ten knyghtes of the table round.

Capitulum xii.

MERCY Jhesu said syr Gawayne to Arthur I merueil what knyghte that he is with the reed sleue. Syr saide kynge Arthur he wille be knowen or he departe, and thenne the kynge blewe vnto lodgynge, and the pryce was gyuen by herowdes vnto the knyghte with the whyte shelde that bare the reed sleue. Thenne came the kynge with the honderd knyztes, the kynge of Northgalys, and the kynge of Northumberland and sir Galahaut the haute prynce, and sayd vnto sire launcelot, fayre knyght god the blesse, for moche haue ye done this day for vs, therfor we praye yow that ye wille come with vs that ye may receyue the honour and the pryce as ye haue worshipfully deserued it. My faire lordes saide syre launcelot wete yow wel yf I haue deserued thanke, I haue sore bought hit and that me repenteth, for I am lyke neuer to escape with my lyf, therfor faire lordes I pray yow that ye wille suffer me to departe where me lyketh, for I am sore hurte. I take none force of none honour, for I had leuer to repose me than to be lord of alle the world, and there with al he groned pytously and rode a grete wallop away ward fro them vntyl he came vnder a woodes syde. And whan he sawe that he was from the felde nyghe a myle that he was sure he myghte not be sene, Thenne he said with an hyz voys, O gentyl knyght sir Lauayne helpe me that this truncheon were oute of my syde, for it stycketh so sore that it nyhe sleeth me. O myn owne lord said sir Lauayne I wold fayn do that myzt please yow, but I drede me sore, & I pulle oute the truncheon that ye shalle be in perylle of dethe. I charge you said sir launcelot as ye loue me drawe hit oute, & there with alle he descended from his hors, and ryght soo dyd sir Lauayn, and forth with al sir Lauayn drewe the truncheon out of his syde, and gaf a grete shryche and a merueillous grysely grone, and the blood braste oute nyghe a pynt at ones that at the last he sanke doun vpon his buttoks & so swouned pale and dedely. Allas sayd sire Lauayne what shalle I doo. And thenne he torned sir launcelot in to the wynde, but soo he laye there nyghe half an houre as he had ben dede. And so at the laste syre Launcelot caste vp his eyen, and sayd O Lauayn helpe me, that I were on my hors, for here is fast by within this two myle a gentyl heremyte that somtyme was a fulle noble knyghte and a grete lord of possessions. And for grete goodenes he hath taken hym to wylful pouerte, and forsaken many landes, and his name is sire Baudewyn of Bretayn and he is a ful noble surgeon and a good leche. Now lete see, helpe me vp that I were there, for euer my herte gyueth me that I shalle neuer dye of my cosyn germayns handes, & thenne with grete payne sir Lauayne halpe hym vpon his hors. And thenne they rode a grete wallop to gyders, and euer syr Launcelot bledde, that it ranne doune to the erthe, and so by fortune they came to that hermytage the whiche was vnder a wood, and a grete clyf on the other syde, and a fayre water rennynge vnder it. And thenne sire Lauayn bete on the gate with the but of his spere, and cryed fast, Lete in for Jhesus sake, and there came a fair chyld to them, and asked hem what they wold. Faire sone said syr Lauayne, goo and pray thy lord, the heremyte for goddes sake to lete in here a knyghte that is ful sore wounded, and this day telle thy lord I sawe hym do more dedes of armes than euer I herd say that ony man dyd. Soo the chyld wente in lyghtely, and thenne he brought the heremyte the whiche was a passynge good man. Whan syr lauayne sawe hym he prayd hym for goddes sake of socour. What knyght is he sayd the heremyte, is he of the hows of kyng arthur or not. I wote not said sire Lauayne what is he, nor what is his name, but wel I wote I sawe hym doo merueylously this daye as of dedes of armes. On whos party was he sayd the heremyte, syre said syre Lauayne he was this daye ageynst kynge Arthur, and there he wanne the pryce of alle the knyghtes of the round table. I haue sene the daye sayd the heremyte, I wolde haue loued hym the werse, by cause he was ageynst my lord kynge Arthur, for somtyme I was one of the felauship of the round table, but I thanke god now I am otherwyse disposed. But where is he, lete me see hym. Thenne sir Lauayne broughte the heremyte to hym.

Capitulum xiii.

AND whan the heremyte beheld hym as he sat lenynge vpon his sadel bowe euer bledynge pytously, and euer the knyghte heremyte thoughte that he shold knowe hym but he coude not brynge hym to knouleche, by cause he was soo pale for bledynge. What knyght are ye sayd the heremyte, and where were yė borne. My fayre lord sayd syre Launcelot I am a straunger and a knyghte auenturous that laboureth thurz oute many Realmes for to wynne worship. Thenne the heremyte aduysed hym better, and sawe by a wound on his cheke that he was syr Launcelot. Allas sayd the heremyte myn owne lord why layne you your name from me. For sothe I oughte to knowe yow of ryzt, for ye are the moost noblest knyghte of the world, for wel I knowe yow for sire launcelot. Sire said he sythe ye knowe me, helpe me and ye may for goddes sake, for I wold be oute of this payne at ones, outher to dethe or to lyf. Haue ye no doubte sayd the heremyte ye shall lyue and fare ryght wel, and soo the heremyte called to hym two of his seruauntes, and so he and his seruauntes bare hym in to the hermytage, and lyghtely vnarmed hym, and leyd hym in his bedde. And thenne anone the heremyte staunched his blood and made hym to drynke good wyn so that sir launcelot was wel refresshed and knewe hym self. For in these dayes it was not the guyse of heremytes as is now a dayes. For there were none heremytes in tho dayes but that they had ben men of worshyp and of prowesse, and tho heremytes helde grete housholde, and refresshyd peple that were in distresse.

Now torne we vnto kynge Arthur and leue we sir launcelot in the hermytage. Soo whan the kynges were comen to gyders on bothe partyes, and the grete feeste shold be holden kynge Arthur asked the kynge of Northgalys and theyr felaushyp where was that knyghte that bare the reed sleue, brynge hym afore me that he may haue his lawde and honour & the pryce as it is ryght. Thenne spake sir Galahad the haute prynce and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, we suppose that knyghte is mescheued & that he is neuer lyke to see yow nor none of vs alle, and that is the grettest pyte that euer we wyste of ony knyghte. Allas sayd Arthur how may this be, is he soo hurte. What is his name sayd kynge Arthur. Truly said they all we knowe not his name, nor from whens he cam nor whyder he wold. Allas sayd the kynge this be to me the werst tydynges that came to me this seuen yere. For I wold not for alle the londes I welde to knowe and wete it were so that that noble knyght were slayne, knowe ye hym sayd they al. As for that sayd Arthur, whether I knowe hym or knowe hym not, ye shal not knowe for me what man he is but almyghty ihesu sende me good, good tydynges of hym and soo said they alle. By my hede said sire Gawayn yf it soo be that the good knyghte be so sore hurte, hit is grete dommage and pyte to alle this land. For he is one of the noblest knyghtes that euer I sawe in a felde handle a spere or a suerd. And yf he maye be founde I shalle fynde hym. For I am sure he nys not fer fro this towne. bere yow wel sayd kynge Arthur, and ye may fynde hym onles that he be in suche a plyte that he may not welde hym self. Jhesu defende sayd sir Gawayne, but wete I shalle what he is and I may fynde hym. Ryght soo syre Gawayne took a squyer with hym vpon hakneis and rode al aboute Camelot within vi or seuen myle, but soo he came ageyne and coude here no word of hym.

Thenne within two dayes kynge Arthur and alle the felaushyp retorned vnto london ageyne. And soo as they rode by the waye, hit happed sir Gawayne at Astolat to lodge wyth syr Bernard, there as was syr Launcelot lodged, and soo as sire Gawayn was in his chamber to repose hym, syr Barnard the old Baron came vnto hym and his doughter Elayne to chere hym and to aske hym what tydynges and who dyd best at that turnement of Wynchester. Soo god me help said syre Gawayne there were two knyghtes that bare two whyte sheldes, but the one of hem bare a reed sleue vpon his hede, and certaynly he was one of the best knyghtes that euer I sawe juste in felde. For I dare say sayd sire Gawayne that one knyght with the reed sleue smote doune fourty knyghtes of the table round, and his felawe dyd ryght wel and worshypfully. Now blessid be god sayd the fayre mayden of Astolat that that knyght sped soo wel, for he is the man in the world that I fyrst loued, and truly he shalle be laste that euer I shalle loue. Now fayre mayde sayd sir Gawayne is that good knyght your loue. Certaynly sir sayd she, wete ye wel he is my loue, thenne knowe ye his name sayd sire gawayne. Nay truly said the damoysel, I knowe not his name nor from whens he cometh, but to say that I loue hym I promyse you and god that I loue hym. how had ye knouleche of hym fyrst said sire Gawayne.

Capitulum xiiii.

THENNE she told hym as ye haue herd to fore, and hou her fader betoke hym her broder to doo hym seruyse, and how her fader lente hym her broders syr Tyrreis shelde, and here with me he lefte his owne sheld. For what cause dyd he so said sir Gawayne. For this cause sayd the damoysel, for his sheld was to wel knowen amonge many noble knyghtes. A fayr damoysel sayd sir Gawayne please hit yow lete me haue a syghte of that sheld, syre said she it is in my chamber couerd with a caas, and yf ye wille come with me, ye shalle see hit. Not soo sayd syre Barnard tyl his doughter lete sende for it. Soo whan the sheld was comen, sir Gawayne took of the caas. And whanne he beheld that sheld he knewe anone that hit was sir launcelots shelde, and his owne armes. A Jhesu mercy sayd syr Gawayne now is my herte more heuyer than euer it was to fore. Why sayd Elayne, for I haue grete cause sayd sire Gawayne, is that knyght that oweth this shelde your loue, ye truly said she my loue he is, god wold I were his loue. Soo god me spede sayd sire Gawayne fair damoysel ye haue ryght, for and he be your loue, ye loue the moost honourable knyghte of the world and the man of moost worshyp. So me thoughte euer said the damoysel, for neuer or that tyme for no knyght that euer I sawe, loued I neuer none erst. God graunte sayd sire Gawayne that eyther of yow maye reioyse other, but that is in a grete aduenture. But truly said sir gawayne vnto the damoysel, ye may say ye haue a fayre grace for why I haue knowen that noble knyght this four and twenty yere, and neuer or that day, I nor none other knyghte, I dare make good, sawe, nor herd saye that euer he bare token or sygne of no lady, gentilwoman, ne mayden at no justes nor turnement. And therfor fayre mayden saide sire Gawayne ye ar moche beholden to hym to gyue hym thankes. But I drede me sayd sire Gawayne that ye shalle neuer see hym in thys world, and that is grete pyte, that euer was of erthely knyght. Allas sayd she, how may this be, is he slayne. I say not soo said sire Gawayne, but wete ye wel, he is greuously wounded by alle maner of sygnes and by mens syghte more lykelyer to be dede than to be on lyue, and wete ye wel he is the noble knyghte sire launcelot, for by this sheld I knowe hym. Allas said the fayre mayden of Astolat, how maye this be, and what was his hurte. Truly said sire Gawayne the man in the world that loued hym best, hurte hym soo, and I dare say sayd sir Gawayne, and that knyghte that hurte hym knewe the veray certaynte that he had hurte sire Launcelot, it wold be the moost sorowe that euer came to his herte. Now fair fader said thenne Elayne I requyre yow gyue me leue to ryde and to seke hym, or els I wote wel I shalle go oute of my mynde, for I shalle neuer stynte tyl that I fynde hym, and my broder syre Lauayne. Doo as it lyketh yow sayd her fader, for me sore repenteth of the hurte of that noble knyghte. Ryghte soo the mayde made her redy and before syre Gawayne makynge grete dole. Thenne on the morne syr Gawayne came to kynge Arthur, and told hym how he had fonde sire Launcelots shelde in the kepynge of the fayre mayden of Astolat. Alle that knewe I afore hand sayd kynge Arthur and that caused me I wold not suffer you to haue adoo atte grete justes, for I aspyed said kynge Arthur whan he cam in tyl his lodgynge ful late in the euenynge in Astolat. But merueille haue I said Arthur that euer he wold bere ony sygne of ony damoysel. For or now I neuer herd say nor knewe that euer he bare ony token of none erthely woman. By my hede said sir Gawayne the fayre mayden of Astolat loueth hym merueyllously wel, what it meaneth I can not saye, & she is ryden after to seke hym. Soo the kynge and alle cam to london, and there sire Gawayne openly disclosed to alle the Courte that it was sire Launcelot that justed best.

Capitulum xv.

AND whanne sir Bors herd that, wete yel wel he was an heuy man, and soo were alle his kynnesmen. But whan quene Gueneuer wyste that syre Launcelot bare the reed sleue, of the fayre mayden of Astolat, she was nyghe oute of her mynde for wrathe. And thenne she sente for syr Bors de ganys in alle the hast that myghte be. Soo whanne sire Bors was come to fore the quene, thenne she sayd, A sire Bors haue ye herd say how falsly sir launcelot hath bytrayed me. Allas madame said sire Bors, I am aferd, he hath bytrayed hym self and vs alle. No force said the quene though he be destroyed, for he is a fals traytour knyghte. Madame sayd sir Bors I pray yow saye ye not so, for wete yow wel, I maye not here suche langage of hym. Why sire Bors sayd she, shold I not calle hym traytour whan he bare the reed sleue vpon his hede at Wynchestre at the grete Justes. Madame sayd syre Bors that sleeue beryng repenteth me sore, but I dar say he dyd it to none euylle entente, but for this cause he bare the reed sleue that none of his blood shold knowe hym. For or thenne we nor none of vs alle neuer knewe that euer he bare token or sygne of mayde, lady, ne gentylwoman. Fy on hym said the quene, yet for all his pryde and bobaunce there ye proued your self his better. Nay madame saye ye neuer more soo for he bete me, and my felawes, and myghte haue slayne vs and he had wold. Fy on hym sayd the quene. For I herd sir Gawayne saye bifore my lord Arthur that it were merueil to telle the grete loue that is bitwene the fayre mayden of Astolat and hym. Madame saide syre Bors I maye not warne syr Gawayne to say what it pleasyd hym. But I dare say as for my lord syre Launcelot that he loueth no lady gentilwoman nor mayde, but all he loueth in lyke moche, and therfor madame said sir Bors, ye may saye what ye wylle, but wete ye wel I wille haste me to seke hym, and fynde hym where someuer he be. and god sende me good tydynges of hym, and soo leue we them there, and speke we of sire launcelot that lay in grete perylle.

Soo as fayr Elayne cam to Wynchestre, she soughte there al aboute, and by fortune syr Lauayne was ryden to playe hym to enchauffe his hors. And anone as Elayne sawe hym she knewe hym. And thenne she cryed on loude vntyl hym. And whan he herd her, anone he came to her, and thenne she asked her broder how dyd my lord sire launcelot. Who told yow syster that my lordes name was sir Launcelot. thenne she told hym how sire Gawayne by his sheld knewe hym. Soo they rode to gyders tyl that they cam to the hermytage, and anone she alyghte. So sir Lauayne broughte her in to sire launcelot. And whanne she sawe hym lye so seke & pale in his bedde, she myght not speke, but sodenly she felle to the erthe doune sodenly in a swoun, and there she lay a grete whyle. And whanne she was releuyd, she stryked, and saide my lord sire Launcelot Allas why be ye in this plyte, and thenne she swouned ageyne. And thenne sir Launcelot prayd syre Lauayne to take her vp, and brynge her to me. And whan she cam to her self sire Launcelot kyst her, and said, Fair mayden why fare ye thus, ye put me to payne wherfor make ye no more suche chere, for and ye be come to comforte me, ye be ryzt welcome, and of this lytel hurte that I haue I shal be ryghte hastely hole by the grace of god. But I merueylle sayd sir Launcelot, who told yow my name. thenne the fayre mayden told hym alle how sire Gawayne was lodged with her fader and there by your sheld he discouerd your name. Allas sayd sir launcelot that me repenteth that my name is knowen, for I am sure it wille torne vnto angre. And thenne sir launcelot compast in his mynde that syre Gawayne wold telle Quene Gueneuer, how he bare the reed sleue, and for whome, that he wyst wel wold turne vnto grete angre. Soo this mayden Elayne neuer wente from sir launcelot, but watched hym day and nyght, and dyd suche attendaunce to hym that the frensshe book saith, there was neuer woman dyd more kyndelyer for man than she. Thenne sir Launcelot prayd sir Lauayne to make aspyes in Wynchestre for sire Bors yf he came there, and told hym by what tokens he shold knowe hym, by a wound in his forhede, for wel I am sure sayd sire launcelot, that syre Bors will seke me, for he is the same good knyzt that hurte me.

Capitulum xvi.

Now torne we vnto sire Bors de ganys that cam vnto Wynchestre to seke after his cosyn syre Launcelot, and soo whanne he cam to Wynchestre, anone there were men that sire Lauayne had made to lye in a watche for suche a man and anone sir Lauayne had warnynge, and thenne sire Lauayne came to Wynchestre, and fond sir Bors, and there he told hym what he was, and with whome he was, and what was his name. Now fayr knyghte said sire Bors I requyre yow that ye wille brynge me to my lord sir launcelot. Syre sayd sir Lauayne take your hors, & within this houre ye shall see hym, and soo they departed, and came to the hermytage.

And whan sir Bors sawe sir launcelot lye in his bedde pale and discoloured, anone sir Bors lost his countenaunce, and for kyndenes and pyte, he myghte not speke, but wepte tendirly a grete whyle. And thenne whanne he myght speke, he said thus, O my lord sire launcelot god yow blysse, and send yow hasty recouer. And ful heuy am I of my mysfortune & of myn vnhappynes, for now I may calle myself vnhappy, & I drede me that god is gretely displeasyed with me that he wold suffre me to haue suche a shame for to hurte yow that ar alle oure leder, and alle oure worshyp, and therfor I calle my self vnhappy. Allas that euer suche a caytyf knyghte as I am shold haue power by vnhappynes to hurte the moost noblest knyghte of the world. Where I soo shamefully set vpon yow and ouercharged yow, and where ye myghte haue slayne me ye saued me, and so dyd not I. For I and your blood did to yow our vtteraunce. I merueyle sayd sire Bors that my herte or my blood wold serue me, wherfor my lord sir launcelot I aske your mercy. Fair cosyn said sire Launcelot ye be ryght welcome, & wete ye wel, ouer moche ye say for to please me, the whiche pleaseth me not, for why I haue the same y sought, for I wold with pryde haue ouercome yow alle, and there in my pryde I was nere slayne, and that was in myn owne defaute, for I myghte haue gyue yow warnyng of my beynge there. And thenne had I had noo hurte, for it is an old sayd sawe, there is hard bataille there as kynne & frendes doo bataille eyther ageynste other, there maye be no mercy but mortal warre. Therfor fair cosyn said sir launcelot, lete thys speche ouerpasse and alle shalle be welcome that god sendeth and lete vs leue of this mater, and let vs speke of somme reioycynge, for this that is done maye not be vndone, and lete vs fynde a remedy how soone that I may be hole. Thenne sire Bors lened vpon his beddes syde, and told sire Launcelot how the quene was passynge wrothe with hym, by cause he ware the reed sleue at the grete justes, and there sir Bors told hym alle how syr Gawayne discouered hit by youre sheld that ye lefte with the fayre mayden of Astolat. Thenne is the quene wrothe said sir launcelot, and therfor am I ryght heuy, for I deserued no wrath, for alle that I dyd was by cause I wold not be knowen. Ryght so excused I yow said sir Bors but alle was in vayne, for she sayd more largelyer to me thã I to yow now. But is this she said sire Bors that is so besy aboute yow, that men calle the fayre mayden of Astolat. She it is said sire launcelot that by no meanes I can not putte her from me. Why shold ye putte her from you said sire Bors, she is a passynge fayre damoysel and a wel bisene and wel taughte, and god wold fayre cosyn said syre Bors that ye coude loue her, but as to that I may not, nor I dare not counceyle yow. But I see wel sayd sir Bors by her dylygence aboute you that she loueth you entierly. that me repenteth said sir Laũcelot, syr sayd syr Bors, she is not the fyrst that hath loste her payn vpon yow, and that is the more pyte, and soo they talked of many moo thynges. And soo within thre dayes or four sire launcelot was bygge and stronge ageyne.

Capitulum xvii.

Thenne sire Bors told sire launcelot how there was sworne a grete turnement and justes betwixe kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys that sholde be vpon al halowmasse day besyde Wynchestre. is that trouthe said sir launcelot, thenne shalle ye abyde with me styl a lytyll whyle vntyl that I bē hole, for I fele my self ryght bygge & stronge. Blessid be god said syr Bors. thenne were they there nygh a moneth to gyders, and euer this mayden Elayn dyd euer her dylygente labour nyghte and daye vnto syr launcelot, that ther was neuer child nor wyf more meker to her fader and husband than was that fayre mayden of Astolat. Wherfore sir Bors was gretely pleasyd with her. Soo vpon a day by the assente of syr launcelot, syre Bors and syre lauayne they made the heremyte to seke in woodes for dyuerse herbes, and soo sir launcelot made fayre Elayne to gadre herbes for hym to make hym a bayne. In the meane whyle syr launcelot made hym to arme hym at alle pyeces, and there he thoughte to assaye his armour and his spere for his hurte or not. And soo whan he was vpon his hors, he stered hym fyersly, and the hors was passynge lusty and fresshe by cause he was not laboured a moneth afore. And thenne syr Launcelot couched that spere in the reest, that courser lepte myghtely whan he felte the spores, and he that was vpon hym the whiche was the noblest hors of the world strayned hym myghtely and stably, and kepte stylle the spere in the reest, and ther with syre Launcelot strayned hym self soo straytly with soo grete force to gete the hors forward that the buttom̄ of his wound brast bothe within and withoute, and there with alle the blood cam oute so fyersly, that he felte hym self soo feble that he myghte not sytte vpon his hors. And thenne syr Launcelot cryed vnto syr Bors, A syr Bors and syr Lauayne helpe for I am come to myn ende. And there with he felle doun on the one syde to the erthe lyke a dede corps. And thenne syr Bors and syr Lauayne came to hym with sorowe makyng out of mesure. And soo by fortune the mayden Elayn herd their mornyng, & thenne she came thyder, & whan she fond syr Launcelot there armed in that place, she cryed & wepte as she had ben woode, & thenne she kyst hym, & dyd what she myghte to awake hym. And thenne she rebuked her broder and sir Bors, and called hem fals traytours, why they wold take hym out of his bedde, there she cryed and sayd, she wold appele them of his deth. With this came the holy heremyte syr Bawdewyn of bretayne. And whan he fond syr launcelot in that plyte, he sayd but lytel, but wete ye wel he was wrothe, and thenne he bad hem, lete vs haue hym in. And so they alle bare hym vnto the hermytage, and vnarmed hym, and layd hym in his bedde, & euer more his wound bledde pytously, but he stered no lymme of hym. Thenne the knyghte heremyte put a thynge in his nose and a lytel dele of water in his mouthe. And thenne sir launcelot waked of his swoune, and thenne the heremyte staunched his bledynge. And whan he myghte speke, he asked sir launcelot, why he putte his lyf in jeopardy. Sir said syre Launcelot by cause I wende I had ben stronge, and also syre Bors told me, that there shold be at al halowmasse a grete justes betwixe kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys, and therfor I thoughte to assaye hit my self, whether I myght be there or not. A syr launcelot sayd the heremyte, your herte & your courage wille neuer be done vntyl your last day, but ye shal doo now by my counceylle, lete sire Bors departe from yow, & lete hym doo at that turnement what he may, and by the grace of god sayd the knyghte heremyte by that the turnement be done and ye come hydder ageyne, syr launcelot shall be as hole as ye, soo that he wil be gouerned by me.

Capitulum xviii.

THENNE sire Bors made hym redy to departe from syre launcelot, and thenne sire launcelot sayd, Faire cosyn syr Bors recommaunde me vnto alle them, vnto whome me oughte to recommaunde me vnto;

and I pray yow, enforce your self at that justes that ye maye be best for my loue, & here shalle I abyde yow at the mercy of god tyl ye come ageyne, and so sir Bors departed & came to the courte of kyng arthur and told hem in what place he had lefte syr launcelot. that me repenteth said the kynge, but syn he shall haue his lyf we alle may thanke god, and there syre Bors told the Quene in what jeopardy syre Launcelot was, whanne he wold assaye his hors, and alle that he dyd madame was for the loue of yow, by cause he wold haue ben at this turnement. Fy on hym recreaunt knyghte sayd the quene. For wete ye wel I am ryght sory and he shalle haue his lyf, his lyf shalle he haue said sir Bors, and who that wold other wyse excepte you madame, we that ben of his blood shold helpe to shorte theire lyues, but madame sayd syr Bors ye haue ben oftymes displesyd with my lord syr launcelot, but at all tymes at the ende ye fynde hym a true knyghte and soo he departed. And thenne euery knyghte of the round table that were there at that tyme present made them redy to be at that justes at all halowmasse and thyder drewe many knyghtes of dyuerse countreyes. And as al halowemasse drewe nere, thydder came the kynge of Northgalys, and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, & syr Galahaut the haute prynce of Surluse, and thydder came kynge Anguysshe of Irland, and the kynge of Scottes. soo these thre kynges came on kynge Arthurs party, and soo that daye syre Gawayne dyd grete dedes of armes, and began fyrst. And the herowdes nombred that sir Gawayne smote doune xx knyghtes. Thenne syr Bors de ganys came in the same tyme and he was nombred that he smote doune twenty knyghtes. And therfor the pryce was gyuen betwixe them bothe, for they began fyrst and lengest endured.

Also syr Gareth as the book sayth dyd that daye grete dedes of armes, for he smote doune and pulled doune thyrtty knyghtes. But whan he had done these dedes, he taryed not, but soo departed, and therfor he lost his pryce, & sir Palomydes did grete dedes of armes that day, for he smote doun twenty knyztes, but he departed sodenly, & men demed syre Gareth & he rode to gyders to somme maner aduentures. Soo whan this turnement was done, syr Bors departed, & rode tyl he came to syre launcelot his cosyn, & thenne he fonde hym walkynge on his feet, & ther eyther made grete joye of other, & so sire Bors tolde syr launcelot of all the justes lyke as ye haue herde. I merueille said sir launcelot that syre Gareth whan he had done suche dedes of armes that he wolde not tary, therof we merueyled al saide syr Bors, for but yf it were yow or syr Tristram or syre lamorak de galys I sawe neuer knyzt bere doune soo many in so lytel a whyle as dyd syr Gareth. And anone as he was gone he wyste not where. By my hede said sir launcelot he is a noble knyghte, and a myghty man, and wel brethed, and yf he were wel assayed said sir Launcelot, I wold deme he were good ynough for ony knyghte that bereth the lyf, and he is a gentyl knyghte, curtois, true, and bounteuous, meke and mylde, and in hym is no maner of male engyn, but playne, feythful and trewe. Soo thenne they made hem redy to departe from the heremyte, and so vpon a morne they took their horses and Elayne le blank with them. And whan they came to Astolat, there were they wel lodged and had grete chere of syre Bernard the old baron, and of sir Tyrre his sone, and so vpon the morne whan syr Launcelot shold departe, fayre Elayne brouzt her fader with her and sir Lauayne and sir Tyrre and thus she said.

Capitulum xix.

My lord syr Launcelot now I see ye wylle departe. Now fayre knyghte and curtois knyghte haue mercy vpon me, and suffer me not to dye for thy loue. What wold ye that I dyd said syr launcelot. I wold haue you to my husbond sayd Elayne. Fair damoysel I thanke yow said syr Launcelot, but truly sayd he I cast me neuer to be wedded man. thenne fair knyght said she, wylle ye be my peramour. Jhesu defende me said syr launcelot, for thenne I rewarded your fader and your broder ful euylle for their grete goodenes. Allas sayd she, thenne must I dye for your loue. ye shal not so said syre launcelot, for wete ye wel fayr mayden I myght haue ben maryed & I had wolde, but I neuer applyed me to be maryed yet, but by cause fair damoysel that ye loue me as ye saye ye doo, I wille for your good wylle and kyndenes shewe yow somme goodenes, & that is this, that where someuer ye wille beset youre herte vpon somme goode knyghte that wylle wedde yow, I shalle gyue yow to gyders a thousand pound yerely to yow & to your heyres, thus moche will I gyue yow faire madame for your kyndenes, & alweyes whyle I lyue to be your owne knyghte. Of alle this saide the mayden I wille none, for but yf ye wille wedde me or ellys be my peramour at the leest. Wete yow wel sir launcelot my good dayes are done. Fair damoysel sayd sir launcelot of these ii thynges ye must pardonne me. thenne she shryked shyrly, and felle doune in a swoune, and thenne wymmen bare her in to her chamber, and there she made ouer moche sorowe, and thenne sir launcelot wold departe, and there he asked sir Lauayn what he wold doo. What shold I doo said syre lauayne but folowe yow, but yf ye dryue me from yow, or commaunde me to goo from yow. Thenne came sir Bernard to sir launcelot and sayd to hym, I can not see but that my doughter Elayne wille dye for your sake. I maye not doo with alle said sir launcelot, for that me sore repenteth. For I reporte me to youre self that my profer is fayre, and me repenteth said syr launcelot that she loueth me as she doth, I was neuer the causer of hit, for I reporte me to youre sone I erly ne late profered her bounte nor faire byhestes, and as for me said sir launcelot I dare do alle that a knyght shold doo that she is a clene mayden for me bothe for dede and for wille. And I am ryght heuy of her distresse, for she is a ful fayre mayden good and gentyl and well taughte. Fader said sir Lauayne I dar make good she is a clene mayden as for my lord sir launcelot, but she doth as I doo. For sythen I fyrst sawe my lord sir launcelot I coude neuer departe from hym nor nought I wylle and I maye folowe hym. Thenne sir Launcelot took his leue, and soo they departed, and came vnto wynchestre. And whan Arthur wyste that syr launcelot was come hole and sound, the kynge maade grete ioye of hym, and soo dyd sir Gawayn and all the knyztes of the round table excepte sir Agrauayn and sire Mordred. Also quene Gueneuer was woode wrothe with sir launcelot and wold by no meanes speke with hym, but enstraunged her self from hym, and sir launcelot made alle the meanes that he myght for to speke with the quene, but hit wolde not be.

Now speke we of the fayre mayden of Astolat that made suche sorowe daye and nyght that she neuer slepte, ete, nor drank, and euer she made her complaynt vnto sir Launcelot, so when she had thus endured a ten dayes, that she febled so that she must nedes passe out of thys world, thenne she shryued her clene, and receyued her creatoure. And euer she complayned stylle vpon sire launcelot. Thenne her ghoostly fader bad her leue suche thoughtes. Thenne she sayd why shold I leue suche thoughtes, am I not an erthely woman, and alle the whyle the brethe is in my body I may complayne me, for my byleue is I doo none offence, though I loue an erthely man, and I take god to my record I loued neuer none but sir launcelot du lake nor neuer shall, and a clene mayden I am for hym and for alle other, and sythen hit is the sufferaunce of god, that I shalle dye for the loue of soo noble a knyghte, I byseche the hyghe fader of heuen to haue mercy vpon my sowle, and vpon myn innumerable paynes that I suffred may be allygeaunce of parte of my synnes. For swete lord Jhesu sayd the fayre mayden I take the to record, on the I was neuer grete offenser ageynst thy lawes, but that I loued this noble knyght sire launcelot out of mesure, and of my self good lord I myght not withstande the feruent loue wherfor I haue my dethe. And thenne she called her fader sire Bernard and her broder sir Tyrre, and hertely she praid her fader that her broder myght wryte a letter lyke as she did endyte hit, and so her fader graunted her. And whan the letter was wryten word by word lyke as she deuysed, Thenne she prayd her fader that she myght be watched vntyl she were dede, and whyle my body is hote, lete this letter be putt in my ryght hand, and my hand bo̅ude fast with the letter vntyl that I be cold, and lete me be putte in a fayre bedde with alle the rychest clothes that I haue aboute me, and so lete my bedde and alle my rychest clothes be laide with me in a charyot vnto the next place where Temse is, and there lete me be putte within a barget, & but one man with me, suche as ye trust to stere me thyder, and that my barget be couerd with blak samyte ouer and ouer. Thus fader I byseche yow lete hit be done. soo her fader graunted hit her feythfully, alle thynge shold be done lyke as she had deuysed. Thenne her fader and her broder made grete dole, for when this was done, anone she dyed. And soo whan she was dede, the corps and the bedde alle was ledde the next way vnto Temse, and there a man and the corps & alle were put in to Temse, and soo the man styred the barget vnto Westmynster, and there he rowed a grete whyle to & fro or ony aspyed hit.

Capitulum xx.

Soo by fortune kynge Arthur and the quene Gueneuer were spekynge to gyders at a wyndowe, and soo as they loked in to Temse, they aspyed this blak barget, and hadde merueylle what it mente. thenne the kynge called sire kay, & shewed hit hym. Sir said sir kay wete you wel there is some newe tydynges. Goo thyder sayd the kynge to sir kay, & take with yow sire Brandyles and Agrauayne, and brynge me redy-word what is there. Thenne these four knyghtes departed and came to the barget and wente in, and there they fond the fayrest corps lyenge in a ryche bedde and a poure man sittyng in the bargets ende and no word wold he speke. Soo these foure knyghtes retorned vnto the kyng ageyne and told hym what they fond. That fayr corps wylle I see sayd the kynge. And soo thenne the kyng took the quene by the hand, & went thydder. Thenne the kynge made the barget to be holden fast, & thenne the kyng & y^e quene entred with certayn knyztes wyth them, and there he sawe the fayrest woman lye in a ryche bedde couerd vnto her myddel with many ryche clothes, and alle was of clothe of gold, and she lay as though she had smyled. Thenne the quene aspyed a letter in her ryght hand, and told it to the kynge. Thenne the kynge took it and sayd, now am I sure this letter wille telle what she was, and why she is come hydder. Soo thenne the kynge and the quene wente oute of the barget, and soo commaunded a certayne (man) to wayte vpon the barget. And soo whan the kynge was come within his chāber, he called many knyghtes aboute hym, & saide that he wold wete openly what was wryten within that letter. thenne the kynge brake it, & made a clerke to rede hit, & this was the entente of the letter. Moost noble knyghte sir Launcelot, now hath dethe made vs two at debate for your loue I was your louer that men called the fayre mayden of Astolat, therfor vnto alle ladyes I make my mone, yet praye for my soule & bery me atte leest, & offre ye my masse peny. this is my last request and a clene mayden I dyed I take god to wytnes, pray for my soule sir launcelot as thou art pierles. this was alle the substance in the letter. And whan it was redde, the kyng, the quene and alle the knyghtes wepte for pyte of the doleful cōplayntes. Thenne was sire Launcelot sente for. And whan he was come, kynge Arthur made the letter to be redde to hym. And whanne sire launcelot herd hit word by word, he sayd my lord Arthur, wete ye wel I am ryghte heuy of the dethe of this fair damoysel. god knoweth I was neuer causer of her dethe by my wyllynge, & that wille I reporte me to her own broder, here he is sir Lauayne, I wille not saye nay sayd syre Launcelot, but that she was bothe fayre and good, and moche I was beholden vnto her, but she loued me out of mesure. Ye myght haue shewed her sayd the quene somme bounte and gentilnes that myghte haue preserued her lyf. madame sayd sir launcelot, she wold none other wayes be ansuerd, but that she wold be my wyf, outher els my peramour, and of these two I wold not graunte her, but I proferd her for her good loue that she shewed me a thousand pound yerly to her, and to her heyres, and to wedde ony manere knyghte that she coude fynde best to loue in her herte. For madame said sir launcelot I loue not to be constrayned to loue. For loue muste aryse of the herte, and not by no constraynte. That is trouth sayd the kynge, and many knyghtes loue is free in hym selfe, and neuer wille be bounden, for where he is bounden, he looseth hym self. Thenne sayd the kynge vnto sire Launcelot, hit wyl be your worshyp that ye ouer see that she be entered worshypfully. Sire sayd sire Launcelot that shalle be done as I can best deuyse, and soo many knyghtes yede thyder to behold that fayr mayden, and soo vpon the morne she was entered rychely; and sir launcelot offryd her masse peny, and all the knyztes of the table round that were there at that tyme offryd with syr launcelot. And thenne the poure man wente ageyne with the barget. Thenne the quene sente for syr Launcelot, & prayd hym of mercy, for why that she had ben wrothe with hym causeles. this is not the fyrste tyme said sir launcelot that ye haue ben displeasyd with me causeles, but madame euer I must suffre yow, but what sorowe I endure I take no force. Soo this paste on alle that wynter with alle manere of huntynge and haukyng, and justes and torneys were many betwixe many grete lordes, and euer in al places sir Lauayne gate grete worshyp, soo that he was nobly renomed amonge many knyghtes of the table round.

Capitulum xxi.

Thus it past on tyl Crystmasse. And thenne euery day there was justes made for a dyamond, who that justed best shold haue a dyamond, but syr laũcelot wold not juste but yf it were at a grete justes cryed, but syr lauayne justed there alle that Crystemasse passyngly wel, and best was praysed, for there were but fewe that dyd soo wel. Wherfore alle manere of knyghtes demed that sir lauayne shold be made knyghte of the table round at the nexte feeste of Pentecost. Soo at after Crystmasse kynge Arthur lete calle vnto hym many knyghtes, and there they aduysed to gyders to make a party and a grete turnement and justes, and the kynge of Northgalys sayd to Arthur, he wold haue on his party kynge Anguysshe of Irland, and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, and the kynge of Northumberland, and sire Galahad the haute prynce, and soo these foure kynges & this myghty duke took party ageynst kynge Arthur and the knyghtes of the table round, and the crye was made that the day of the justes shold be besyde Westmynstre vpon candylmas day wherof many knyghtes were glad, and made them redy to be at that justes in the freyssheyst maner. Thenne quene Gueneuer sent for syr launcelot, and said thus I warne yow that ye ryde ny more in no justes nor turnementys, but that youre kynnesmen may knowe yow. And at these justes that shall be ye shalle haue of me a sleue of gold, and I pray yow for my sake enforce your self there that men may speke of yow worship, but I charge yow as ye will haue my loue that ye warne youre kynnesmen, that ye wille bere that daye the sleue of gold vpon your helmet. Madame said sir launcelot it shalle be don, and soo eyther made grete ioye of other. And whan syre Launcelot sawe his tyme, he told sir Bors that he wold departe, & haue no more with hym but sir Lauayne vnto the good heremyte that dwellid in that forest of Wyndsoore, his name was sire Brastias, and there he thoughte to repose hym, and to take alle the rest that he myghte by cause he wold be fresshe at that daye of justes. Soo sire Launcelot and sire Lauayne departed that noo creature wyst where he was become, but the noble men of his blood. And whanne he was come to the hermytage, wete yow wel he had good chere, and soo dayly syr launcelot wold goo to a welle fast by the hermytage, & there he wold lye doune, and see the welle sprynge and buibyl, & somtyme he slepte there. So at that tyme there was a lady dwellid in that forest, and she was a grete huntresse, & dayly she vsed to hunte, and euer she bare her bowe with her; and no men wente neuer with her, but alwayes wymmen, and they were shoters, and coude wel kylle a dere bothe at the stalke & at the trest, and they dayly bare bowes and arowes, hornes & wood knyues, and many good dogges they had, both for the strynge and for a bate. So hit happed this lady the huntresse had abated her dogge for the bowe at a barayne hynde, and so this barayne hynde took the flyghte ouer hedges and woodes. And euer this lady and parte of her wymmen costed the hynde and chekked it by the noyse of the houndes to haue mette with the hynde at somme water, and soo hit happed the hynde came to the welle where as sire launcelot was slepyng & slomberynge. And soo whan the hynde came to the welle, for hete she wente to soyle, and there she lay a grete whyle, and the dogges came after, and vmbecast aboute, for she had lost the veray parfyte feaute of the hynde. Ryghte so came that lady the huntres that knewe by the dogge that she had that the hynde was at the soyle in that welle, and there she cam styfly and fonde the hynde, and she put a brode arowe in her bowe, and shot atte hynde, and ouer shotte the hynde, and soo by mysfortune the arowe smote sir Launcelot in the thyck of the buttok ouer the barbys. Whanne sir launcelot felte hym self so hurte, he hurled vp woodely, and sawe the lady that had smyten hym. And whan he sawe she was a woman, he sayd thus, lady, or damoysel what that thow be, in an euylle tyme bare ye a bowe, the deuylle made yow a shoter.

Capitulum xx. (xxii.)

Now mercy fair sir said the lady I am a gentilwoman that vseth here in this forest huntynge, and god knoweth I sawe yow not, but as here was a barayn hynde at the soyle in this welle and I wend to haue done wel, but my hand swarued, Allas said syre launcelot ye haue mescheued me, and soo the lady departed, and sir launcelot as he myghte pulled oute the arowe, and lefte that hede styll in his buttok, and soo he wente weykely to the hermytage euer more bledynge as he went. And whan sir Lauayne and the heremyte aspyed that sir launcelot was hurte, wete yow wel they were passynge heuy, but sire Lauayne wyst not how that he was hurte nor by whome. And thenne were they wrothe out of mesure. thenne with grete payne the heremyte gat oute the arowes hede oute of syr launcelots buttok, and moche of his blood he shedde, and the wound was passynge sore, and vnhappyly smyten, for it was in suche a place that he myght not sytte in noo sadyl. A mercy Jhesu said sir Launcelot I may calle my self the moost vnhappyest man that lyueth for euer. Whan I wold faynest haue worshyp, there befalleth me euer somme vnhappy thynge. Now soo Jhesu me helpe said sir launcelot, and yf no man wold but god, I shalle be in the felde vpon candelmasse daye at the justes what someuer falle of hit soo alle that myght be goten to hele sir launcelot was had. Soo whan the day was come, sir launcelot lete deuyse that he was arayed, and sir Lauayne and their horses as thouz they had ben sarazyns, and soo they departed and cam nygh to the felde. The kynge of Northgalys with an honderd knyghtes with hym, and the kynge of Northumberland broughte with hym an honderd good knyghtes, and kynge Anguysshe of Irland brought with hym an honderd good knyghtes redy to juste, and sir Galahalt the haute prynce broughte with hym an honderd good knyghtes, and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes brought with hym as many, and alle these were proued good knyghtes. Thenne cam in kyng Arthurs party, and there came in the kynge of Scottes with an honderd knyghtes, and kynge Vryens of Gore brought with hym an honderd knyghtes. And kynge Howel of Bretayne brouzte with hym an honderd knyghtes, and Chalaunce of Claraunce broughte with hym an honderd knyghtes, and kynge Arthur hym self came in to the felde with two honderd knyghtes and the moost party were knyghtes of the table round that were proued noble knyghtes, and there were old knyghtes sette in skaffoldes for to juge with the quene who dyd best.

Capitulum xxii. (xxiii.)

THENNE they blewe to the felde, and there the kyng of northgalys encountred with the kynge of scottes, & there the kynge of Scottes had a falle, and the kyng of Irland smote doune kynge Vryens, and the kyng of Northumberland smote doune kynge Howel of Bretayne, and sir Galahaut the haute prynce smote doune Chalenge of Claraunce. And thenne kynge Arthur was woode wroth, and ranne to the kynge with the honderd knyztes, and there kyng Arthur smote hym doune, and after with that same spere kynge Arthur smote doune thre other knyghtes. And thenne whan his spere was broken, kynge Arthur dyd passyngly wel, and soo there with alle came in syr Gawayne and sir Gaheryse, sire Agrauayne and sir mordred, and there eueryche of them smote doune a knyghte, and sir Gawayne smote doune four knyztes and thenne there beganne a stronge medle, for thenne there came in the knyghtes of launcelots blood, and sir Gareth and sire Palomydes with them, and many knyghtes of the table round, and they beganne to holde the foure kynges and the myghty duke soo hard that they were discomfyte, but this duke Galahad the haut prynce was a noble knyght, and by his myghty prowesse of armes, he helde the knyghtes of the table round strayte ynough. Alle this doynge sawe sir launcelot, & thenne he came in to the felde with syr Lauayne as hit had ben thonder. And thenne anone syre Bors and the knyghtes of his blood aspyed sir launcelot, and said to them alle I warne yow beware of hym with the sleue of gold vpon his hede, for he is hym self sir launcelot du lake; and for grete goodenes sir Bors warned syr Gareth. I am wel apayed said sir Gareth that I may knowe hym, but who is he sayd they alle that rydeth with hym in the same aray. That is the good and gentyl knyght sir Lauayne said sir Bors. Soo sire Launcelot encoūtred with sir Gawayne, and there by force syr launcelot smote doune sir Gawayne and his hors to the erthe, and soo he smote doune sir Agrauayne and sire Gaherys, and also he smote doune sir Mordred, and alle this was with one spere.

Thenne sir Lauayne mette with sir Palomydes, and eyther mette other soo hard and so fyersly that bothe their horses felle to the erthe. And thenne were they horsed ageyne, and thenne mette sir Launcelot with sir Palomydes, and there sire Palomydes had a falle, and soo sir launcelot or euer he stynte as fast as he myghte gete speres, he smote doun thyrtty knyghtes and the moost party of them were knyztes of the table round and euer the knyghtes of his blood withdrewe them, & made hem adoo in other places where sir launcelot came not, and thenne kyng Arthur was wrothe whan he sawe sir Launcelot doo suche dedes, and thenne the kynge called vnto hym sir gawayn, sir Mordred, sir kay, sir Gryflet, sir Lucan the butteler, syre Bedeuer, sir Palomydes, Sir Safyr his broder, and so the kynge with these nyne (eyght) knyghtes made hem redy to sette vpon sir Launcelot, and vpon syr Lauayne. Alle this aspyed sir bors and sir Gareth. Now I drede me sore said sir Bors that my lord sir launcelot wylle be hard matched. By my hede sayd syr Gareth I wylle ryde vnto my lord sir launcelot for to helpe hym, falle of hym what falle may, for he is the same man that made me knyghte. ye shalle not soo said sir Bors by my counceylle, onles that ye were desguysed, ye shalle see me desguysed said syre Gareth, and there with al he aspyed a Walysshe knyghte where he was to repose hym, and he was sore hurte afore hurte by syr Gawayne, and to hym syre Gareth rode, and praid hym of his knyghthode to lene hym his shelde for his. I wille wel said the Walysshe knyghte. And whanne sir Gareth had his shelde, the book saith, it was grene wyth a mayden that semed in hit. Thenne syr Gareth came dryuynge to sir Launcelot al that he myghte, and said knyghte kepe thy self, for yonder cometh kyng Arthur with nyne noble knyztes with hym to putte yow to a rebuke, and so I am come to bere yow felaushyp for old loue ye haue shewed me. Gramercy said sir launcelot, syr sayd sir Gareth, encountre ye with sir Gawayne, and I shalle encountre with syre Palomydes, and lete sir Lauayne matche with the noble kynge Arthur. And whan we haue delyuerd hem, lete vs thre hold vs sadly to gyders. Thenne came kynge Arthur with his nyne knyztes with hym, and sir launcelot encountred with sir Gawayne, & gafe hym suche a buffet, that the arson of his sadel brast, and syre Gawayne felle to the erthe. Thenne sir Gareth encountred with the good knyghte sir Palomydes, and he gaf hym suche a buffet that bothe his hors and he dasshed to the erthe. Thenne encountred kynge Arthur with sire Lauayne, and there eyther of hem smote other to the erthe hors and alle that they lay a grete whyle. Thenne sir launcelot smote doune syr Agrauayne & syre Gaheryse, and syr Mordred, and syr Gareth smote doune syr kay, and syr Safyr and syr Gryflet. And thenne syr lauayne was horsed ageyne, and he smote doune syre Lucan the butteler and syr Bedeuer, And thenne there beganne grete thrange of good knyghtes. Thenne syre Launcelot hurtlyd here and there, and racyd and pulled of helmes, soo that at that tyme there myght none sytte hym a buffet with spere nor with suerd, and syr Gareth dyd suche dedes of armes that all men merueylled what knyghte he was with the grene sheld. For he smote doune that daye and pulled doune moo than thyrtty knyghtes. And as the frensshe book sayth syr Launcelot merueylled whan he beheld syr Gareth doo suche dedes what knyghte he myghte be, and syr Lauayne pulled doune and smote doune twenty knyghtes. Also syr launcelot knewe not syr Gareth, for and syr Tristram de lyones, outher syr lamorak de galys had ben alyue, syr launcelot wold haue demed he had ben one of them tweyne. Soo euer as syr launcelot, syr Gareth, syr lauayn faughte, and on the one syde syr bors, syr Ector de marys, syr lyonel, syr lamorak de galys, syr bleoberys, syr Galyhud, syr Galyhodyn, syr Pelleas, and wyth moo other of kynge Bans blood foughte vpon another party and helde the kynge with the honderd knyghtes and the kyng of Northumberland ryght strayte.

Capitulum xxiiii.

Soo this turnement & this justes dured longe, tyl hit was nere nyghte, for the knyghtes of the round table releued euer vnto kynge Arthur, for the kynge was wrothe oute of mesure, that he and his knyghtes myght not preuaile that day. Then sire Gawayne said to the kynge I merueile where alle this day syr Bors de ganys and his felaushyp of syre launcelots blood, I merueylle all this day they be not aboute yow, hit is for somme cause sayd syr Gawayne. By my hede said sire Kay syre Bors is yonder all this day vpon the ryghte hand of this felde, and ther he and his blood done more worshypfully than we doo. it may wel be sayd syr Gawayne, but I drede me euer of gyle, for on payne of my lyf said sir Gawayne this knyghte with the reed sleue of gold is hym self sir launcelot. I see wel by his rydynge, and by his grete strokes, and the other knyghte in the same colours is the good yonge knyght sir lauayne. Also that knyghte with the grene shelde is my broder syr Gareth, and yet he hath desguysed hym self, for no man shalle neuer make hym be ageynst sir launcelot by cause he made hym knyghte. By my hede said Arthur neuewe I byleue yow, therfore telle me now what is youre best counceyll. Sir said sir Gawayne ye shalle haue my counceylle, lete blowe vnto lodgynge, for and he be syr Launcelot du lake and my broder syr Gareth with hym with the helpe of that good yong knyghte syr Lauayne, trust me truly it wyll be no bote to stryue with them, but yf we shold falle ten or xii vpon one knyghte, and that were no worship but shame. ye saye trouthe sayd the kyng, and for to saye sothe said the kynge it were shame to vs, soo many as we be to sette vpon them ony more, for wete ye wel sayd kyng Arthur, they ben thre good knyghtes, and namely that knyght with the sleue of gold. So thenne they blewe vnto lodgyng, but forth with all Kyng Arthur lete sende vnto the four kynges, and to the myghty duke, and praid hem that the knyghte with the sleue of gold departe not fro them, but that the kyng may speke with hym. Thenne fourthe with alle kyng Arthur alighte & vnarmed hym, & took a litill hakney, & rode after sir Launcelot, for euer he had a spye vpon hym, and soo he fonde hym amonge the four kynges, and the duke, and there the kyng prayd hem alle vnto souper, and they sayd they wold with good wylle. And whan they were vnarmed, thenne kyng Arthur knewe sire launcelot, sir Lauayne and sir Gareth. A syre Launcelot sayd kynge Arthur, this daye ye haue heted me, & my knyghtes, soo they yede vnto Arthurs lodgynge al to gyder, and there was a grete feest and grete reuel, and the pryce was gyuen vnto syr launcelot, and by herowdes they named hym, that he had smyten doune fyfty knyghtes, and sire Gareth fyue and thyrtty, and sir Lauayne four and twenty knyghtes. Thenne sir Launcelot told the kynge and the Quene how the lady huntresse shote hym in the foreste of Wyndesoore in the buttok with a brood arowe, & how the wound therof was that tyme syxe Inches depe, and in lyke longe. Also Arthur blamed syr Gareth by cause he lefte his felaushyp, & helde with sir launcelot. My lord sayd sir Gareth, he maade me a knyghte. And whanne I sawe hym soo hard bestadde, me thought it was my worshyp to helpe hym, for I sawe hym do soo moche, and soo many noble knyghtes ageynst hym, and whan I vnderstood that he was sir launcelot du lake, I shamed to see soo many knyghtes ageynst hym alone. Truly sayd kynge Arthur vnto syre Gareth ye saye wel and worshypfully haue ye done and to your self grete worshyp, and alle the dayes of my lyf sayd kynge Arthur vnto sir Gareth wete yow wel I shalle loue yow, and truste yow the more better. For euer sayd Arthur hit is a worshypful knyghtes dede to helpe an other worshypful knyghte whanne he seeth hym in a grete daunger, for euer a worshipful man will be lothe to see a worshipful (man) shamed, and he that is of no worship and fareth with cowardyse, neuer shall he shewe gentilnes, nor no maner of goodnes where he seeth a man in ony daunger, for thenne euer wylle a coward shewe no mercy, and alwayes a good man wille doo euer to another man as he wold ben done to hym self. Soo thenne there were grete feestes vnto kynges and dukes, and reuel, game and playe, and al maner of noblesse was vsed, and he that was curtois, true and feythful to his frende was that tyme cherysshed.

Capitulum xxv.

And thus it past on from candylmas vntyl after ester that the moneth of may was come, whan euery lusty herte begynneth to blosomme, and to brynge forth fruyte, for lyke as herbes and trees bryngen forth fruyte and florysshen in may, in lyke wyse euery lusty herte that is in ony maner a louer spryngeth and floryssheth in lusty dedes. For it gyueth vnto al louers courage that lusty moneth of may in some thyng to constrayne hym to some maner of thyng more in that moneth than in ony other moneth for dyuerse causes. For thenne alle herbes and trees renewen a man and woman, and in lyke wyse louers callen ageyne to their mynde old gentilnes and old seruyse and many kynde dedes that were forgeten by neclygence. For lyke as wynter rasure doth alway a rase and deface grene somer, soo fareth it by vnstable loue in man and woman. For in many persons there is no stabylyte. For we may see al day for a lytel blast of wynters rasure anone we shalle deface and lay a parte true loue, for lytel or noughte that cost moch thynge. this is no wysedome nor stabylyte, but it is feblenes of nature and grete disworshyp who someuer vseth this. Therfore lyke as may moneth floreth and floryssheth in many gardyns, Soo in lyke wyse lete euery man of worship florysshe his herte in this world, fyrst vnto god, and next vnto the ioye of them that he promysed his feythe vnto, for there was neuer worshypful man nor worshipfull woman, but they loued one better than another, and worshyp in armes may neuer be foyled, but fyrst reserue the honour to god, and secondly the quarel must come of thy lady, and suche loue I calle vertuous loue, but now a dayes men can not loue seuen nyzte but they must haue alle their desyres that loue may not endure by reason, for where they ben soone accorded and hasty hete, soone it keleth. Ryghte soo fareth loue now a dayes, sone hote soone cold, this is noo stabylyte, but the old loue was not so, men and wymmen coude loue to gyders seuen yeres, and no lycours lustes were bitwene them, and thenne was loue trouthe and feythfulnes, and loo in lyke wyse was vsed loue in kynge Arthurs dayes. Wherfor I lyken loue now a dayes vnto somer and wynter, for lyke as the one is hote, & the other cold, so fareth loue now a dayes, therfore alle ye that be louers, calle vnto your remembraunce the moneth of may, lyke as dyd quene Gueneuer. For whome I make here a lytel mencyon that whyle she lyued, she was a true louer, and therfor she had a good ende.

Explicit liber Octodecimus. And here foloweth liber xix.

Capitulum Primum.

SOO it befelle in the moneth of May, quene Gueneuer called vnto her knyztes of the table round, and she gafe them warnynge that erly vpon the morowe she wold ryde on mayeng in to woodes & feldes besyde Westmynstre, & I warne yow that there be none of yow but that he be wel horsed, and that ye alle be clothed in grene outher in sylke outher in clothe and I shalle brynge with me ten ladyes, and euery knyght shalle haue a lady behynde hym, and euery knyghte shal have a squyer and two yomen, and I wyll that ye alle be wel horsed. Soo they made hem redy in the fresshest maner, and these were the names of the knyghtes. sir Kay the Seneschal, sir Agrauayne, sir Brandyles, sir Sagramor le desyrus, Sir Dodynas le saueage, sir Ozanna le cure hardy, sir Ladynas of the forest saueage, sir Persaunt of Inde, syre Ironsyde that was called the knyghte of the reed laundes, and sire Pelleas the louer, and these ten knyghtes made hem redy in the fresshest maner to ryde with the quene. And soo vpon the morne they toke their horses with the quene, and rode on mayenge in woodes and medowes as hit pleasyd hem in grete joye and delytes, for the quene had cast to haue ben ageyne with kyng Arthur at the ferthest by ten of the clok, and soo was that tyme her purpoos. Thenne there was a knyghte that hyghte Mellyagraunce, and he was sone vnto kynge Bagdemagus, and this knyghte had at that tyme a castel of the yefte of kyng arthur within seuen myle of Westmynstre. And this knyghte sir Mellyagraunce loued passynge wel Quene Gueneuer, and soo had he done longe and many yeres. And the book sayth he had layne in a wayte for to stele away the quene, but euermore he forbare for by cause of sir launcelot, for in no wyse he wold medle with the quene, and sir Launcelot were in her company, outher els and he were nere hand her, and that tyme was suche a customme, the quene rode neuer withoute a grete felaushyp of men of armes aboute her, and they were many good knyghtes, and the moost party were yong men that wold haue worshyp, and they were called the quenes knyghtes and neuer in no batail, turnement, nor justes, they bare none of hem no maner of knoulechynge of their owne armes, but playne whyte sheldes, and there by they were called the quenes knyghtes. And thenne whan it happed ony of them to be of grete worshyp by his noble dedes, thenne at the next feest of Pentecost, yf there were ony slayne or dede, as there was none yere that there fayled, but somme were dede. Thenne was there chosen in his stede that was dede the moost men of worshyp that were called the quenes knyghtes. And thus they came vp alle fyrste or they were renoumed men of worship, both sire Launcelot and alle the remenaunt of them. But this knyzte sir Mellyagraunce had aspyed the quene well and her purpos and how sir launcelot was not with her, and how she had no men of armes with her but the ten noble knyghtes all arayed in grene for mayeng, thenne he purueyed hym a xx men of armes and an honderd archers for to destroye the quene and her knyghtes, for he thoughte that tyme was best season to take the quene.

Capitulum secundum.

Soo as the quene had mayed and alle her knyghtes, alle were bedasshed with herbys mosses and floures in the best maner and fresshest. Ryghte so came oute of a woode syre Mellyagraunce with an eyghte score men wel harnysed as they shold fyghte in a batail of a reeste and bad the quene and her knyghtes abyde, for maulgre theyr hedes they shold abyde. Traytoure knyghte sayd quene Gueneuer what cast thou for to doo. Wolte thow shame thy self, bethynke the how thou arte a kynges sone, and knyghte of the table roūd, and thou to be aboute to dishonoure the noble kynge that made the knyghte, thow shamest alle knyghthode and thy selfe, & me I lete the wete shalte thow neuer shame, for I had leuer cutte myn own throte in tweyne rather than thou sholdest dishonoure me. As for alle this langage sayd sir Mellyagraunce be it as it be may, for wete yow wel madame I haue loued yow many a yere, and neuer or now coude I gete yow at suche an auauntage as I doo now, and therfor I wylle take yow as I fynde yow. thenne spake alle the ten noble knyghtes att ones and sayd, Syr Mellyagraunce wete thow wel ye ar aboute to jeoparde your worshyp to dishonour, and also ye cast to jeoparde oure persons, how be it we ben vnarmed, ye haue vs at a grete auayle, for hit semeth by yow that ye haue layd watche vpon vs, but rather than ye shold putte the quene to a shame and vs alle, we had as leef to departe from oure lyues, for & yf we other wayes dyd, we were shamed for euer. Thenne sayd sir Mellyagraunce dresse yow as wel as ye can, and kepe the Quene. Thenne the ten knyghtes of the table round drewe their swerdes, and the other lete renne at them, with their speres, and the ten knyghtes manly abode them, & smote awey their speres, that no spere dyd them none harme. Thenne they lasshed to gyder with swerdes, and anone syre Kay, sir Sagramor, sir Agrauayn, sir Dodynas, sir Ladynas and syr Ozanna were smyten to the erthe with grymly woundes. Thenne sir Brandyles and sir Persaunt of Ironsyde, syre Pelleas foughte longe, and they were sore wounded, for these ten knyghtes or euer they were layd to the ground slewe xl men of the boldest and the best of them.

Soo whan the Quene sawe her knyghtes thus dolefully wounded, and nedes must be slayne at the last, thenne for pyte and sorowe she cryed syr Mellyagraunce slee not my noble knyghtes, and I wille go with the vpon this couenaunt that thou saue hem, and suffer hem not to be no more hurte with this that they be ledde wyth me where someuer thow ledest me, for I wylle rather slee my self than I wylle goo with the, onles, that thyse my noble knyghtes maye be in my presence. Madame said Mellyagraũce for your sake they shalle be ledde with yow in to myn owne Castel with that ye wylle be ruled & ryde with me. Thenne the quene prayd the four knyghtes to leue their fyghtynge, & she and they wold not departe. Madame sayd sir Pelleas we wille doo as ye doo, for as for me I take no force of my lyfe nor deth. For as the Frensshe book sayth sir Pelleas gaf suche buffets there that none armour myghte holde hym.

Capitulum Tercium.

Thenne by the quenes commaundement they lefte batail and dressid the wounded knyghtes on horsbak some syttyng, somme ouerthwarte their horses, that hit was pyte to beholde them. And thenne sir Mellyagraunce charged the quene & al her knyghtes that none of al her felaushyp shold departe from her, for ful sore he dradde sir launcelot du lake lest he shold haue ony knoulechynge. Alle this aspyed the Quene, and pryuely she called vnto her a child of her chamber that was swyftly horsed to whome she sayd, Go thow whan thou seest thy tyme, and bere this rynge vnto sir launcelot du lake, and praye hym as he loueth me that he wylle see me, and rescowe me yf euer he wille haue joye of me, and spare not thy hors said the quene nouther for water neyther for lond. Soo the chyld aspyed his tyme, and lyghtely he took his hors with the spores and departed as fast as he myghte. And whan sir Mellyagraunce sawe hym soo flee, he vnderstood that hit was by the quenes commaundement for to warne sir launcelot. Thenne they that were best horsed chaced hym and shot at hym. But from hem alle the child wente sodenly, and thenne syre Mellyagraunce sayd to the quene, Madame ye are aboute to bitraye me, but I shalle ordeyne for sir launcelot that he shall not come lyghtely at yow. And thenne he rode with her and they alle to his castel in alle the haste that they myghte. And by the waye sire Mellyagraunce layd in an enbusshement the best archers that he myghte gete in his coūtrey to the nombre of a thyrtty to awayte vpon sir Launcelot chargyng them that yf they sawe suche a manere of knyghte come by the way vpon a whyte hors that in ony wyse they slee his hors, but in no manere of wyse haue not adoo with hym bodyly, for he is ouer hard to be ouercomen. Soo this was done, and they were comen to his castel, but in no wyse the quene wold neuer lete none of the ten knyghtes and her ladyes oute of her syghte, but alwayes they were in their presence, for the book sayth sir Mellyagraunce durste make no maystryes for drede of sir launcelot in soo moche he demed that he had warnynge. Soo whan the child was departed from the felauship of syr Mellyagraunce within a whyle he came to Westmynstre. And anone he fonde sir launcelot. And whanne he had told his message, & delyuerd hym the quenes rynge, Allas sayd syr Launcelot now am I shamed for euer onles that I maye rescowe that noble lady from dishonour. thenne egerly he asked his armour, and euer the child told syr launcelot how the ten knyghtes foughte merueyllously, and how sir Pelleas and sire Ironsyde and sir Brandyles and sir Persaunt of Inde fought strongly, but namely sir Pelleas, there myghte none withstāde hym, & how they all fouzte tyll at the last they were layd to the erthe, and thenne the quene made apoyntement for to saue their lyues, and goo with syr Mellyagraunce. Allas sayd syr Launcelot, that moost noble lady that she shold be so destroyed, I had leuer said sir launcelot than alle Fraunce that I had ben there were wel armed. Soo whan syre launcelot was armed, and vpon his hors, he prayd the chyld of the Quenes chamber to warne syr Lauayne how sodenly he was departed, and for what cause, and praye hym as he loueth me that he wylle hyhe hym after me, and that he stynte not vntyll he come to the castel where sir Mellyagraunce abydeth, or dwelleth, for there sayd sire launcelot he shalle here of me, and I am a man lyuynge, and rescowe the quene and the ten knyztes the whiche he traitoursly hath taken, and that shalle I preue vpon his hede and alle them that hold with hym.

Capitulum iiii.

Thenne sir launcelot rode as fast as he myghte, and the book saith, he took the water at Westmynstre brydge, & made his hors to swymme ouer Temse vnto lambehythe. And thēne within a whyle he came to the same place there as the ten noble knyghtes foughte with syre Mellyagraunce. And thanne sir launcelot folowed the trak vntyl that he came to a wood, and there was a strayte waye, and there the xxx archers bad sir launcelot torne ageyne, and folowe noo lenger that trak. What commaundement haue ye ther to sayd sir launcelot to cause me that am a knyghte of the round table to leue my ryghte way. This way shalte thou leue, outher els thow shalt goo it on thy foote, for wete thou wel thy hors shalle be slayne. that is lytel maystry sayd syre launcelot to slee myn hors, but as for my self whan my hors is slayne I gyue ryght nought for yow, not and ye were fyue honderd moo. So thenne they shot sir launcelots hors, and smote hym with many arowes, and thenne syr launcelot auoyded his hors, and wente on foote, but there were soo many dyches and hedges betwixe them and hym that he myghte not medle with none of hem. Allas for shame said launcelot that euer one knyght shold bitraye another knyght, but hit is an old sawe, a good man is neuer in daunger, but whan he is in the daunger of a coward. Thenne sir launcelot wente a whyle, and thenne he was fowle combred of his armour, his sheld and his spere & alle that longed vnto hym. Wete ye wel he was ful sore annoyed, and ful loth he was for to leue ony thynge that longed vnto hym, for he drad sore the treason of sir Mellyagraũce. Thenne by fortune there came by hym a charyot that cam thyder for to fetche wood. Say me carter said syr launcelot what shal I gyue the to suffre me to lepe in to thy charyot, & that thou brynge me vnto a castel within this two myle, thou shalt not come within my charyot said the carter, for I am sente for to fetche wood for my lord sir Mellyagraunce. With hym wold I speke. thou shalt not go with me said the carter. thēne sir launcelot lept to hym, & gaf hym suche a buffet that he felle to the erthe starke dede. thenne the other carter his felawe was aferde & wende to haue gone the same way, & thenne he cryed fair lord saue my lyf, & I shal brynge you where ye wil. thēne I charge the sayd syr launcelot that thow dryue me and thys charyot euen vnto sir Melliagraunce yate, lepe vp in to the charyot sayd the carter, and ye shalle be there anone. Soo the carter drofe on a grete wallop, and sir launcelots hors folowed the charyot with more than a xl arowes brode and rough in hym, and more than an houre and an half dame Gueneuer was awaytynge in a bay wyndowe with her ladyes, & aspyed an armed knyghte standynge in a charyot. See madame sayd a lady where rydeth in a charyot a goodly armed knyghte, I suppose he rydeth vnto hangyng. Where sayd the quene. thenne she aspyed by his shelde that he was there hym self sir launcelot du lake. And thenne she was ware where came his hors euer after that charyot, and euer he trade his guttes and his paunche vnder his feet. Allas sayd the quene now I see well and preue that wel is hym that hath a trusty frend. Ha a moost noble knyghte sayd quene Gueneuer I see wel thow arte hard bestad whan thow rydest in a charyot. thenne she rebuked that lady that lykend sir launcelot to ryde in a charyot to hangynge, hit was fowle mouthed sayd the quene and euylle lykened soo for to lyken the moost noble knyght of the world vnto suche a shameful dethe. O Jhesu defende hym and kepe hym said the quene from all mescheuous ende. By thys was sir Launcelot comen to the gates of that Castel, and there he descended doune and cryed that alle the Castel range of it, where arte thow fals traitour sir Melliagraunce and knyght of the table round, now come forth here thou traytour knyzte thou and thy felauship with the. For here I am sir launcelot du lake that shal fyghte with yow, and there with all he bare the gate wyde open vpon the porter, and smote hym vnder his zere with his gauntelet that his neck brast in sonder.

Capitulum v.

Whanne sir Mellyagraūce herd that sir Launcelot was there, he ranne vnto quene Gueneuer, and felle vpon his knee, and sayd mercy madame now I put me holy in to your grace. What eyleth yow now sayd quene Gueneuer. For sothe I myghte wel wete somme good knyzt wold reuenge me, though my lord Arthur wyste not of this youre werke. Madame said sir Mellyagraunce, alle this that is amys on my parte shalle be amended ryghte as your self wille deuyse, & holy I putte me in your grace. What wold ye that I dyd sayd the quene. I wold no more said Mellyagraunce but that ye wold take alle in your owne handes, and that ye wille rule my lord sir launcelot, and suche chere as maye be made hym in this poure castel ye and he shalle haue vntyl to morne, and thenne may ye and alle they retorne vnto Westmynster, and my body and all that I haue I shal putte in your rule. ye saye wel sayd the quene, and better is pees than euer werre, and the lesse noyse, the more is my worship. thenne the quene and her ladyes wente doune vnto the knyghte syr launcelot, that stood wrothe oute of mesure in the Inner courte to abyde bataille, & euer he bad thou traytour knyghte come forth. Thenne the quene came to hym and sayde syre Launcelot why be ye soo moeued. Ha madame sayd sire Launcelot why aske ye me that question. Me semeth said sir launcelot ye ouzte to be more wrothe than I am, for ye haue the hurte and the dishonour. For wete ye wel madame my hurte is but lytel for the kyllynge of a mares sone, but the despyte greueth me moch more, than alle my hurte. truly sayd the quene ye saye trouth but hertely I thanke yow sayd the quene, but ye muste come in with me peasyble, for al thynge is put in my hand, and alle that is euylle shalle be for the best, for the knyghte ful sore repenteth hym of the mysauenture that is befallen hym. Madame saide sire Launcelot, syth it is soo that ye ben accorded with hym, as for me I may not be ageyn it, how be it sir Mellyagraunce hath done ful shamefully to me & cowardly. A madame said sir Launcelot, & I had wyst ye wold haue ben soo soone accorded with hym, I wold not haue made suche haste vnto yow. Why saye ye soo sayd the quene, doo ye forthynke your self of your good dedes. Wete you well sayd the Quene I accorded neuer vnto hym for fauour nor loue that I had vnto hym, but for to laye doune euery shameful noyse.

Madame said syr launcelot ye vnderstande ful well I was neuer willynge nor gladde of shameful sklaunder nor noyse. And there is neyther kynge, quene ne knyght that bereth the lyf excepte my lord kynge Arthur and yow madame shold lette me, but I shold make sir Mellyagraunce herte ful cold, or euer I departed from hens. That wote I wel said the quene, but what wille ye more ye shall haue alle thynge rulyd as ye lyst to haue it. Madame said syr launcelot, soo ye be pleasyd I care not, as for my parte ye shal soone please. ryghte so the quene took syr launcelot by the bare hand, for he had put of his gauntelet, and soo she wente with hym tyl her chamber and thenne she commaunded hym to be vnarmed, and thenne syr launcelot asked where were the ten knyghtes that were wounded sore, so she shewed them vnto sir launcelot, and ther they made grete joye of the comynge of hym, and sir launcelot made grete dole of their hurtes and bewayled them gretely, & there sir launcelot told them how cowardly and traytourly Mellyagraunce sette archers to slee his hors, and how he was fayne to putte hym self in a charyot. thus they complayned eueryche to other, and ful fayn they wold haue ben reuengid but they peaced them self by cause of the Quene. Thenne as the Frenssh book sayth, syr launcelot was called many a day after le cheualer du charyot, and dyd many dedes and grete aduentures he had, and soo leue we of this tale le Cheualer du Charyot and torne we to this tale.

Soo syr Launcelot had grete chere with the quene, and thenne syr launcelot made a promys with the quene that the same nyghte sir launcelot shold come to a wyndowe outward toward a gardyn, & that wyndowe was y barryd with yron, and there sir launcelot promysed to mete her when alle folkes were on slepe. So thenne came syr lauayne dryuynge to the gates cryeng where is my lord syr launcelot du lake, thenne was he sente for, & when sir lauayne sawe sir Launcelot, he sayd my lord I fond well how ye were hard bestad, for I haue fonde your hors that was slayne with arowes. As for that sayd syr launcelot I praye yow syr Lauayne speke ye of other maters, and lete ye this passe, & we shalle ryghte hit another tyme when we beste may.

Capitulum vi.

THENNE the knyghtes that were hurte were serched, & softe salues were leyd to their woundes, and soo hyt past on tyl souper tyme, and alle the chere that myght be made them, there was done vnto the quene and alle her knyztes. thenne whan season was, they wente vnto their chambres but in no wyse the quene wold not suffre the wounded knyztes to be fro her, but that they were layde within draughtes by her chamber vpon beddes and pylowes that she her self myght see to them that they wanted no thynge. Soo whan sir launcelot was in his chamber that was assygned vnto hym, he called vnto hym sire Lauayne, and told hym that nyght he must goo speke with his lady dame Gueneuer. Sir saide syr Lauayne, lete me goo with yow and hit please yow, for I drede me sore of the treason of sir Mellyagraunce. Nay sayd sir launcelot I thanke yow, but I wille haue no body with me. thenne sir Launcelot took his suerd in his hand, and pryuely went to a place where he had aspyed a ladder to fore hand, and that he took vnder his arme, and bare it thurgh the gardyn, & sette it vp to the wyndowe, and there anone the quene was redy to mete hym, and thenne they made eyther to other their complayntes of many dyuerse thynges, & thenne sir launcelot wysshed that he myghte haue comen in to her. Wete ye wel said the quene, I wold as fayne as ye, that ye myghte come in to me. Wold ye madame said syre launcelot with youre herte that I were with yow, ye truly said the quene. Now shalle I proue my myght said syr Launcelot for your loue, and thenne he set his handes vpon the barres of yron, and he pulled at them with suche a myghte that he brast hem clene oute of the stone walles, and there with all one of the barres of yron kytte the braune of his handes thurgh out to the bone, & thenne he lepte in to the chamber to the quene. make ye no noyse sayd the quene, for my wounded knyghtes lye here fast by me. So to passe vpon this tale syr Launcelot wente vnto bed with the quene, & he took no force of his hurte hand, but took his plesaũce and his lykynge vntyll it was in the daunynge of the daye, & wete ye well he slepte not but watched, and whan he sawe his tyme that he myghte tary no lenger, he took his leue and departed at the wyndowe, and putte hit to gyder as wel as he myghte ageyne and soo departed vnto his owne chamber, & there he told sir Lauayne how he was hurte, thenne sir lauayn dressid his hand and staunched it, and putte vpon it a gloue that it shold not be aspyed, and soo the quene lay long in her bedde vntyl it was nyne of the clok. theñe sir Mellyagraunce wente to the quenes chamber, and fond her ladyes there redy clothed. Jhesu mercy sayd sir Mellyagraunce what eyleth you madame that ye slepe thus longe, and ryght there with alle he opened the curteyn for to beholde her, and thenne was he ware where she laye & alle the shete & pylowe was bebled with the blood of sir Launcelot and of his hurte hand. Whan sir mellyagraunce aspyed that blood, thenne he demed in her that she was fals to the kynge, and that some of the wounded knyghtes had layne by her alle that nyghte. A madame said sir Mellyagraunce, now I haue founden you a fals traytresse vnto my lord Arthur. For now I proue wel it was not for nought that ye layd these wounded knyghtes within the bandes of your chamber, therfore I wille calle yow of treason before my lord kynge Arthur, and now I haue proued yow madame with a shameful dede, and that they ben all fals or somme of them I wylle make good, for a wounded knyghte this nyght hath layne by yow. That is fals sayd the Quene and that I wyl reporte me vnto them alle. thenne whanne the ten knyghtes herd sir Mellyagraunce wordes, they spak al in one voys and sayd to sire Mellyagraunce thou sayst falsly, and wrongfully puttest vpon vs suche a dede, and that we wil make good ony of vs chese whiche thou lyst of vs whan we are hole of oure woundes. ye shal not said syr Mellyagraunce, away with your proud langage, for here ye may alle see sayd sir Mellyagraunce that by the quene this nyghte a wounded knyghte hath layne, thenne were they al ashamed whan they sawe that blood, and wete you wel syr Mellyagraunce was passynge glad that he had the quene at suche an auauntage. For he demed by that to hyde his treson, soo with this rumoure came in syr launcelot and fond them al at a grete araye.

Capitulum septimum.

WHAT araye is this sayd sir Launcelot, thenne syr mellyagraunce told hem what he had fonde & shewed hem the quenes bed. Truly said syr launcelot ye dyd not your part nor knyztly to touche a quenes bedde whyle it was drawen, & she lyeng therin, for I dar say my lord Arthur hym self wold not haue displayed her courteyns she beyng within her bed, onles that it had pleasyd hym to haue layne doune by her, and therfor ye haue done vnworshipfully & shamefully to your selfe. I wote not what ye mene sayd syr Mellyagraunce, but well I am sure ther hath one of her wounded knyztes layne by her this nyzte, & therfor I wil proue with my handes that she is a traytresse vnto my lord Arthur. beware what ye do said launcelot, for & ye say so & ye will preue it, it wil be taken at your handes. My lord sir Launcelot said sire Mellyagraunce I rede yow beware what ye do, for thouz ye are neuer so good a knyght as ye wote wel ye ar renomed the best knyzt of the world, yet shold ye be aduysed to do batail in a wrong quarel, for god wil haue a stroke in euery batail. As for that sayd syr launcelot god is to be drad, but as to that I saye nay playnly, that this nyzte there lay none of these ten wounded knyztes wyth my lady quene Gueneuer, & that wil I preue with my handes that ye say vntruly in that now. Hold said sir Mellyagraunce here is my gloue that she is traytresse vnto my lord kyng Arthur, & that this nyghte one of the wounded knyztes lay with her, & I receyue your gloue sayd sir Launcelot, & so they were sealyd with their sygnettys, and delyuerd vnto the x knyztes, At what day shal we do batail to gyders said sir launcelot, this day viii dayes said sir Mellyagraunce in the felde besyde Westmynstre. I am agreed said sir Launcelot, but now said sir mellyagraunce, sythen it is so that we must fyzte to gyders I pray yow as ye be a noble knyzt awayte me with no treason, nor none vylony the meane whyle, nor none for yow, soo god me help said sir launcelot ye shal ryzte wel wete I was neuer of no suche condycyons, for I reporte me to al knyztes that euer haue knowen me I ferd neuer with no treason, nor I loued neuer the felauship of no man that ferde with treson. Thenne lete vs go to dyner seid melliagraũce, & after dyner ye & yͤ quene and ye may ryde alle to Westmester. I wylle wel sayd sir laũcelot. thenne sir Mellyagraunce sayd to sir launcelot pleaseth it yow to see the eſtures of this castel. With a good wylle sayd sir Launcelot, and thenne they wente to gyders from chamber to chamber, for sir Launcelot drad noo peryles, for euer a man of worshyp and of prowesse, dredeth lest alwayes perils. For they wene euery man be as they ben. But euer he that fareth with treason putteth ofte a man in grete daunger. So it befel vpon sir launcelot that no peryl dredde, as he wente with sire Mellyagraunce he trade on a trap and the bord rollyd, and there sir Launcelot felle doune more than ten fadom in to a caue ful of strawe, and thenne sir Mellyagraunce departed and made no fare as that he nyst where he was. And whan sir laũcelot was thus myssed, they merueylled where he was bycomen, and thenne the quene and many of them demed that he was departed as he was wonte to doo sodenly. For syr Mellyagraunce made sodenly to putte awaye on syde sir Lauayns hors that they myght alle vnderstande that sir launcelot was departed sodenly. Soo it past on tyl after dyner, and thenne sir Lauayne wold not stynte vntyl that he ordeyned lyttyers for the wounded knyghtes that they myghte be lad in them, and so with the quene and them al bothe ladyes & gentilwymmen and other wente vnto Westmynster, & there the knyztes told kyng arthur hou Mellyagraũce had appelyd the quene of hyghe treason, and how sir Launcelot had receyued the gloue of hym, and this daye eyghte dayes they shall doo batail afore yow. By my hede sayd kynge Arthur I am aferd syre Mellyagraunce hath taken vpon hym a grete charge, but where is syr Launcelot sayd the kynge. Sir sayd they alle we wote not where he is, but we deme he is ryden to somme aduentures as he is oftymes wonte to doo, for he hath syr Lauayns hors. lete hym be saide the kyng, he wylle be founden but yf he be trapped with some treason.

Capitulum octauum.

Soo leue we syr Launcelot lyenge within that caue in grete payne, and euery day ther came a lady & brouzt hym his mete & his drynke, & wowed hym to haue layne by hym, and euer the noble knyghte syre Launcelot sayd her nay. sir Launcelot sayd she ye ar not wyse, for ye maye neuer oute of this pryson, but yf ye haue my helpe and also your lady quene Gueneuer shalle be brente in your deffaulte onles that ye be there at the daye of bataille. God defende sayd syr Launcelot that she shold be brente in my deffaute, & yf hyt be soo said sir Launcelot that I maye not be there, hit shalle be wel vnderstande bothe at the kynge and at the quene & wyth alle men of worshyp that I am dede, seke, outher in pryson. For alle men that knowe me, wille saye for me that I am in somme euyl caas and I be not there that day, and wel I wote there is somme good knyghte outher of my blood or some other that loueth me that wylle take my quarel in hand, and therfor said sir launcelot wete ye wel ye shalle not fere me, & yf there were no more wymmen in alle this land but ye, I wil not haue adoo with yow. thenne arte thow shamed sayd the lady, and destroyed for euer. As for worldes shame Jhesu defende me, and as for my dystresse it is welcome what so euer hit be that god sendeth me. soo she came to hym the same day that the batail shold be, and sayd sir launcelot, me thynketh ye are to hard herted, but woldest thow but kysse me ones I shold delyuer the and thyn armour, and the best hors that is within sir Mellyagraunces stable. As for to kysse yow said sir launcelot I maye doo that and lese no worshyp, and wete ye wel and I vnderstood, there were ony disworship for to kysse yow, I wold not doo hit. thenne he kyssed her, & thenne she gat hym and broughte hym to his armour, and whan he was armed, she broughte hym to a stable, where stood xii good coursers, and bad hym chese the best. Thenne syr launcelot loked vpon a whyte courser the whiche lyked hym best, & anone he commaunded the kepers faste to sadle hym with the best sadel of werre that there was, and soo it was done as he badde. thenne gatte he his spere in his hand and his suerd by his syde, and commaunded the lady vnto god, and sayd lady for this good dede I shal doo yow seruyse yf euer hit be in my power.

Capitulum Nonum.

Now leue we sir Launcelot wallop alle that he myghte And speke we of Quene Gueneuer, that was broughte to a fyre to be brent, for sire Mellyagraunce was sure, hym thoughte that sir launcelot shold not be att that bataille, therfore he euer cryed vpon kynge Arthur to doo hym justyce, outher els brynge forth syr launcelot du lake. thenne was the kynge and al the Courte ful sore abasshed & shamed that the quene shold be brente in the defaute of sir Launcelot. My lord Arthur sayd sir Lauayne ye maye vnderstande that it is not wel with my lord syr launcelot, for and he were on lyue, soo he be not seke outher in pryson, wete ye wel he wold ben here, for neuer herd ye that euer he failed his part for whome he shold doo batail for, and therfor sayd sir lauayne, my lord kynge Arthur I byseche yow gyue me lycence to doo batail here this day for my lord and maister, and for to saue my lady the quene. Gramercy gentil sir Lauayne sayd kyng arthur, for I dar say alle that sir Mellyagraunce putteth vpon my lady the Quene, is wronge, for I haue spoken with al the ten wounded knyghtes, and there is not one of them and he were hole and able to doo bataille, but he wold preue vpon sir Mellyagraunce body that it is fals that he putteth vpon my quene, soo shal I sayd sir lauayne in the defence of my lord syr launcelot and ye wylle gyue me leue. Now I gyue yow leue sayd kynge Arthur and doo your best, for I dar wel say there is some treason done to sir launcelot. Thenne was sir Lauayne armed and horsed, and sodenly at the lystes ende he rode to performe this bataille, and ryghte as the herowdes shold crye lesses les aler, Ryghte soo came in sir launcelot dryuynge with alle the force of his hors, and thenne Arthur cryed ho, and abyde. thenne was sir launcelot called on horsbak tofore kynge Arthur, and there he told openly to fore the kynge and alle how sire Mellyagraunce had serued hym fyrste and last.

And whanne the kynge and the quene and al the lordes knewe of the treason of sir Mellyagraunce, they were alle ashamed on his behalfe. thenne was quene Gueneuer sente for, and sette by the kynge in grete truste of her champyon. And thenne there was no more els to say, but syr Launcelot and sire Mellyagraunce dressid them vnto bataille, and took their speres, and soo they came to gyders as thonder, and there sir launcelot bare hym doune quyte ouer his hors croupe. And thenne sire Launcelot alyghte and dressid his sheld on his sholder with his suerd in his hand, and sir Mellyagraunce in the same wyse dressid hym vnto hym, and there they smote many grete strokes to gyders, and at the laste sire Launcelot smote hym suche a buffet vpon the helmet that he felle on the one syde to the erthe, and thenne he cryed vpon hym alowde, Moost noble knyghte sir launcelot du lake saue my lyf, for I yelde me vnto yow, and I requyre yow, as ye be a knyghte & felawe of the table round slee me not, for I yelde me as ouer comen, and whether I shalle lyue or dye I put me in the kynges handes and yours. thenne sir Launcelot wyste not what to doo, for he had had leuer than all the good of the world, he myghte haue ben reuenged vpon sir Mellyagraunce, and sir Launcelot loked vp to the Quene Gueneuer, yf he myghte aspye by ony sygne or countenaunce what she wold haue done. And thenne the quene wagged her hede vpon sir Launcelot, as though she wold saye slee hym. Ful wel knewe sir launcelot by the waggynge of her hede that she wold haue hym dede, thenne sir launcelot bad hym ryse for shame and performe that bataille to the vtteraunce, nay said sir Mellyagraunce I wylle neuer aryse vntyll ye take me as yolden & recreaunt. I shalle profer yow large profers sayd sir Launcelot, that is for to say, I shall vnarme my hede & my lyfte quarter of my body alle that may be vnarmed & lete bynde my lyfte hande behynde me, soo that it shalle not helpe me, and ryghte so I shall doo bataille with yow. thenne sir Mellyagraunce starte vp vpon his legges, & sayd on hyghe, My lord Arthur take hede to this profer, for I wille take hit, and lete hym be dysarmed & bounden accordynge to his profer. What saye ye sayd kyng Arthur vnto syre launcelot, wille ye abyde by youre profer, ye my lord sayd syr launcelot, I wille neuer goo fro that I haue ones sayd. Thenne the knyghtes parters of the felde disarmed sir launcelot first his hede, & sythen his lyfte arme & his lyfte syde, & they bond his lyft arme behynd his bak without sheld or ony thyng, & thenne they were put to gyders. Wete you wel there was many a lady & knyzt merueylled that sir laũcelot wold jeopardy hym self in suche wyse. Thenne syre Mellyagraunce came with his suerd all on hygh, and sire launcelot shewed him openly his bare hede and the bare lyfte syde, and whan he wende to haue smyten hym vpon the bare hede, thenne lyghtly he auoyded the lyfte legge & the lyfte syde, & put his ryght hand and his suerd to that stroke, and soo putte it on syde with grete sleyghte, and thenne with grete force syr launcelot smote hym on the helmet suche a buffet that the stroke kerued the hede in two partyes, thenne there was no more to doo, but he was drawen oute of the felde, and at the grete Instaunce of the knyghtes of the table round, the kynge suffred hym to be entered & the mencyon made vpon hym who slewe hym, and for what cause he was slayne, and thenne the kyng and the Quene made more of syr Launcelot du lake, and more he was cheryssbed than euer he was afore hand.

Capitulum x.

THENNE as the Frenssh booke maketh mencyon there was a good knyghte in the land of Hongre his name was syr Vrre and he was an aduenturous knyghte and in al places where he myghte here of ony dedes of worshyp ther wold he be. Soo it happend in Spayne there was an Erles sone his name was Alphegus, and at a grete turnement in spayn this syre Vrre knyghte of Hongry and sir Alphegus of spayne encountred to gyders for veray enuy, and soo eyther vndertook other to the vtteraunce, and by fortune sire Vrre slewe syr Alphegus the erles sone of Spayn, but this knyghte that was slayne had yeuen syre Vrre or euer he was slayne seuen grete woundes, thre on the hede, and four on his body, & vpon his lyfte hand, and this syr Alphegus had a moder, the whiche was a grete sorceresse, and she for the despyte of her sones dethe wrought by her subtyl craftes that syr Vrre shold neuer be hole, but euer his woundes shold one tyme feyster & another tyme blede, so that he shold neuer be hole vntyl the best knyghte of the world had serched his woundes, and thus she made her auaunt where thurgh it was knowen that syre Vrre shold neuer be hole. Thenne his moder lete make an hors lytter, and put hym theryn vnder two palfroyes, and thenne she took syr Vrres syster with hym a ful fayr damoysel, whos name was Felelolye, and thenne she took a page with hym to kepe their horses, and soo they ledde sir Vrre thurgh many countreyes. For as the Frensshe book sayth she ledde hym so seuen yere thurgh alle landes crystened, and neuer she coude fynde no knyghte that myghte ease her sone. Soo she came in to Scotland and in to the landes of England, and by fortune she came nyghe the feeste of pentecoste vntyl Arthurs Courte that at that tyme was holden at Carleil. And whan she came there thenne she made it openly to be knowen how that she was come in to that land for to hele her sone.

Thenne kynge Arthur lete calle that lady, and asked her the cause why she broughte that hurte knyghte in to that land. My moost noble kynge sayd that lady, wete yow wel I broughte hym hydder for to be heled of his woundes, that of alle this seuen yere he myghte not be hole, & thenne she told the kynge where he was wounded and of whome, and how his moder had discouerd in her pryde, how she had wroughte that by enchauntement, soo that he shold neuer be hole vntyl the best knyghte of the world had serched his woundes, and soo I haue passed thurgh alle the landes crystned to haue hym heled, excepte this land. And yf I fayle to hele hym here in this land I wylle neuer take more payne vpon me, and that is pyte for he was a good knyghte and of grete noblenes. What is his name sayd Arthur. My good and gracyous lord she sayde, his name is syr Vrre of the mounte. In good tyme sayd the Kynge, and sythe ye are come in to this land, ye are ryght welcome, and wete yow wel here shal your sone be helyd, and euer ony crysten man may hele hym.

And for to gyue alle other men of worshyp courage, I my self wille assay to handle your sone, and soo shalle alle the kynges dukes and Erles that ben here presente with me at this tyme therto wylle I commaunde them, and wel I wote they shalle obeye and doo after my commaundement.

And wete yow wel sayd kynge Arthur vnto Vrres syster I shalle begynne to handle hym and serche vnto my power not presumyng vpon me that I am soo worthy to hele youre sone by my dedes, but I wille courage other men of worshyp to doo as I wylle doo. And thenne the kynge commaunded alle the kynges dukes and erles & alle noble knyztes of the Round table that were there that tyme presente to come in to the medowe of Carleil, and so at that tyme there were but an honderd and ten of the roūd table, for xl knyghtes were that tyme awey, and soo here we muste begynne at kynge Arthur as is kyndely to begynne at hym, that was the moost man of worshyp that was crystned at that tyme.

Capitulum xi.

THENNE kynge Arthur loked vpon sire Vrre, and the kynge thoughte he was a ful lykely man whanne he was hole, and thenne kynge Arthur made hym to be take doune of the lytter and layd hym vpon the erthe, and there was layd a cusshyn of gold that he shold knele vpon. And thenne noble Arthur sayd fayr knyghte me repenteth of thy hurte, and for to courage alle other noble Knyghtes, I wille praye the softly to suffre me to handle your woundes. Moost noble crystned kynge sayd Vrre doo as ye lyste, for I am at the mercy of god and at your commaundement. So thenne Arthur softely handelyd hym, and thenne somme of his woundes renewed vpon bledynge. Thenne the kynge Claryaunce of Northumberland serched and it wold not be. And thenne sir Baraunt le apres that was called the Kyng with the honderd Knyghtes he assayed and fayled, and so dyd kynge Vryence of the land of Gore. Soo dyd Kynge Anguyssaunce of Irland. Soo dyd Kynge Nentres of Garloth. So dyd Kyng Carados of Scotland. Soo dyd the duke Galahalt the haute prynce. Soo dyd Constantyn that was sir Carados sone of Cornewail. Soo dyd duke Challyns of Claraunce. Soo dyd the Erle Vlbause. Soo dyd the Erle Lambaile. Soo dyd the erle Arystause

Thenne came in syr Gawayne with his thre sones syr Gyngalyn, syr Florence, & sir Louel, these two were begoten vpon sir Brandyles syster, and al they fayled. Thenne cam in syr Agrauayne, syr Gaherys, syr Mordred, & the good knyzt sir Gareth that was of veray knyghthode worth al the bretheren. Soo came knyghtes of Launcelots kynne, but syr launcelot was not that tyme in the courte, for he was that tyme vpon his aduentures. Thenne syr Lyonel, syr Ector de marys, syr Bors de ganys, syr Blamor de ganys, syr Bleoberis de ganys, syr Gahalantyne, syr Galyhodyn, syr Menadeuke, syr Vyllyars the valyaunt, syr Hebes le renoumes. Al these were of syr launcelots kynne, and alle they fayled. Thenne came in syr Sagramore le desyrus, syr Dodynas le saueage, syr Dynadan, syr Bruyn le noyre, that syr kay named la cote male tayle and syr Kay the Seneschal, syr Kay de straũges, syr Melyot de Logrys, syr Petypase of Wynchelsee, syre Galleron of Galway, syr Melyon of the montayne, syr Cardok, syr Vwayne les aduoultres, and syr ozanna le cure hardy. Thenne came in syr Astamor & syr Gromere grummors sone, syr Crosselme, Sir Seruause le breuse that was callyd a passynge stronge knyghte, for as the book sayth the chyef lady of the lake feested syr launcelot and syr Seruause le breuse. And whan she had feested hem bothe at sondry tymes she prayd hem to gyue her a bone, and they graunted it her, and thenne she prayd syr Seruause that he wold promyse her neuer to doo batail ageynst syr launcelot du lake, & in the same wyse she prayd syr Launcelot neuer to doo batail ageynst syr Seruause, and soo eyther promysed her. For the Frensshe book sayth, that sir Seruause had neuer courage nor lust to doo batail ageynst no man but yf it were ageynst gyaunts & ageynste dragons and wylde beestes. Soo we passe vnto them that att the kynges request made hem alle that were there at that hyz feest as of the knyztes of the table round for to serche sir Vrre, to that entente the kynge dyd hit, to wete whiche was the noblest knyghte amonge them.

Thenne came sir Aglouale, sire Durnore, sir Tor that was bygoten vpon Aryes the couherdes wyf, but he was begoten afore Aryes wedded her, and Kynge Pellenor begatte hem all, fyrst syre Tor, syre Aglouale, syr Durnore, syre Lamorak the moost noblest knyghte one that euer was in Arthurs dayes, as for a worldly knyghte, and syre Percyual that was pyerles excepte syre Galahad in holy dedes, but they dyed in the quest of the Saucgreal. Thenne cam syr Gryflet le fyse de dieu, Sir Lucan the botteler, syre Bedeuer his broder, syr brandyles, syr Constantyne, syr Cadores sone of Cornewayl that was kynge after Arthurs dayes, and syre Clegys, syre Sadok, syr Dynas le Seneschal of Cornewaile, syre Fergus, syr Dryaunt, syr Lambegus, syre Clarrus of Cleremont, syr Cloddrus, syr Hectymere, syre Edward of Canaruan, syre Dynas, syre Pryamus that was crystned by syr Tristram the noble Knyghte, and these thre were bretheren syr Hellayne de blank that was sone to syre Bors, he begat hym vpon kyng Brandegorys doughter and syre Bryan de lystynoyse. Syre Gautere, syr Reynold, syr Gyllemere were thre bretheren that syre launcelot wanne vpon a brydge in syre Kayes armes, syr Guyart le petyte, syre Bellangere le beuse that was sone to the good knyghte syr Alysander le orphelyn that was slayne by the treason of Kynge Marke. Also that traytour kyng slewe the noble Knyghte syre Trystram as he sat harpyng afore his lady la Beale Isoud with a treuchaunt glayue, for whos deth was moche bewaylynge of euery knyghte that euer were in Arthurs dayes, there was neuer none so bewailed as was syre Tristram and syr lamorak, for they were traytoursly slayne, syr Trystram by kynge Marke, and syr lamorak by syr Gawayne and his bretheren. And this syre Bellangere reuenged the deth of his fader Alysander and syr Tristram slewe Kynge Marke and la Beale Isoud dyed swounyng vpon the crosse of syr Tristram wherof was grete pyte. And alle that were with Kyng Marke that were consentynge to the deth of syr Tristram were slayne as syre Andred and many other. Thenne came syr Hebes, syr Morganore, syr Sentrayle, Syre Suppynabylis, Sire Bellangere le orgulous that the good Knyghte syr lamorak wanne in playne batail, syr Nerouens, & syr Plenorius two good knyztes that syr launcelot wan, sir Darras, sir Harre le fyse lake, sir ermynyde broder to kyng Hermaunce for whome syre Palomydes foughte att the reed cyte with two bretheren, & syr Selyses of the dolorous toure, sir Edward of Orkeney, syre Ironsyde that was called the noble knyzte of the reed laundes that syre Gareth wanne for the loue of dame Lyones, syr Arrok de greuaunt, syr Degrane saunce velany that foughte with the gyaunt of the black lowe, Syr Epynogrys that was the kynges sone of Northūberland. Sir Pelleas that loued the lady Ettard, and he had dyed for her loue had not ben one of the ladyes of the lake, her name was dame Nymue, and she wedded sire Pelleas, and she saued hym that he was neuer slayne, and he was a ful noble knyghte, and sire Lamyel of Cardyf that was a grete louer. Sir Playne de fors, sire Melleaus de lyle, sir Bobart le cure hardy that was kynge Arthurs sone, sir Mador de la porte, sir Colgreuaunce, sir Heruyse de la forest saueage, sir Marrok the good knyghte that was bitrayed with his wyf, for she made hym seuen yere a werwolf, sir Persaunt, sire Pertilope his broder that was called the grene knyght, and sir Perymones broder to them bothe, that was called the reed knyght, that sir Gareth wanne whan he was called Beaumayns. Alle these honderd knyghtes and ten serched syr Vrres woundes by the commaundement of kynge Arthur.

Capitulum xii.

Mercy Jhesu sayd kynge Arthur where is syr launcelot du lake that he is not here at this tyme. Thus as they stood and spak of many thynges, there was aspyed syr launcelot that came rydyng toward them, and told the kynge. Pees sayd the kynge lete no maner thynge be sayd vntyl he be come to vs. Soo whan syr launcelot aspyed Kyng Arthur, he descended from his hors and came to the kynge, & salewed hym, and them all. Anone as the mayde syre Vrres syster sawe syr launcelot, she ranne to her broder there as he lay in his lyttar, and sayd broder here is come a knyghte that my herte gyueth gretely vnto. Fayr syster sayd syr Vrre soo dothe my herte lyghte ageynst hym, and certaynly I hope now to be heled for my hert yeueth vnto hym more thā to al these y^t haue serched me. Thenne sayd Arthur vnto syr Launcelot ye muste doo as we haue done, and told syr launcelot what they hadde done, and shewed hym them alle, that had serched hym. Jhesu defende me sayd syr Launcelot whan soo many kynges and knyghtes haue assayed and fayled, that I shold presume vpon me to encheue that alle ye my lordes myghte not encheue. Ye shalle not chese sayd kynge Arthur, for I will commaunde yow for to doo as we alle haue done. My most renoumed lord said sir Launcelot ye knowe wel I dar not nor may not disobeye your commaundement, but and I myghte or durste, wete yow wel I wold not take vpon me to touche that wounded knyghte in that entente that I shold passe alle other knyghtes. Jhesu defende me from that shame. Ye take it wrong sayd kynge Arthur, ye shal not do it for no presumpcyon, but for to bere vs felaushyp in soo moche ye be a felawe of the table round, and wete yow wel sayd kynge Arthur, and ye preuayle not and hele hym, I dare say, there is no knyghte in thys land may hele hym, and therfor I pray yow, doo as we haue done, and thenne alle the kynges and knyghtes for the moost party prayd sir Launcelot to serche hym, and thenne the wounded knyghte syr Vrre sette hym vp weykely, and praid sir Launcelot hertely sayeng, curtois knyghte I requyre the for goddes sake hele my woundes, for me thynketh euer sythen ye came here, my woundes greuen me not. A my fayre lord sayd syr launcelot Jhesu wold that I myghte helpe yow I shame me sore that I shold be thus rebuked, for neuer was I able in worthynes to doo so hyghe a thynge. Thenne sire Launcelot kneled doune by the wounded knyghte sayenge, My lord Arthur I must doo your commaundement, the whiche is sore ageynst my herte. And thenne he helde vp his handes, & loked in to the eest, sayenge secretely vnto hym self, thow blessid fader, sone and holy ghoost I byseche the of thy mercy, that my symple worshyp and honeste be saued, and thou blessid Trynyte thow mayst yeue power to hele this seke knyghte by thy grete vertu and grace of the, but good lord neuer of my self. And thenne sir Launcelot prayd sir Vrre to lete hym see hys hede, and thenne deuoutely knelyng he ransaked the thre woūdes that they bled a lytyl, and forth with alle the woundes fayre heled, and semed as they had ben hole a seuen yere. And in lyke wyse he serched his body of other thre woundes and they heled in lyke wyse, and thenne the last of alle he serched the whiche was in his hand, and anone it heled fayre. Thenne kyng Arthur and alle the kynges and knyghtes kneled doune and gaf thankynges and louynges vnto god and to his blessid moder. And euer syre Launcelot wepte as he had ben a child that had ben beten. Thenne kynge Arthur lete araye preestes and clerkes in the moost deuoutest manere to brynge in sir Vrre within Carleil with syngynge and louynge to god. And when this was done, the kyng lete clothe hym in the rychest maner that coude be thoughte, and thenne were there but fewe better made knyghtes in alle the courte, for he was passyngly wel made and bygly, and Arthur asked syr Vrre how he felte hym self. My good lord he sayd I felt my self neuer soo lusty. Wylle ye Juste and doo dedes of armes sayd kyng Arthur. Sir sayd Vrre and I had all that longed vnto justes I wold be soone redy.

Capitulum xiii.

THENNE Arthur made a party of honderd knyghtes to be ageynste and honderd knyghtes, and soo vpon the morne they justed for a dyamond, but there justed none of the daungerous knyghtes, & soo for to shorten thys tale syr Vrre & sir Lauayn justed best that day, for there was none of hem but he ouerthrewe & pulled doun thyrtty knyghtes, & thenne by the assente of alle the kynges & lordes syre Vrre & sir Lauayn were made knyghtes of the table round, & sir lauayn caste his loue vnto dame Felelolle sire Vrres syster, & thēne they were wedded to gyder with grete joye, & kyng Arthur gaf to eueryche of hem a Barony of landes, and this sire Vrre wold neuer goo from sire Launcelot, but he & sir Lauayn awayted euermore vpon hym, & they were in all the courte accounted for good knyghtes, & ful desyrous in armes, & many noble dedes they dyd, for they wold haue no reste, but euer soughte aduentures. thus they lyued in all that courte wyth grete noblesse & joye long tyme. But euery nyghte & day sire Agrauayne, syr Gawayns broder awayted Quene Gueneuer and sir Launcelot du lake to putte them to a rebuke & shame. And soo I leue here of this tale and ouer hyp grete bookes of sir Launcelot du lake, what grete aduentures he dyd whan he was called le cheualer du charyot. For as the Frensshe booke sayth by cause of despyte that knyztes and ladyes called hym the knyghte that rode in the charyot lyke as he were juged to the galhous. Therfor in despyte of alle them that named hym soo, he was caryed in a charyot a twelue moneth, for but lityl after that he had slayne sir Mellyagraunce in the quenes quarel, he neuer in a twelue moneth came on horsbak. And as the Frensshe book sayth, he dyd that twelue moneth more than xl batails. And by cause I haue lost the very mater of le cheualer du charyot, I departe from the tale of sir Launcelot, & here I goo vnto the morte of kynge Arthur, and that caused syre Agrauayne.

Explicit liber xix.

And here after foloweth the mooſt pytous hiſtory of the morte of kynge Arthur, the whiche is the xx book.

Capitulum Primum.

IN May whan euery lusty herte floryssheth and burgeneth, For as the season is lusty to beholde and comfortable, Soo man and woman reioycen and gladen of somer comynge with hys fresshe floures, for wynter with his rouz wyndes and blastes causeth a lusty man and woman to coure, and sytte fast by the fyre. So in this season as in the monethe of May it byfelle a grete angre and vnhap, that stynted not til the floure of chyualry of alle the world was destroyed & slayn, and alle was long vpon two vnhappy knyghtes the whiche were named Agrauayne and sire Mordred that were bretheren vnto sir Gawayne, for this sir Agrauayne and sir mordred had euer a preuy hate vnto the Quene dame Gueneuer and to syr launcelot, and dayly and nyghtly they euer watched vpon sir Launcelot. Soo it myshapped syr Gawayne and alle his bretheren were in kynge Arthurs chamber, and thenne sir Agrauayne sayd thus openly and not in no counceylle that many knyghtes myghte here it, I merueylle that we alle be not ashamed bothe to see and to knowe how sire Launcelot lyeth dayly and nyghtly by the quene, and al we knowe it so and it is shamefully suffred of vs alle that we alle shold suffre soo noble a kyng as kynge Arthur is soo to be shamed. Thenne spak sir Gawayne and sayd, broder sir Agrauayn I pray yow and charge yow meue no suche maters no more afore me, for wete ye wel sayd syr Gawayne I wylle not be of your counceylle. Soo god me help sayd sir Gaherys and sir Gareth we wylle not be knowynge broder Agrauayne of your dedes. Thenne wylle I sayd syre Mordred I leue well that sayd syre Gawayne, for euer vnto alle vnhappynes broder syr Mordred there to wille ye graunte, and I wold that ye lefte alle this, and made you not soo besy, for I knowe sayd syr Gawayne what wylle falle of hit. Falle of hit what falle may sayd syr Agrauayne, I wille disclose it to the kyng. Not by my counceylle sayd syr Gawayne, for and there ryse warre and wrake betwyx syr launcelot and vs, wete you wel broder there will many kynges and grete lordes hold with syr Launcelot. Also broder sir Agrauayne sayd sire Gawayne ye must remembre how oftymes syr Launcelot hath rescowed the kynge and the quene, and the best of vs all had ben ful cold at the herte rote, had not sir launcelot ben better than we. And that hath he preued hym self ful ofte. And as for my parte sayd sir Gawayne I wylle neuer be ageynst sir launcelot for one dayes dede whan he rescowed me from kynge Carados of the dolorous toure, and slewe hym and saued my lyf. Also broder sir Agrauayne and sir mordred in lyke wyse sir Launcelot rescowed yow bothe and thre score and two from sir Turquyn. Me thynketh broder suche kynde dedes and kyndenes shold be remembryd, doo as ye lyst sayd syr Agrauayne for I wylle layne it no lenger. With these wordes came to them kynge Arthur. Now broder stynte your noyse sayd syre Gawayne. We wylle not sayd syr Agrauayne and sir Mordred. Wylle ye soo sayd sir Gawayne, thenne god spede yow for I wil not here your tales ne be of your counceyll, no more wyll I sayd sir Gareth and sir Gaherys, for we wyl neuer saye euylle by that man, for by cause sayd syre Gareth syr launcelot made me knyghte by no manere owe I to say ylle of hym, and there with al they thre departed makynge grete dole. Allas sayd syr Gawayn and sir Gareth now is this Realme holy mescheued, and the noble felaushyp of the round table shalle be disparplyd, soo they departed.

Capitulum ii.

And thenne sir Arthur asked hem what noyse they made. my lord sayd Agrauayne I shal telle yow that I may kepe noo lenger. here is I and my broder syre Mordred brake vnto my broder syr Gawayne, syr Gaherys, and to syre Gareth, how this we knowe alle that syr Launcelot holdeth your quene and hath done longe, and we be your syster sones, & we may suffre it no lenger, and alle we wote that ye shold be aboue syr launcelot, and ye are the kynge that made hym knyghte, and therfor we wille preue hit that he is a traytoure to your persone. yf hit be soo sayd syr Arthur wete yow wel he is none other, but I wold be lothe to begynne suche a thynge but I myght haue preues vpon hit, for sir launcelot is an hardy knyghte, and alle ye knowe, he is the best knyghte among vs alle, and but yf he be taken with the dede, he wylle fyghte with hym that bryngeth vp the noyse, and I knowe no knyzt that is able to matche hym. Therfore and it be sothe as ye saye I wold he were taken with the dede. For as the Frensshe book sayth the kynge was ful lothe therto that ony noyse shold be vpon syr launcelot and his quene, for the kynge had a demynge, but he wold not here of hit, for syr launcelot had done soo moche for hym and the quene soo many tymes that wete ye wel the kynge loued hym passyngly wel. My lord sayd syre Agrauayne ye shal ryde to morne on huntynge, and doubte ye not syr launcelot wille not goo with yow. Thenne whan it draweth toward nyghte, ye may sende the quene word that ye wil lye oute alle that nyghte, and soo may ye sende for your cokes and thenne vpon payne of deth we shalle take hym that nyght with the quene, and outher we shal brynge hym to yow dede or quyck. I wille wel sayd the kynge, thenne I counceylle yow sayd the kynge take with yow sure felaushyp. syre sayd Agrauayne my broder syr Mordred and I wil take with vs twelue knyghtes of the round table. Beware sayd kyng arthur, for I warne yow ye shalle fynde hym wyghte. lete vs dele sayd sir Agrauayne and sir Mordred. Soo on the morn kynge Arthur rode on huntynge, and sente word to the quene that he wold be oute alle that nyghte. Thenne sir Agrauayne and sire Mordred gate to them twelue knyghtes, and dyd them self in a chamber in the Castel of Carleyl, and these were their names. syr Colgreuaunce, syr Mador de la porte, syre Gyngalyne, syr Melyot de Logrys, syre Petypase of Wynchelsee, syr Galleron of Galway, syr Melyon of the montayne, sir Astamore, syre Gromore somyr Joure, syr Curselayne, syr Florence, syr Louel. So these twelue knyghtes were with sir mordred and sir Agrauayne, and al they were of Scotland outher of syr Gawayns kynne, outher wel willers to his bretheren. Soo whan the nyghte came sir Launcelot told syre Bors how he wold goo that nyghte and speke with the quene. Sir sayd syr Bors ye shal not go this nyghte by my coūceil. Why sayd sir launcelot. Sir sayd sir Bors I drede me euer of sir Agrauayn that wayleth yow dayly to do yow shame and vs al, and neuer gaf my herte ageynst no goynge that euer ye wente to the Quene soo moche as now, for I mystrust that the kynge is oute this nyghte from the quene by cause perauentur he hath layne somme watche for yow and the Quene, and therfor I drede me sore of treason. Haue ye no drede sayd syr Launcelot, for I shalle goo and come ageyne and make noo taryenge. Sir said sir Bors that me repenteth, for I drede me sore that your goynge oute thys nyghte shalle wrathe vs alle. Fair neuewe sayd sire Launcelot I merueylle moche why ye saye thus sythen the quene hath sente for me, and wete ye wel I wille not be soo moche a coward, but she shalle vnderstande I wille see her good grace. God spede yow wel sayd sir bors and send yow sound and sauf ageyne.

Capitulum iii.

Soo sir Launcelot departed and took his swerd vnder his arme, and soo in his mantel that noble knyghte putte hym self in grete jeopardy, and soo he past tyl he came to the quenes chamber, and thenne sir launcelot was lyztely putte in to the chamber. And thenne as the Frensshe book sayth the quene and Launcelot were to gyders. And whether they were a bedde or at other maner of disportes, me lyst not herof make no mencyon, for loue that tyme was not as is now a dayes. But thus as they were to gyder, there came sir Agrauayne and syre Mordred with twelue knyztes with them of the round table, and they sayd with cryenge voys, Traytour knyghte syr launcelot du lake now arte thou taken. And thus they cryed with a loude voys that alle the Courte myghte here hit, and they all xiiii were armed at al poyntes as they shold fyghte in a bataille. Allas sayd quene Gueneuer now are we mescheued bothe. Madame sayd sir Launcelot is there here ony armour within your chambre that I myght couer my poure body with al. And yf there by ony gyue hit me, and I shalle soone stynte their malyce by the grace of god. Truly sayd the quene I haue none armour sheld swerd nor spere, wherfore I drede me sore, our longe loue is come to a myscheuous ende, for I here by theire noyse there ben many noble knyghtes, and wel I wote they ben surely armed, ageynste them ye may make no resystence. Wherfore ye are lykely to be slayne, and thenne shalle I be brente. For and ye myghte escape them said the quene, I wold not doubte but that ye wold rescowe me in what daunger that euer I stoode in. Allas sayd syr Launcelot in alle my lyf thus was I neuer bestadde that I shold be thus shamefully slayne for lack of myn armour. But euer in one sir Agrauayne and sir Mordred cryed Traytour knyghte come oute of the Quenes chamber, for wete thow wel thou arte soo besette that thow shalte not escape. O Jhesu mercy sayd sir Launcelot this shameful crye and noyse I may not suffre, for better were deth at ones than thus to endure this payne. thenne he took the quene in his armes, and kyste her, and sayd moost noble crysten Quene I byseche yow as ye haue ben euer my specyal good lady, and I at al tymes your true poure knyghte vnto my power, and as I neuer fayled yow in ryghte nor in wrong sythen the fyrst day kynge Arthur made me knyghte that ye wylle praye for my soule, yf that I here be slayne, for wel I am assured that sir Bors myn neuewe and all the remenaunt of my kynne with syr Lauayne and syr Vrre that they wylle not fayle yow to rescowe yow from the fyre, and therfor myn owne lady recomforte your self what someuer come of me that ye go with sire Bors my neuew and sir Vrre, and they all wylle doo yow alle the pleasyr that they can or may, that ye shall lyue lyke a Quene vpon my landes. Nay launcelot sayd the Quene, wete thow wel, I wyll neuer lyue after thy dayes, but and thou be slayne I wyl take my deth as mekely for Jhesus Crystus sake, as euer dyd ony crysten Quene. Wel madame sayd laũcelot, sythe hit is soo that the day is come that oure loue muste departe, wete yow wel I shall selle my lyf as dere as I maye and a thousand fold sayd syr Launcelot I am more heuyer for yow than for my self. And now I had leuer than to be lord of al crystendome that I had sure armour vpon me, that men myghte speke of my dedes or euer I were slayne. Truly sayd the Quene I wold and it myghte please god, that they wold take me and slee me, and suffer yow to escape. That shal neuer be sayd sir launcelot, god defende me from suche a shame, but Jhesu be thou my sheld and myn armour.

Capitulum iiii.

AND there with syr Launcelot wrapped his mantel aboute his arme wel and surely, and by thenne they had geten a grete fourme oute of the halle, and there with all they rasshed at the dore. Fair lordes sayd syre Launcelot leue your noyse and your rassyng, and I shalle sette open this dore, and thenne may ye doo with me what it lyketh yow. Come of thenne sayd they alle, and do hit, for hit auayleth the not to stryue ageynst vs alle, and therfor lete vs in to this chamber, and we shalle saue thy lyf vntyl thow come to kyng Arthur. Thenne launcelot vnbarred the dore, and with his lyfte hand he held it open a lytel, so that but one man myghte come in attones, and soo there came strydyng a good knyghte a moche man and large, and his name was Colgreuaunce of Gore, and he with a swerd strake at syr launcelot myztely and he put asyde the stroke, and gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helmet, that he felle grouelynge dede within the chamber dore, and thenne syre Launcelot with grete myghte drewe that dede knyght within the chamber dore, and syr Launcelot with helpe of the Quene and her ladyes was lyghtely armed in syr Colgreuaunce armour, and euer stode sir Agrauayn and sir Mordred cryenge traytoure knyghte come oute of the quenes chamber. leue your noyse sayd syr launcelot vnto sir Agrauayne. For wete yow wel sir Agrauayne ye shall not prysone me this nyghte, and therfor and ye doo by my counceylle, goo ye alle from this chamber dore and make not suche cryeng and suche maner of sklaunder as ye doo, for I promyse you by my knyghthode and ye wil departe and make no more noyse, I shal as to morne appiere afore yow alle before the kyng, and thenne lete it be sene whiche of yow all outher els ye all that wille accuse me of treason, and there I shal ansuer yow as a knyghte shold that hydder I cam to the quene for no maner of male engyne, and that wyl I preue and make hit good vpon yow with my handes. Fy on the traytour sayd sir Agrauayn and sir Mordred, we wylle haue the maulgre thy hede, and slee the yf we lyste, for we lete the wete we haue the choyse of kynge Arthur to saue the or to slee the. A sirs sayd sir launcelot, is there none other grace with you, thenne kepe your self. Soo thenne sir Launcelot set al open the chamber dore, and myghtely and knyghtely he strode in amongest them, and anone at the fyrst buffet he slewe sir Agrauayne and twelue of his felawes after within a lytel whyle after he layd hem cold to the erthe, for there was none of the twelue that myghte stande sir launcelot one buffet. Also syr Launcelot wounded syr Mordred and he fledde with alle his myghte. And thenne syre launcelot retorned ageyne vnto the Quene and sayd madame, now wete yow wel all oure true loue is brought to an ende, for now wille kynge Arthur euer be my foo, and therfore madame and it lyke yow that I maye haue you wyth me, I shalle saue yow from alle manere aduentures daungerous. that is not best sayd the quene, me semeth now ye haue done soo moche harme, it wylle be best ye hold yow stylle with this. And yf ye see that as to morne they wylle put me vnto the dethe, thenne may ye rescowe me as ye thynke best. I wyll wel sayd sir launcelot, for haue ye no doubte whyle I am lyuynge, I shalle rescowe yow, and thenne he kyste her, & eyther gaf other a rynge, and soo there he lefte the quene, and went vntyl his lodgynge.

Capitulum Quintum.

WHAN syre Bors sawe syr launcelot, he was neuer soo gladde of his home comynge as he was thenne. Jhesu mercy sayd syr Launcelot why be ye all armed, what meaneth this. Sir sayd sir Bors after ye were departed from vs, we alle that ben of youre blood and youre wel wyllers were soo dretched that somme of vs lepte oute of oure beddes naked, & some in their dremes caughte naked swerdes in their handes, therfor said sir Bors we deme, there is some grete stryf at hand, and thēne we all demed that ye were betrapped with som treason, & therfor we made vs thus redy what nede that euer ye were in. My fayre neuewe sayd sir launcelot vnto sir bors now shal ye wete al that this nyzt I was more harder bestad than euer I was in my lyf & yet I escaped. And so he told hem alle how and in what maner as ye haue herd to fore. And therfore my felawes said sir Launcelot I pray yow alle that ye wylle be of good herte in what nede someuer I stande for now is warre come to vs alle. Sir sayd sir Bors alle is welcome that god sendeth vs, and we haue had moche wele with yow and moche worshyp, and therfor we wille take the wo with yow as we haue taken the wele. And therfore they sayd all there were many good knyghtes, loke ye take no discomforte, for there nys no bandys of knyghtes vnder heuen, but we shalle be able to greue them as moche as they maye vs. And therfor discomforte not your self by no maner, and we shalle gadre to gyders that we loue, and that loueth vs, & what that ye wil haue done shalle be done.

And therfor syr Launcelot sayd they we wil take the woo with the wele. Graunt mercy sayd sir Launcelot of your good comforte, for in my grete distresse my fayr neuewe ye comforte me gretely, and moche I am beholdyng vnto yow. But thys my fayre neuewe I wold that ye dyd in al haste that ye may or it be forth dayes that ye wille loke in their lodgynge that ben lodged here nyghe aboute the kynge which wyll hold with me and whyche wylle not, for now I wolde knowe whiche were my frendes fro my foes. Sir said syr Bors I shalle doo my payne, and or it be seuen of the clok I shalle wete of suche as ye haue sayd before who wil holde with yow.

Thenne sire Bors called vnto hym sire Lyonel, syr Ector de marys, sir Blamor de ganys, sir Bleoberys de ganys, syre Gahalantyne, syr Galyhodyn, sir Galyhud, Sir menadeuke, sir Vyllyers the valyaunt, sir Hebes le renoumes, sir lauayne, syr Vrre of Hongry, sir Nerouneus, sire Plenorius. These two knyghtes sire launcelot made, and the one he wanne vpon a brydge, and therfor they wold neuer be ageynst hym. And Harre le fyse du lake and syre Selyses of the dolorous Toure, and sir Melyas de lyle, and sire Bellangere le beuse that was syr Alysanders sone le orphelyn, by cause hys moder Alys le Beale pelleryn and she was kynne vnto sir Launcelot, and he held with hym.

Soo there came syre Palomydes and sir Safyr his broder to hold with syr launcelot. And syre Clegys of Sadok and syr Dynas, syr Claryus of Cleremont. So these two & twenty knyghtes drewe hem to gyders, and by thenne they were armed on horsbak, and promysed sir Launcelot to doo what he wold. Thenne there felle to them what of Northwalys and of Cornewaile for sir Lamoraks sake and for sir Tristrams sake to the nombre of a four score knyghtes.

My lordes sayd syre Launcelot wete yow wel, I haue ben euer syns I came in to this Countrey wel wylled vnto my lord kynge Arthur, and vnto my lady Quene Gueneuer vnto my power, and this nyghte by cause my lady the quene sente for me to speke with her, I suppose it was made by treason, how be hit I dare largely excuse her persone, not withstandynge I was ther by a fore cast nere slayne, but as Jhesu prouyded me I escaped alle theyir malyce and treason.

And thenne that noble knyght sire Launcelot told hem al how he was hard bestad in the quenes chamber, and how and in what manere he escaped from them. And therfore sayd sir Launcelot wete yow wel my fayre lordes I am sure ther nys but werre vnto me and myn. And for by cause I have slayn this nyghte these knyghtes I wote wel as is sire Agrauayne syr Gawayns broder, and at the leste twelue of his felawes, for this cause now I am sure of mortal warre, for these knyghtes were sente and ordeyned by kynge Arthur to bitraye me. And therfore the kynge wylle in this hete & malyce juge the quene to the fyre, and that maye I not suffre that she shold be brente for my sake, for and I may be herd and sufferd and soo taken, I wyll fyghte for the Quene that she is a true lady vnto her lord, but the kynge in his hete I drede me wylle not take me as I oughte to be taken.

Capitulum vi.

My lord syre Launcelot sayd sir Bors by myn aduys ye shalle take the wo with the wele, and take hit in pacyence, and thanke god of hit. And sythen hit is fallen as hit is, I counceylle yow kepe youre selfe, for and ye wylle your self, ther is no felaushyp of knyghtes crystened that shalle do you wrong. Also I wyll counceyll yow my lord syr Launcelot, that and my lady quene Gueneuer be in distresse, in soo moche as she is in payne for your sake that ye knyghtly rescowe her, and ye dyd other wayes, al the world wylle speke of yow shame to the worldes ende, in so moche as ye were taken with her, whether ye dyd ryghte or wrong. It is now your parte to holde with the quene that she be not slayne and put to a mescheuous dethe, for and she soo dye, the shame shalle be yours. Jhesu defende me from shame sayd syre Launcelot and kepe and saue my lady the quene from vylony and shameful deth, and that she neuer be destroyed in my defaute, wherfore my fayre lordes my kynne and my frendes sayd sir Launcelot what wylle ye doo. Thenne they sayd all we wille doo as ye wylle doo. I putte this to yow sayd sir launcelot that yf my lord Arthur by euyll counceyll wyll to morn in his hete putte my lady the Quene to the fyre there to be brente, Now I praye yow counceylle me what is best to doo. Thenne they sayd alle at ones with one voys, Syre vs thynketh best that ye knyghtly rescowe the quene, in soo moche as she shal be brente, it is for youre sake, and it is to suppose and ye myghte be handelyd ye shold haue the same dethe or a more shamefuller dethe, and syre we say al that ye haue many tymes rescowed her from dethe, for other mens quarels, vs semeth it is more youre worshyp that ye rescowe the quene from this perylle, in soo moche she hath it for your sake.

Thenne sir launcelot stood styl and sayd, my fayre lordes wete yow wel I wold be lothe to doo that thynge that shold dishonoure yow or my blood, and wete yow wel I wold be lothe that my lady the quene shold dye a shameful dethe, but and hit be soo that ye wylle counceylle me to rescowe her, I muste doo moche harme or I rescowe her, and peraduenture I shal there destroye somme of my best frendes, that shold moche repente me, and peraduenture there be somme, and they coude wel brynge it aboute, or disobeye my lord kynge Arthur they wold soone come to me, the whiche I were loth to hurte, & yf so be y^t I rescowe her where shal I kepe her. that shal be the leste care of vs alle sayd sir Bors. how dyd the noble knyghte sire Tristram by your good wylle, kepte not he wyth hym la beale Isoud nere thre yere in Joyous gard, the which was done by your elthers deuyse, and that same place is your owne, and in lyke wyse may ye doo and ye lyst, and take the Quene lyghtely away, yf it soo be the kynge wylle juge her to be brente, and in Joyous gard ye may kepe her longe ynough vntyl the hete of the kynge be past.

And thenne shalle ye brynge ageyne the quene to the kynge with grete worshyp, and thenne peraduenture ye shalle haue thanke for her bryngynge home and loue and thanke where other shalle haue maugre. That is hard to doo sayd sir launcelot, for by sir Tristram I maye haue a warnynge, for whanne by meanes of treatyce syr Tristram brought ageyne la Beale Isoud vnto kynge Mark from Joyous gard loke what befalle on the ende, how shamefully that fals traitour kyng marke slewe hym, as he sat harpynge afore his lady la beale Isoud, with a groundyn glayue he threst hym in behynde to the herte, hit greueth me said sir launcelot to speke of his dethe, for alle the world may not fynde suche a knyghte. Alle thys is trouthe sayd syre Bors, but there is one thynge shalle courage yow and vs alle, ye knowe wel Kynge Arthur & kyng marke were neuer lyke of condycyons, for there was neuer yet man coude preue kynge Arthur vntrewe of his promyse. Soo to make short tale they were alle consented that for better outher for worse, yf soo were that the quene were on that morne broughte to the fyre, shortly they al wold rescowe her. And soo by the aduyse of syr launcelot they putte hem all in an enbusshement in a woode as nyghe Carleil as they myght. And there they abode stylle to wete what the Kynge wold do.

Capitulum vii.

Now torne we ageyne vnto syre Mordred, that whan he was escaped from the noble knyghte sire Launcelot he anone gat his hors and mounted vpon hym, and rode vnto Kynge Arthur, sore wounded and smyten, and alle forbled, and there he told the kynge alle how hit was, and how they were alle slayne sauf hym self al only. Jhesu mercy how maye this be said the Kynge, toke ye hym in the quenes chamber. Ye soo god me helpe sayd sir Mordred there we fonde hym vnarmed, and there he slewe Colgreuaunce & armed hym in his armour, and alle this he told the kynge from the begynnynge to the endynge.

Jhesu mercy sayd the kynge he is a merueyllous knyghte of prowesse. Allas me sore repenteth sayd the Kynge that euer syr launcelot shold be ageynst me. Now I am sure the noble felaushyp of the round table is broken for euer, for with hym wille many a noble knyghte holde, and now it is fallen soo, sayd the Kyng, that I may not with my worshyp, but the quene must suffer the dethe. Soo thenne there was made grete ordynaunce in this hete, that the quene must be juged to the deth. And the lawe was suche in tho dayes that what someuer they were, of what estate or degree, yf they were fonde gylty of treason, there shold be none other remedy but dethe, and outher the men or the takynge with the dede shold be causer of their hasty jugement, and ryghte soo was it ordeyned for quene gueneuer, by cause sir Mordred was escaped sore wounded, and the dethe of thyrtten knyghtes of the round table. these preues & experyences caused kyng Arthur to commaunde the quene to the fyre there to be brente. Thenne spake sir gawayn and sayd my lord Arthur I wold counceylle yow not to be ouer hasty, but that ye wold putte it in respyte this jugement of my lady the quene for many causes. One it is though it were so that sir Launcelot were fonde in the quenes chamber, yet it myghte be soo that he came thyder for none euylle, for ye knowe my lord said syr gawayne that the quene is moche beholden vnto syr launcelot more than vnto ony other Knyghte for oftymes he hath saued her lyf, and done batail for her whan al the Courte refused the quene, and perauenture she sente for hym for goodenes and for none euyl to rewarde hym for his good dedes that he had done to her in tymes past. And peraduenture my lady the quene sente for hym to that entente that syr Launcelot shold come to her good grace pryuely and secretely, wenynge to her that hit was best so to do in eschewyng & dredyng of sklaunder, for oftymes we doo many thynges that we wene it be for the best, & yet peraduenture hit torneth to the werst. For I dare say sayd syre Gawayne my lady your Quene is to yow bothe good and true. And as for sir Launcelot sayd sir Gawayne I dare saye he wylle make hit good vpon ony knyghte lyuyng that wylle putte vpon hym self vylony or shame, and in lyke wyse he wylle make good for my lady dame Gueneuer. that I byleue wel said kyng Arthur, but I wil not that way with sir Launcelot for he trusteth soo moche vpon his handes and his myghte that he doubteth no man, and therfore for my Quene he shalle neuer fyghte more, for she shall haue the lawe. And yf I maye gete sir Launcelot wete you well he shal haue a shameful dethe. Jhesu defende sayd sir Gawayn that I may neuer see it. Why saye ye soo sayd kynge Arthur. For soth ye haue no cause to loue sir Launcelot, for this nyghte last past he slewe your broder sir Agrauayne a ful good knyghte, & al moost he had slayne your other broder sir mordred. And also there he slewe thyrtten noble knyghtes, and also sir Gawayne remembre ye he slewe two sones of yours sire Florence and sir Louel. my lord sayd sir Gawayne of alle thys I haue knouleche of whos dethes I repente me sore, but in so moche I gaf hem warnynge, and told my bretheren and my sones afore hand what wold falle in the ende, in soo moche, they wold not doo by my counceyll I wyl not medle me therof nor reuenge me no thynge of their dethes, for I told hem it was no bote to stryue wyth sir launcelot, how be it I am sory of the deth of my bretheren & of my sones, for they are the causers of theyre owne dethe. For oftymes I warned my broder sir Agrauayne, and I told hym the peryls the which ben now fallen.

Capitulum viii.

THENNE sayd the noble Kynge Arthur to syre Gawayne, dere neuewe I pray yow make yow redy in your best armoure with youre bretheren syre Gaherys and syre Gareth to brynge my Quene to the fyre there to haue her jugement and receyue the dethe. Nay my moost noble lord sayd sir Gawayne that wylle I neuer doo, for wete yow wel, I wylle neuer be in that place where soo noble a Quene as is my lady dame Gueneuer shalle take a shameful ende. For wete yow wel sayd sire Gawayne my herte wylle neuer serue me to see her dye, and it shalle neuer be sayd that euer I was of youre counceylle of her dethe. Thenne sayd the kyng to syr Gawayne, suffer your broder syr Gaherys and syr Gareth to be there. my lord sayd sire Gawayne wete yow wel, they wille be lothe to be there present by cause of many aduentures the whiche ben lyke there to falle, but they are yonge & ful vnable to saye yow nay. Thenne spak sire Gaherys & the good knyghte sire Gareth vnto syre Arthur, syre ye may wel commaunde vs to be there, but wete yow wel it shalle be sore ageynst oure wylle, but and we be there by youre strayte commaundement, ye shall playnly hold vs there excused. We wyl be there in peasyble wyse and bere none harneis of warre vpon vs. In the name of god sayd the kynge thenne make you redy, for she shalle soone haue her jugement anone. Allas sayd syr Gawayne that euer I shold endure to see this woful daye. Soo sir Gawayne torned hym, and wepte hertely, and so he wente in to his chamber, and thēne the quene was led forth withoute Carleil, and there she was despoylled in to her smok. And soo thenne her ghoostly fader was broughte to her to be shryuen of her mysdedes. Thenne was there wepynge & waylynge and wryngynge of handes of many lordes and ladyes. But there were but fewe in comparyson that wold bere ony armour for to strengthe the dethe of the quene. Thenne was ther one that sire Launcelot had sente vnto that place for to aspye what tyme the quene shold goo vnto her dethe. And anone as he sawe the quene despoylled in to her smok, and soo shryuen, thenne he gaf sir launcelot warnynge, thenne was there but sporynge and pluckynge vp of horses, and ryghte so they cam to the fyre. And who that stood ageynste them there were they slayne, there myghte none withstande sir Launcelot, so all that bare armes and withstoode hem there were they slayne ful many a noble knyghte. For there was slayne sir Bellyas le orgulous, Sir Segwarydes, Sir Gryflet, sir Brandyles, syre Agloual, syr Tor, syr Gauter, sire Gyllymer, syr Reynolds iii bretheren, syr Damas, syr Pryamus, syr Kay the straunger, sir Dryaunt, sir Lambegus, syr Hermynde, syr Pertylope, syre Perymones two bretheren that were called the grene knyght and the reed knyghte. And soo in this rassynge and hurlyng as syre Launcelot thrange here and there, it myshapped hym to slee Gaherys and syr Gareth the noble knyghte, for they were vnarmed and vnware. For as the Frensshe booke sayth, syr Launcelot smote syr Gareth and syr Gaherys vpon the brayne pannes where thorou they were slayne in the felde how be hit in veray trouthe syr launcelot sawe hem not, and soo were they fonde dede amonge the thyckest of the prees. Thenne whan syr launcelot had thus done and slayne, and putte to flyghte alle that wold withstande hym, Thenne he rode streyghte vnto dame Gueneuer and maade a kyrtyl and a gowne to be cast vpon her, and thenne he made her to be sette behynde hym, and prayd her to be of good chere. Wete yow wel, the quene was gladde that she was escaped from the dethe. And thenne she thanked god and sir Launcelot, and soo he rode his way with the Quene as the Frensshe book saith vnto Joyous gard, and there he kepte her as a noble knyghte shold doo, & many grete lordes and somme kynges sent syr Launcelot many good knyghtes, and many noble knyghtes drewe vnto sir Launcelot. Whan this was knowen openly that kyng Arthur and sire launcelot were at debate, many knyghtes were gladde of their debate, and many were ful heuy of their debate.

Capitulum ix.

Soo torne we ageyne vnto kynge Arthur that whan it was told hym, how and in what maner of wyse the quene was taken awey from the fyre. And whan he herd of the deth of his noble knyghtes, and in especyal for syr gaheris and sir Gareths deth, thenne the kyng swouned for pure sorou. And whan he awoke of his swoun, thenne he sayd, Allas that euer I bare croun vpon my hede. For now haue I loste the fayrest felaushyp of noble knyghtes that euer helde crysten kynge to gyders. Allas my good knyghtes ben slayne aweye from me, now within these two dayes I haue lost xl knyztes, & also the noble felaushyp of syr laūcelot and his blood, for now I may neuer hold hem to gyders no more with my worshyp. Allas that euer this werre beganne. Now fayr felawes sayd the kynge I charge yow that no man telle sir gawayn of the dethe of his two bretheren, for I am sure sayd the kyng whan sir Gawayne hereth telle that sir Gareth is dede he wyll goo nyghe oute of his mynde. Mercy Jhesu said the kyng why slewe he syre Gareth and sire Gaherys, for I dar saye as for syre Gareth he loued sir Launcelot aboue al men erthely, that is trouthe sayd some knyghtes, but they were slayne in the hurtlyng as sir launcelot thrange in the thyck of the prees, and as they were vnarmed, he smote hem and wyst not whome that he smote, and soo vnhappyly they were slayne. The dethe of them sayd Arthur wyll cause the grettest mortal werre that euer was, I am sure wyste sir Gawayne that syr Gareth were slayne I shold neuer haue reste of hym tyl I had destroyed syr launcelots kynne and hym self both, outher els he to destroye me, and therfor sayd the kynge wete yow wel my herte was neuer soo heuy as it is now, and moche more I am soryer for my good knyghtes losse, than for the losse of my fayre quene, for quenes I myghte haue ynowe, but suche a felaushyp of good knyghtes shalle neuer be to gyders in no company, and now I dare say sayd kynge Arthur there was neuer crysten kynge helde suche a felaushyp to gyders, & allas that euer syr launcelot & I shold be at debate. A Agrauayn, Agrauayn sayd the kyng Jhesu forgyue it thy sowle, for thyn euyl wyl that thou and thy broder syre Mordred haddest vnto syr launcelot hath caused al this sorowe, and euer amonge these complayntes the kyng wepte and swouned.

Thenne ther came one vnto syr Gawayne and told hym, how the Quene was ladde awaye with syr launcelot, & nygh a xxiiii knyghtes slayne. O Jhesu defende my bretheren sayd sir gawayne, for ful wel wyst I that syr launcelot wold rescowe her, outher els he wold dye in that felde, and to saye the trouth he had not ben a man of worshyp had he not rescowed the quene that day, in so moche she shold haue ben brente for his sake. And as in that sayd sir Gawayne he hath done but knyztly, and as I wold haue done my self and I had stand in lyke caas, but where ar my bretheren sayd sir Gawayne, I merueyll I here not of hem. Truly sayd that man sir Gareth and syr Gaherys be slayne. Jhesu defende sayd sir Gawayne, for alle the world I wold not that they were slayne, and in especyal my good broder sir Gareth. syr sayd the man he is slayne and that is grete pyte. Who slewe hym sayd sir Gawayn. Sir sayd the man Launcelot slewe hem bothe, that may I not byleue sayd syr Gawayne that euer he slewe my broder syre Gareth. For I dar say my broder Gareth loued hym better than me and alle his bretheren, and the kynge bothe. Also I dare say and sir Launcelot had desyred my broder syr Gareth with hym, he wolde haue ben with hym ageynst the kynge and vs al, and therfore I may neuer byleue that syr launcelot slewe my broder. Sir sayd this man it is noysed that he slewe hym.

Capitulum x.

ALLAS sayd sire Gawayne now is my joye gone, and thenne he felle doune and swouned, and long he lay there as he had ben dede. And thenne whanne he aroos of his swoune, he cryed oute sorowfully and sayd Allas, and ryzte soo syr Gawayne ranne to the kynge cryenge and wepynge O kynge Arthur myne vnkel my good broder syr Gareth is slayne, and soo is my broder syr Gaherys, the whiche were .ii noble knyghtes. Thenne the kynge wepte and he bothe, and so they felle on swounynge. And whan they were reuyued thenne spak sir Gawayne, syr I wyl go see my broder syr Gareth, ye may not see hym sayd the kynge, for I caused hym to be entered and syr gaherys bothe. For I wel vnderstood that ye wold make ouer moche sorowe, and the syghte of sir Gareth shold haue caused your double sorowe. Allas my lord sayd syr Gawayne how slewe he my broder sir gareth myn own good lord I praye yow telle me. Truly sayd the Kyng I shal telle yow as it is told me, syre Launcelot slewe hym & sir Gaheris bothe. Allas sayd sire gawayne they bare none armes ayenst hym neyther of hem both. I wote not how it was said the kynge, but as it is sayd sire launcelot slewe them bothe in the thyckest of the prees, and knewe them not, and therfor lete vs shape a remedy for to reuenge their dethes. My Kynge my lord and myn vnkel sayd sire Gawayne wete yow wel now I shal make yow a promyse that I shalle holde by my knyghthode, that from this day I shalle neuer fayle sir launcelot vntyl the one of vs haue slayne the other. And therfore I requyre yow my lord and kynge dresse yow to the werre for wete yow wel I will be reuenged vpon sire launcelot, & therfor as ye wylle haue my seruyse and my loue now haste yow therto and assaye your frendes. For I promyse vnto god said sir Gawayne for the dethe of my broder sir gareth I shalle seke syr launcelot thorou oute seuen kynges Realmes, but I shalle slee hym or els he shalle slee me. ye shall not nede to seke hym soo ferre sayd the Kynge, for as I here saye sir launcelot will abyde me and yow in the Joyous gard, and moche peple draweth vnto hym as I here saye. That may I byleue sayd sir gawayne, but my lord he sayd assaye your frendes, and I wyll assaye myn. it shalle be done sayd the kynge, and as I suppose I shal be byg ynouz to drawe hym oute of the byggest toure of his Castel. So thenne the kynge sente letters and wryttes thorou oute alle Englond bothe in the lengthe and the brede, for to assomone alle his knyghtes. And soo vnto Arthur drewe many knyghtes dukes and Erles, soo that he had a grete hoost. And whan they were assemblyd, the kyng enformed hem how syr launcelot had berafte hym his quene. Thenne the kynge and all his hoost made hem redy to laye syege aboute sir Launcelot where he laye within Joyous gard Therof herd sir Launcelot and purueyed hym of many good knyghtes, for with hym helde many knyghtes, and some for his owne sake and somme for the quenes sake. Thus they were on bothe partyes wel furnysshed and garnysshed of alle maner of thyng that longed to the werre. But kyng Arthurs hoost was soo bygge that syr launcelot wold not abyde hym in the felde. For he was ful lothe to doo batail ageynst the kyng, but syre launcelot drewe hym to his strong castel with al maner of vytail. And as many noble men as he myghte suffyse within the Towne and the Castel. Thenne came kynge Arthur with sire Gawayne with an hughe hoost, and layd a syege al aboute Joyous gard both at the Towne and at the Castel, & there they made stronge werre on bothe partyes, but in no wyse syre Launcelot wold ryde oute nor go out of his Castel of long tyme, neyther he wold none of his good knyghtes to yssue oute neyther none of the Towne nor of the Castel vntyl xv. wekes were past.

Capitulum xi.

THENNE it befel vpon a daye in heruest tyme, syr launcelot loked ouer the walles, and spak on hyghe vnto Kynge Arthur and sir Gawayne, my lordes bothe wete ye wel al is in vayne that ye make at this syege, for here wynne ye no worshyp but maulgre and dishonoure, for and it lyste me to come my self oute and my good knyghtes I shold ful soone make an ende of this werre. Come forthe sayd Arthur vnto Launcelot and thou darst, and I promyse the, I shalle mete the in myddes of the felde. God defende me sayd sir Launcelot that euer I shold encountre with the moost noble kyng that made me knyghte. Fy vpon thy fayre langage sayd the kynge, for wete yow wel and trust it I am thy mortal fo, & euer wylle to my deth daye, for thou hast slayne my good knyghtes, and ful noble men of my blood that I shal neuer recouer ageyne. Also thow hast layne by my Quene & holden her many wynters, and sythen lyke a traytour taken her from me by force. my moost noble lord and kyng sayd sir launcelot ye may say what ye will, for ye wote wel with youre self wil I not stryue, but there as ye say I haue slayn your good knyghtes I wote wel that I haue done soo, and that me sore repenteth, but I was enforced to doo batail with hem, in sauyng of my lyf or els I muste haue suffred hem to haue slayne me, and as for my lady Quene Gueneuer except your persone of your hyhenes, and my lord sire Gawayne there is noo knyghte vnder heuen that dar make it good vpon me, that euer I was traytour vnto youre persone. And where hit please yow to saye that I haue holden my lady youre Quene yeres and wynters, vnto that I shal euer make a large ansuer, and preue hit vpon ony knyghte that bereth the lyf excepte youre person and sire Gawayne that my lady Quene gueneuer is a true lady vnto your persone as ony is lyuyng vnto her lord, and that wylle I make good with my handes, how be it, it hath lyked her good grace to haue me in chyerte and to cherysshe me more than ony other knyghte, and vnto my power I ageyne haue deserued her loue, for oftymes my lord ye haue consented that she shold be brente and destroyed in your hete, and thenne in fortuned me to doo batail for her, and or I departed from her aduersary they confessid their vntrouthe, and she ful worshypfully excused. And at suche tymes my lord Arthur sayd sir Launcelot ye loued me, and thanked me whan I saued your quene from the fyre, & thenne ye promysed me for euer to be my good lord, and now me thynketh ye rewarde me ful ylle for my good seruyse, and my good lord me semeth I had lost a grete parte of my worshyp in my knyghthode, and I had suffred my lady youre Quene to haue ben brente, and in soo moche she shold haue ben brente for my sake. For sythen I haue done batails for your Quene in other quarels than in myn owne, me semeth now I had more ryght to doo batail for her in ryghte quarel, and therfor my good and gracyous lord sayd syr launcelot take your quene vnto your good grace, for she is bothe fayr true and good. Fy on the fals recreaunt knyght sayd sire Gawayne, I lete the wete my lord myn vnkel Kynge Arthur shalle haue his Quene and the maulgre thy vysage, and slee yow bothe whether it please hym. It may wel be sayd sire Launcelot, but wete ye wel my lord sire Gawayne, and me lyst to come oute of this Castel ye shold wynne me and the quene more harder than euer ye wanne a stronge bataille. Fy on thy proude wordes seyd sir Gawayne, as for my lady the Quene I wil neuer saye of her shame, but thow fals and recreaunt Knyghte, saide syre Gawayne what cause haddest thow to slee my good broder syr Gareth that loued the more and than al my kynne. Allas thow madest hym knyght thyn owne handes. Why slewe thow hym that loued the soo wel, for to excuse me sayde sir Launcelot it helpeth me not, but by Jhesu, and by the feyth that I owe to the hygh ordre of knyzthode, I shold with as a good wylle haue slayne my neuewe sir Bors de ganys, at y^t^ tyme, but allas that euer I was so vnhappy sayd laũcelot y^t^ I had not sene syr

Gareth and sir Gaherys. Thow lyest recreaunt knyght sayd sir Gawayne, thow slewest hym in despyte of me. And therfore wete thou wel I shalle make warre to the, and alle the whyle that I may lyue. That me repenteth said sir Launcelot, for wel I vnderstande it helpeth not to seke none accordement whyle ye syr Gawayne ar soo mescheuously sette. And yf ye were not, I wold not doubte to haue the good grace of my lord Arthur. I byleue it wel fals recreaunt knyght sayd sir Gawayne, for thow hast many longe dayes ouer ladde me and vs alle, and destroyed many of oure good knyghtes. ye saye as it pleaseth yow sayd syr launcelot, & yet may it neuer be sayd on me, and openly preued that euer I before cast of treason slewe no good knyghte as my lord syre Gawayne ye haue done. And soo dyd I neuer, but in my defense that I was dryuen therto in sauynge of my lyf.

A fals knyghte sayd syre Gawayne that thow menest by syre Lamorak, wete thow wel I slewe hym. ye slewe hym not youre self sayd sir launcelot, hit had ben ouer moche on hand for yow to haue slayne hym, for he was one of the best knyghtes crystned of his age, and it was grete pyte of his dethe.

Capitulum xii.

Wel wel sayd sayd sir Gawayne to Launcelot, sythen thou enbraydest me of sire Lamorak, wete thow well I shalle neuer leue the tyl I haue the at suche auaille that thou shalte not escape my handes. I truste yow wel ynough sayd syr launcelot, and ye may gete me, I gete but lytel mercy. but as the Frensshe book saith, the noble kyng Arthur wold haue taken his Quene ageyne, and haue ben accorded with syr Launcelot, but syr Gawayne wold not suffer hym by no maner of meane. And thenne syre Gawayne made many men to blowe vpon syr launcelot. And all at ones they called hym fals recreaunt knyght. Thenne when syr Bors de ganys, syr Ector de marys and sir lyonel herd this oute crye, they called to them syre Palomydes sir Safyrs broder, and sir Lauayne with many moo of their blood, and alle they went vnto sir launcelot and sayd thus, My lord sir launcelot wete ye wel we haue grete scorne of the grete rebukes, that we herd gawayn saye to yow, wherfor we pray you & charge you as ye wille haue oure seruyse, kepe vs noo lenger within these walles, for wete yow wel playnly we wille ryde in to the feld, and doo bataille with hem, for ye fare as a man that were aferd, and for alle your fayr speche it wil not auayle yow. For wete yow wel, sire Gawayne wille not suffer you to be accorded with kynge Arthur, and therfore fyghte for youre lyf and your ryghte and ye dar. Allas sayd syre launcelot for to ryde oute of this Castel and to doo batail I am ful lothe. Thenne syre launcelot spak on hyghe vnto syr Arthur & syre Gawayne my lordes I requyre you and biseche you sythen that I am thus requyred and coniured to ryde in to the felde, that neyder you my lord kynge Arthur nor you syre Gawayne come not in to the felde. What shal we doo thenne sayd syr Gawayne, is this the kynges quarel with the to fyghte, and it is my quarel to fyghte with the syr laūcelot, by cause of the deth of my broder syre Gareth. Thenne muste I nedes vnto bataill said syr launcelot. now wete you wel my lord Arthur and syre Gawayne ye wil repente it when someuer I doo bataylle with you. And soo thenne they departed eyther from other, and thenne eyther party made hem redy on the morne for to doo batail, and grete purueaunce was made on bothe sydes, and syr Gawayne lete purueye many knyghtes for to wayte vpon sir launcelot for to ouersette hym, and to slee hym. And on the morne at vndorne syre Arthur was redy in the felde with thre grete hoostes. And thenne syr launcelots felaushyp came oute at thre gates in a ful good araye, and syre lyonel came in the formest batail, and syr launcelot came in the myddel, and syre Bors came oute at the thyrd gate. Thus they came in ordre & rule as ful noble knyghtes, and alwayes syr launcelot charged all his knyghtes in ony wyse to saue Kynge Arthur & syr Gawayne.

Capitulum xiii.

THENNE came forth sir Gawayne from the kynges host and he came before and proferd to juste, and sir Lyonel was a fyers knyghte, and lyghtely he encoũtred with syr Gawayne, & there sir Gawayne smote syr lyonel thurgh oute the body, that he dasshed to the erthe lyke as he had ben dede. And thenne syr Ector de marys and other more bare hym in to the Castel, thenne there beganne a grete stoure & moche peple was slayne, and euer syr launcelot dyd what he myghte to saue the peple on kynge Arthurs party, for syr palomydes and syr Bors and syr Safyr ouerthrewe many knyghtes, for they were dedely knyghtes, and syre Blamor de ganys, and syr Bleoberys de ganys with sir Bellangere le bewse, these syxe knyghtes dyd moche harme, and euer kynge Arthur was nyghe aboute syr launcelot to haue slayn hym, & syr launcelot suffred hym, and wold not stryke ageyne. Soo syr Bors encountred with kynge Arthur, and there with a spere syr Bors smote hym doun, & soo he alyghte and drewe his swerd, and sayd to syr launcelot, shalle I make an ende of this werre, & that he mente to haue slayn Kynge Arthur. Not soo hardy sayd syr launcelot vpon payn of thy hede, that thou touche hym no more, for I wille neuer see that most noble kynge that made me knyghte neyther slayn ne shamed, & there with al syr laũcelot alyght of his hors & tooke vp the kynge & horsed hym ageyn, & sayd thus, my lord Arthur for goddes loue stynte this stryf, for ye gete here no worshyp, and I wold doo myn vtteraũce, but alweyes I forbere yow, & ye nor none of yours forbereth me, my lord remembre what I haue done in many places, & now I am euylle rewarded.

Thenne whan kyng Arthur was on horsbak, he loked vpon syr launcelot, & thẽne the teres brast out of his eyen, thynkyng on the grete curtosy that was in syr laũcelot more than in ony other man, & therwith the Kynge rode his wey, & myghte no lenger beholde hym, & sayd Allas that euer this werre began, & thẽne eyther partyes of the batails withdrewe them to repose them, & buryed the dede, & to the woũded men they leid softe salues, and thus they endured that nyzt tyll on the morne, & on the morne by vndorne they made hem redy to doo bataille. And thenne syr Bors ledde the forward. Soo vpon the morne there came syre Gawayne as brym as ony bore with a grete spere in his hand. And whan sir Bors sawe hym, he thoughte to reuenge his broder syre Lyonel of the despyte that syr Gawayn dyd hym the other daye. And so they that knewe eyther other feutryd their speres, and with alle theire myghtes of their horses and hem self, they mette to gyder soo felonsly, that eyther bare other thorowe, and soo they felle both to the erthe, and thenne the batails ioyned, and there was moche slaughter on bothe partyes. Thenne sir launcelot rescowed syr Bors and sente hym in to the Castel. But neyder syr Gawayne nor syr Bors dyed not of their woundes. For they were alle holpen. Thenne syr Lauayne and sir Vrre prayd syr Launcelot to doo his payne, and fyzte as they had done, for we see, ye forbere and spare, and that doth moche harme therfor we praye yow spare not youre enemyes noo more than they done yow. Allas sayd sire Launcelot I haue no herte to fyghte ageynst my lord Arthur. For euer me semeth I doo not as I oughte to doo. My lord sayd sir Palomydes though ye spare them alle this day, they will neuer conne yow thank. And yf they may gete yow at auayle, ye are but dede. So thenne syr Launcelot vnderstood that they sayd hym trouth & thenne he strayned hym self more than he dyd afore hand, and by cause his neuewe sir Bors was sore wounded. And thenne within a lytel whyle by euen song tyme sire Launcelot and his party better stode, for their horses wente in blood past the fytloks, there was soo moche people slayne. And thenne for pyte syr launcelot withhelde his knyghtes, and suffred kynge Arthurs party for to withdrawe them on syde. And thenne sir launcelots party withdrewe hem in to his Castel, and eyther partyes buryed the dede, & putte salf vnto the wounded men. Soo whan syre Gawayne was hurte, they on kyng Arthurs party were not soo orgulous as they were to fore hand to do bataill. Of this werre was noysed thorou al crystendome & at the last it was noysed afore the pope, and he consyderyng the grete godenes of kynge Arthur, & of sir laũcelot that was called the moost noblest knyghtes of the world wherfore the pope called vnto hym a noble Clerke that att that tyme was there presente, the Frensshe book sayth, hit was the Bisshop of Rochestre, and the pope gaf hym bulles vnder lede vnto kynge Arthur of Englond, chargynge hym vpon payne of enterdytynge of al Englond that he take his quene dame Gueneuer vnto hym ageyne and accorde with syr Launcelot.

Capitulum xiiii.

Soo whan this Bisshop was come to Carleyl, he shewed the kynge these bulles. And whan the kyng vnderstood these bulles, he nyst what to doo, ful fayne he wold haue ben accorded with sir launcelot, but sir Gawayne wold not suffre hym, but as for to haue the quene, ther to he agreed. But in no wyse syre Gawayne wold not suffer the kyng to accorde with syr Launcelot, but as for the quene he consented. And thenne the Bisshop had of the kynge his grete seal, & his assuraunce as he was a true ennoynted kynge, that syre Launcelot shold come sauf, and goo sauf, and that the quene shold not be spoken vnto, of the kynge, nor of none other, for no thynge done afore tyme past, and of alle these appoyntementes, the Bisshop broughte with hym sure assuraunce & wrytynge to shewe sir Launcelot. So whan the Bisshop was come to Joyous gard, there he shewed sir launcelot how the pope had wryten to Arthur and vnto hym, and there he told hym the peryls yf he withhelde the quene from the kyng. It was neuer in my thoughte saide laūcelot to withholde the quene from my lord Arthur, but in soo moche she shold haue ben dede for my sake, me semeth it was my parte to saue her lyf and putte her from that daunger tyl better recouer myghte come, & now I thanke god sayd sir Launcelot that the pope hath made her pees, for god knoweth sayd syr launcelot I wylle be a thousand folde more gladder to brynge her ageyne than euer I was of her takyng away. With this I maye be sure to come sauf, and goo sauf, and that the quene shal haue her lyberte as she had before, and neuer for no thynge that hath ben surmysed afore this tyme, she neuer fro this day stande in no peryll, for els sayd sir launcelot I dare auenture me to kepe her from an harder shoure than euer I kepte her. It shal not nede yow sayd the Bisshop to drede soo moche. For wete yow wel the pope muste be obeyed, and it were not the popes worshyp nor my poure honeste to wete yow distressyd neyther the quene, neyther in perylle nor shamed. And thenne he shewed sir launcelot alle his wrytynge, bothe from the pope and from kynge Arthur, this is sure ynough, sayd sir Launcelot, for ful well I dare trust my lordes owne wrytynge and his seale, for he was neuer shamed of his promesse.

Therfore sayd sir Launcelot vnto the Bisshop, ye shall ryde vnto the kynge afore, and recommaunde me vnto his good grace, and lete hym haue knowlechynge that this same daye eyghte dayes by the grace of god, I my self shall brynge my lady Quene Gueneuer vnto hym, and thenne saye ye vnto my most redoubted kyng that I will say largely for the quene, that I shalle none excepte for drede nor fere, but the kyng hym self and my lord sire Gawayn, and that is more for the kynges loue than for hym self. Soo the Bisshop departed and came to the kynge at Carleyl, and told hym alle how sir laũcelot ansuerd hym, and thenne the teres brast oute of the kynges eyen. Thenne sire Launcelot purueyed hym an honderd knyghtes, and alle were clothed in grene velowet, and theyr horses trapped to their heles, and euery knyghte helde a braunche of olyue in his hande in tokenyng of pees, and the quene had four and twenty gentylwymmen folowyng her in the same wyse, and sir Launcelot had twelue coursers folowynge hym, and on euery courser sat a yonge gentylman, and alle they were arayed in grene veluet with sarpys of gold about their quarters, and the hors trapped in the same wyse doune to the helys with many ouches y sette with stones and perlys in gold to the nombre of a thowsand, and she and sir Launcelot were clothed in whyte clothe of gold tyssew, and ryght soo as ye haue herd as the Frensshe book maketh mencyon, he rode with the quene from Joyous gard to Carleyl, and so syr Launcelot rode thorou oute Carleyl and soo in the castel that alle men myzt beholde, & wete you wel ther was many a wepynge eyen, and thenne syr Launcelot hym self alyghte and auoyded his hors and toke the quene, and soo led her where kynge Arthur was in his seate, and syre Gawayn sat afore hym, and many other grete lordes. Soo whan syre launcelot sawe the kynge, and syr Gawayne, thenne he lad the quene by the arme, and thenne he kneled doune and the quene bothe. Wete yow wel thenne was there many bold knyghte ther with kynge Arthur that wepte as tendyrly, as though they had sene alle their kynne afore them. Soo the kynge sat stylle, and sayd no word. And whan syre Launcelot sawe his coũtenaunce, he arose and pulled vp the quene with hym, & thus he spak ful knyghtely.

Capitulum xiiii. (xv.)

My moost redoubted kynge ye shalle vnderstande by the popes commaundement and yours I haue brouzt to yow my lady the quene as ryghte requyreth. And yf there be ony knyghte of what someuer degree that he be excepte your persone that wylle saye or dar say but that she is true & clene to yow, I here my self syr Launcelot du lake wylle make it good vpon his body that she is a true lady vnto yow, but lyars ye haue lystned, & that hath caused debate betwixt yow & me. For tyme hath ben my lord Arthur that ye haue ben gretely pleasyd with me whan I dyd batail for my lady youre quene, & ful wel ye knowe my moost noble kynge, that she hath ben put to grete wrong or this tyme, & sythen it pleasyd yow at many tymes that I shold fyghte for her, me semeth my good lord I had more cause to rescowe her from the fyre in soo moche she shold haue ben brente for my sake. For they that told yow tho tales were lyers, & soo it felle vpon them, for by lykelyhode had not the myght of god ben with me, I myghte neuer haue endured fourten knyghtes & they armed & afore purposed & I vnarmed & not purposed, for I was sente for vnto my lady your quene I wote not for what cause, but I was not so soone within the chamber dore but anon syre Agrauayn & syr mordred called me traytour & recreaunt knyghte. They called the ryght sayd syr Gawayn.

My lord syre Gawayn said syre Launcelot in their quarel they preued hem self not in the ryght. Wel wel syr launcelot sayd the kyng, I haue gyuen the no cause to do to me as thou hast done. For I haue worshypped the and thyn more than ony of alle my knyghtes. My good lord sayd sire launcelot soo ye be not displeasyd, ye shalle vnderstande, I and myn haue done yow ofte better seruyse than ony other knyghtes haue done in many dyuerse places, and where ye haue ben ful hard bestadde dyuerse tymes, I haue my self rescowed yow from many daungers, and euer vnto my power I was glad to please yow and my lord syr Gawayne bothe in justes and turnementes and in batails sette bothe on horsbak and on foote, I haue often rescowed yow and my lord syr Gawayne and many moo of your knyztes in many dyuerse places, for now I wil make auaunt sayd sir launcelot I wyl that ye al wete that yet I fonde neuer no maner of knyghte, but that I was ouer hard for hym and I had done my vtteraunce, thãked be god, how be it I haue ben matched with good knyghtes as sir Tristram and syr lamorak, but euer I had a faueour vnto them and a demyng what they were, and I take god to record sayd syr launcelot I neuer was wrothe nor gretely heuy with no good Knyghte and I sawe hym besy aboute to wynne worship, and glad I was euer when I fonde ony knyghte that myghte endure me on horsbak and on foote, hou be it sir Carados of the dolorous toure was a ful noble knyzte & a passynge stronge man, & that wote ye my lorde syr Gawayne, for he myghte wel be called a noble knyghte whan he by fyne force pulled you out of youre sadel, and bonde you ouer thwarte afore hym to his sadel bowe, and there my lorde syre Gawayne I rescowed yow and slewe hym afore your sizte. Also I fonde his broder syr Turquyn in lyke wyse ledyng sir Gaherys youre broder boũden afore hym, and there I rescowed your broder and slewe that Turquyn, & delyuerd thre score and foure of my lorde Arthurs knyghtes oute of his pryson. And now I dare say sayd sir launcelot I mette neuer with so stronge knyghtes nor so wel fyghtyng as was sir Carados & syr Turquyn, for I fought with them to the vttermest, & therfor saide sir launcelot vnto syr Gawayne me semeth ye ought of ryghte to remembre this, for, & I myzt haue your good wil I wolde truste to god to haue my lorde Arthurs goode grace.

Capitulum xvi.

THE Kynge maye doo as he wylle sayd sire Gawayne. But wete thow wel syre Launcelot thow and I shalle neuer ben accorded whyle we lyue, for thou hast slayne thre of my bretheren, and two of them ye slewe traytourly and pytously, for they bare none harneis ageynst the nor none wold bere, god wold they had ben armed sayd sire Launcelot, for thenne had they ben on lyue.

And wete ye wel syre Gawayne as for sire Gareth I loue none of my kynnesmen so moche as I dyd hym, and euer whyle I lyue sayd sir launcelot I wille bewaile sir Gareths deth not al only for the grete fere I haue of yow, but many causes causen me to be sorouful, one is, for I made hym knyghte, another is, I wote wel he loued me aboue alle other knyghtes. And the thyrd is, he was passynge noble, true curteys & gentyl, and wel condycyoned. the fourth is, I wyst wel anone as I herd that sir Gareth was dede, I shold neuer after haue your loue but euerlastynge werre betwixe vs, and also I wist well that ye wold cause my noble lorde Arthur for euer to be my mortal foo. And as Jhesu be my help sayd syr Launcelot I slewe neuer sir Gareth nor sir Gaherys by my wylle, but allas that euer they were vnarmed that vnhappy daye. But thus moche I shalle offre me said sir launcelot yf hit may please the kynges good grace and yow my lord sire Gawayne I shalle fyrst begynne at Sandwyche, and ther I shal goo in my shert bare foot. And at euery ten myles ende I wylle founde & garmake an hows of relygyon of what ordre that ye wyl assygne me with an hole Couent to synge and rede day & nyghte in especyal for syr Gareths sake and sir gaherys. And this shal I performe from Sandwyche vnto Carleil. And euery hows shal haue suffycyent lyuelode, and this shal I performe whyle I haue ony lyuelode in Crystendom, and there nys none of al these relygyous places, but they shal be performed, furnysshed and garnysshed in alle thynges as an holy place oughte to be, I promyse yow feythfully.

And this sir Gawayne me thynketh were more fayrer holyer & more better to their soules than ye my most noble kyng & yow sire Gawayne to warre vpon me, for there by shall ye gete none auayle.

Thenne alle knyghtes and ladyes that were there wepte, as they were madde, and the teres felle on kyng Arthurs chekes. Sire Launcelot sayd sir Gawayne I haue ryghte wel herd thy speche, and thy grete profers, but wete thow wel, lete the kynge doo as hit pleasyd hym, I will neuer forgyue my broders dethe, and in especyal the deth of my broder syre Gareth. And yf myn vnkel kynge Arthur wylle accorde with the, he shalle lese my seruyse, for wete thow wel, thow arte bothe fals to the kynge and to me. Sir said launcelot he bereth not the lyf, that may make that good. And yf ye sir Gawayne wylle charge me with soo hyghe a thynge, ye muste pardonne me, for thenne nedes muste I ansuere yow. Nay sayd sir Gawayne we are past that at this tyme, and that caused the pope, for he hath charged myn vnkel the kyng that he shalle take his Quene ageyne, and to accorde with the syr Launcelot as for this season, and therfor thow shalte goo sauf as thow camest. But in this land thou shalte not abyde past xv dayes suche somons I gyue the, soo the kyng and we were consented and accorded or thow camest, and els sayd syre Gawayne wete thow wel thou sholdest not haue comen here, but yf hit were maulgre thy hede. And yf it were not for the popes commaundement sayd syre Gawayne I shold do bataille with myn owne body ageynst thy body, and preue it vpon the, that thow hast ben bothe fals vnto myn vnkel kyng arthur and to me both, and that shalle I preue vpon thy body whan thow arte departed from hens where someuer I fynde the.

Capitulum xvii.

THENNE syr launcelot syghed, and there with the teres felle on his chekes, and thenne he sayd thus. Allas moost noble Crysten Realme whome I haue loued aboue al other realmes, and in the I haue geten a grete parte of my worshyp, and now I shalle departe in this wyse. Truly me repenteth that euer I came in this realme that shold be thus shamefully banysshed vnderserued and causeles, but fortune is soo varyaunt, and the whele soo meuable, there nys none constaunte abydynge, and that may be preued by many old Cronykles of noble Ector and Troylus and Alysander the myghty Conquerour, and many moo other. Whan they were moost in their Royalte, they alyghte lowest, and soo fareth it by me sayd sir Launcelot, for in this realme I had worshyp and by me and myn alle the hole round table hath ben encrecyd more in worship by me and myn blood than by ony other. And therfor wete thow wel sire Gawayne I may lyue vpon my landes as wel as ony knyghte that here is. And yf ye moost redoubted kynge wylle come vpon my landes with syr Gawayne to werre vpon me, I must endure yow as wel as I maye. But as to yow sir Gawayne yf that ye come there I pray yow charge me not with treason nor felony, for and ye doo, I must ansuer yow. doo thou thy best sayd sir Gawayne, therfore hyhe the fast that thow were gone, and wete thou wel we shalle soone come after and breke the strengest Castel that thow hast vpon thy hede. That shalle not nede sayd sir Launcelot, for and I were as orgulous sette as ye are, wete you wel I shold mete yow in myddes of the felde. Make thow no more langage sayd syre Gawayne, but delyuer the quene from the, and pyke the lyghtely oute of this Courte. Wel sayd syr Launcelot, and I had wyst of this shorte comynge, I wolde haue aduysed me twyes or that I had comen hyder, for and the Quene had be soo dere to me as ye noyse her, I durst haue kepte her from the felaushyp of the best knyghtes vnder heuen. And thenne syr Launcelot sayd vnto Gueneuer in heryng of the kynge and hem all, Madame now I muste departe from you and this noble felauship for euer, & sythen it is soo, I byseche yow to praye for me, and saye me wel, and yf ye be hard bestad by ony fals tonges, lyghtly my lady sende me word, and yf ony knyghtes handes may delyuer yow by bataill, I shall delyuer yow, and there with all sir launcelot kyst the Quene, and thenne he sayd al openly now lete see what he be in this place that dar saye the Quene is not true vnto my lord Arthur lete see who will speke and he dar speke. And ther with he broughte the Quene to the Kyng, and thenne sir Launcelot toke his leue and departed, and ther was neyther Kyng, duke, ne Erle, baron ne knyghte, lady nor gentylwoman, but alle they wepte as peple oute of their mynde, excepte sir Gawayn, and whan the noble sir Launcelot took his hors to ryde oute of Carleyl, there was sobbynge and wepynge for pure dole of his departynge, and soo he took his way vnto Joyous gard. And thenne euer after he called it the dolorous gard. And thus departed sir Launcelot from the courte for euer. And soo whan he came to Joyous gard he called his felaushyp vnto hym, & asked them what they wold do, thēne they ansuerd all holy to gyders with one voys they wold as he wold doo, my fayre felawes sayd syr Launcelot I must departe oute of this moost noble realme, and now I shalle departe, hit greueth me sore, for I shalle departe with no worshyp, for a flemyd man departed neuer oute of a realme with noo worshyp, and that is my heuynes, for euer I fere after my dayes that men shalle cronykle vpon me that I was flemed oute of this land, and els my fayre lordes be ye sure and I had not dred shame my lady Quene Gweneuer and I shold neuer haue departed. Thenne spak many noble knyghtes as sir Palomydes, sir Safyr his broder, and sir Bellangere le bewse, and sir Vrre with sir Lauayne with many other, Sir and ye be so disposed to abyde in this land, we wyll neuer fayle yow, & yf ye lyst not to abyde in this land, ther nys none of the good knyztes that here ben will fayle yow, for many causes. One is, All we that ben not of your blood shalle neuer be welcome to the Courte. And sythen hit lyked vs to take a parte with yow in youre distresse & heuynesse in this realme, wete yow wel it shall lyke vs as wel to goo in other countreyes with yow, and there to take suche parte as ye doo. My fayre lordes sayd sir launcelot I wel vnderstande yow and as I can, thanke yow, and ye shalle vnderstande suche lyuelode as I am borne vnto I shal departe with yow in this maner of wyse, that is for to say, I shalle departe alle my lyuelode and alle my landes frely amonge yow, and I my self wylle haue as lytel as ony of you for haue I suffycyaunt that may longe to my person, I wylle aske none other ryche araye, and I truste to god to mayntene yow on my landes as wel as euer were mayntened ony knyztes. Thenne spak all the knyghtes at ones, he haue shame that wylle leue yow. For we alle vnderstande in this realme wyll be now no quyete but euer stryf and debate, now the felauship of the round table is broken, for by the noble felaushyp of the round table was Kynge Arthur vp borne, and by their nobles the kynge and alle his realme was in quyete and reste, and a grete parte they sayd all was by cause of your noblesse.

Capitulum xviii.

TRULY sayd sir Launcelot I thanke yow alle of youre good sayenge, how be it, I wote wel, in me was not alle the stabylyte of this realme, but in that I myght I dyd my deuoyr, and wel I am sure I knewe many rebellyons in my dayes that by me were peased, and I trowe we alle shalle here of hem in shorte space, and that me sore repenteth. For euer I drede me sayd syr launcelot that syr Mordred wille make trouble, for he is passyng enuyous & applyeth hym to trouble. So they were accorded to go with sir Launcelot to his landes, and to make shorte tale, they trussed and payd alle that wold aske hem, and holy an honderd knyghtes departed with sir laūcelot at ones, and made their auowes, they wold neuer leue hym for wele nor for wo, & so they shypped at Cardyf, & sayled vnto Benwyk, somme men calle it bayen and somme men calle it Beaume where the wyn of beaume is. But to saye the sothe, syre Launcelot and his neuewes were lordes of alle Fraunce and of alle the landes that longed vnto Fraunce, he and his kynred reioyced it alle thurgh syr Laūcelots noble prowes. And thenne sir Launcelot stuffed & furnysshed and garnysshed alle his noble townes and castels. Thenne alle the peple of tho landes came to syr Launcelot on foote and handes, and soo whan he had stabled alle these countreyes, he shortly called a parlement, and there he crouned syr Lyonel kynge of Fraunce, and sire Bors crouned hym kynge of al kynge Claudas landes and sir Ector de marys, that was sir launcelot yongest broder, he crouned hym Kynge of Benwyk and kynge of alle Gyan that was sir launcelot owne land, and he made sir Ector prynce of them alle, & thus he departed. Thenne sir Launcelot auaunced alle his noble knyghtes, and fyrste he auaunced them of his blood, that was syr Blamor, he made hym duke of Lymosyn in gyan, and sir Bleoberys he made hym duke of poyters, and sir Gahalantyn he made hym duke of Querne, & sir Galyhodyn he maade hym duke of Sentonge, and sir Galyhud he made hym erle of perygot, and sir Menadeuke he made hym Erle of Roerge, and sire Vyllyars the valyaunt he made hym erle of Bearne, and syr Hebes le renoumes he made hym Erle of Comange, and syr

Lauayne he made hym Erle of Armynak, and sire Vrre he made hym erle of Estrake, and syr Neroneus he made hym Erle of pardyak, and sire Plenorius he maade Erle of foyse and sir Selyses of the dolorous toure he made hym erle of masauke, and sir Melyas de lyle he made hym Erle of Tursauk and sir Bellangere le bewse he made erle of the laundes, and sire Palomydes he made hym duke of the prouynce, and syre Safyr he made hym duke of Landok, and syr Clegys he gafe hym the erldome of Agente, and syr Sadok he gaf the Erldom of Surlat, and sir Dynas le Seneschal he made hym duke of Anioye, and sir Clarrus he made hym duke of Normandye. Thus syr launcelot rewarded his noble knyghtes, & many mo that me semeth it were to longe to reherce.

Capitulum xix.

So leue we syr Launcelot in his landes, and his noble knyghtes with hym, and retorne we ageyne vnto kynge Arthur and to syr Gawayne that made a grete hoost redy to the nombre of thre score thousand, and al thynge was made redy for their shyppyng to passe ouer the see, & soo they shypped at Cardyf, and there kynge Arthur made sir Mordred chyef ruler of alle Englond, and also he put quene Gueneuer vnder his gouernaunce by cause syr Mordred was kynge Arthurs sone he gaf hym the rule of his land and of his wyf, and soo the kynge passed the see and landed vpon syr launcelots landes, and there he brente and wasted thurgh the vengeaunce of syr gawayne al that they myghte ouer renne. Whan this word came to syr Launcelot that kyng Arthur and sir Gawayne were landed vpon his landes, & made a full grete destructyon and waste, thenne spake syr Bors & sayd my lord sir laūcelot it is shame that we suffre hem thus to ryde ouer our landes, for wete yow wel, suffre ye hem as longe as ye will, they wille doo yow no faueour, and they may handle yow. Thenne said sir Lyonel that was ware and wyse, My lord syr Launcelot I wyll gyue this counceylle, lete vs kepe oure stronge walled Townes vntyl they haue hongre & cold, and blowe on their nayles, and thenne lete vs fresshely sette vpon hem, and shrede hem doune as shepe in a felde, that Alyuants may take ensample for euer how they lande vpon oure landes. Thenne spak kynge Bagdemagus to syre Launcelot, syre your curtosy wyll shende vs alle, and thy curtosy hath waked alle this sorowe, for and they thus ouer our landes ryde, they shalle by processe brynge vs alle to noughte whyles we thus in holes vs hyde. Thenne sayd syre Galihud vnto sir Launcelot, syre here ben knyghtes come of kynges blood that wyl not longe droupe, & they are within these walles, therfor gyue vs leue lyke as we ben knyztes to mete them in the feld and we shalle slee them, that they shal curse the tyme that euer they came in to this countrey. Thenne spak seuen bretheren of north walys, and they were seuen noble knyghtes, a man myghte seke in seuen kynges landes or he myghte fynde suche seuen Knyghtes. Thenne they all said at ones, syr launcelot for crystes sake lete vs oute ryde with sir Galyhud, for we be neuer wonte to coure in castels nor in noble Townes. Thenne spak sir Launcelot that was mayster & gouernour of them alle, my fayre lordes wete yow wel I am full lothe to ryde oute with my knyghtes for shedynge of crysten blood and yet my landes I vnderstande ben full bare, for to susteyne ony hoost a whyle, for the myghty warres that whylome made kyng Clandas vpon this countrey vpon my fader kyng Ban & on myn vnkell Kyng Bors, how be it we will as at this tyme kepe oure strong walles, & I shalle sende a messager vnto my lord Arthur a treatyce for to take for better is pees than allwayes warre. So sir laūcelot sente forth a damoysell & a dwerfe with her, requyrynge Kynge Arthur to leue his warrynge vpon his landes, and so she sterte vpon a palfroy, and the dwerf ranne by her syde. And whan she cam to the pauelione of kynge Arthur, there she alyghte, and ther mette her a gentyl knyghte syr Lucan the butteler, & said, fair damoysel come ye from syr Launcelot du lake. ye syr she sayd, therfor I come hyder to speke with my lord the kynge. Allas said sir Lucan my lord Arthur wold loue launcelot, but sir Gawayne wyl not suffer hym. And thenne he sayd I praye to god damoysel ye may spede wel, for alle we that ben aboute the kynge wold sir launcelot dyd best of ony knyght lyuynge. And so with this lucan ledde the damoysel vnto the kynge where he sat with sir Gawayne, for to here what she wold saye. Soo whan she had told her tale, the water ranne out of the kynges eyen, and alle the lordes were ful glad for to aduyse the kynge as to be accorded with syr launcelot, sauf al only syre Gawayne, and he sayd my lord myn vnkel, what wyl ye doo. Wil ye now torne ageyne now ye are past thus fer vpon this journey, alle the world wylle speke of yow vylony. Nay sayd Arthur wete thou wel sir Gawayne I wylle doo as ye wil aduyse me, and yet me semeth sayd Arthur his fayre profers were not good to be refused, but sythen I am comen soo fer vpon this journey, I wil that ye gyue the damoysel her ansuer, for I maye not speke to her for pyte, for her profers ben so large.

Capitulum xx.

Thenne sir Gawayne sayd to the damoysel thus. Damoysel saye ye to sir launcelot that it is wast labour now to sewe to myn vnkel, for telle hym, and he wold haue made ony labour for pees, he shold haue made it or this tyme, for telle hym now it is to late, & saye that I syr Gawayn soo sende hym word, that I promyse hym by the feythe I owe vnto god and to knyghthode, I shal neuer leue hym, tyl he haue slayne me, or I hym. Soo the damoysel wepte & departed, and there were many wepyng eyen, and soo sir lucan broughte the damoysel to her palfroy, and soo she came to syr launcelot where he was among all his Knyghtes, & when syr launcelot had herd this ansuer, thenne the teres ranne doune by his chekes. And thenne his noble knyghtes strode aboute hym, and sayd sir launcelot, wherfor make ye suche chere, thynke what ye are, and what men we are, and lete vs noble knyghtes matche hem in myddes of the felde. that maye be lyghtely done sayd sir Launcelot, but I was neuer soo lothe to doo batail, and therfore I praye you fayre sirs as ye loue me be ruled as I wylle haue yow, for I wylle alweyes flee y^t noble kynge, that made me knyghte. And whan I may noo ferther, I muste nedes defende me, and that wyll be more worshyp for me and vs alle, than to compare with that noble kynge whome we haue alle serued. Thenne they helde theire langage, and as that nyghte they tooke their rest. And vpon the morne erly in the daunynge of the daye, as knyghtes loked oute, they sawe the Cyte of Benwyk byseged round aboute, and fast they beganne to sette vp ladders, and thenne they defyed hem oute of the Towne, and bete hem from the walles myghtely. Thenne came forth sire Gawayne wel armed vpon a styf stede, and he came before the chyef gate with his spere in his hande, cryenge, syr Launcelot where arte thow, is there none of you proude knyghtes dare breke a spere with me. Thenne sir Bors made hym redy, and came forth oute of the Towne, and there sir Gawayne encountred with syre Bors. And at that tyme he smote sire Bors doune from his hors, and al moost he had slayne hym, and soo sire Bors was rescowed and borne in to the Towne. Thenne came forth sir Lyonel broder to syr Bors, and thoughte to reuenge hym, and eyther feutryd their speres, and ranne to gyder, and there they mette spytefully, but sir Gawayn had suche grace that he smote sir Lyonel doune, and wounded hym there passynge sore, & thenne syr Lyonel was rescowed, and borne in to the towne. And this sir Gawayne came euery day, and he fayled not, but that he smote doune one knyghte or other. Soo thus they endured half a yere, and moche slauzter was of peple on both partyes. Thenne hit befelle vpon a day, syr Gawayne came afore the gates armed at alle pyeces on a noble hors with a grete spere in his hand, and thenne he cryed with a lowde voys, where arte thow now thou fals traytour syre Launcelot. Why hydest thow thy self within holes and walles lyke a coward, loke oute now thow fals traytour knyghte, and here I shal reuenge vpon thy body the dethe of my thre bretheren. Alle this langage herd sir launcelot euery dele and his kyn and his knyghtes drewe aboute hym, and alle they sayd at ones to sir Launcelot, Sir Launcelot now must ye defende yow lyke a knyghte, or els ye be shamed for euer, for now ye be called vpon treason, it is tyme for yow to stere, for ye haue slepte ouer longe and suffred ouer moche. Soo god me helpe sayd sire Launcelot I am ryghte heuy of sire Gawayns wordes, for now he charged me with a grete charge. And therfor I wote it as wel as ye that I muste defende me, or els to be recreaunt. Thenne syr launcelot badde sadel his strongest hors, and bad lete fetche his armes, and brynge alle vnto the gate of the Toure, and thenne sir Launcelot spak on hygh vnto kynge Arthur, and sayd my lord Arthur and noble kynge that made me knyghte, wete yow wel, I am ryghte heuy for your sake, that ye thus sewe vpon me, and alweyes I forbere yow, for and I wold haue ben vengeable, I myghte haue mette yow in myddes of the felde, and there to haue made your boldest knyghtes ful tame, and now I haue forborne half a yere, and suffred yow and sire Gawayne to doo what ye wold doo, and now I may endure it no lenger, for now muste I nedes defende my self, in soo moche syr Gawayne hath apeeled me of treason, the whiche is gretely ageynste my will that euer I shold fyghte ayenst ony of your blood, but now I maye not forsake hit, I am dryuen there to as a beste tyll a baye. Thenne sir Gawayne sayd sir Launcelot, and thou darst doo batail, leue thy babblynge, and come of, and lete vs ease our hertes. Thenne syr Launcelot armed hym lyghtely, & mounted vpon his hors, and eyther of the knyghtes gat grete speres in their handes, and the hooste withoute stood stylle all a parte, and the noble knyghtes came oute of the Cyte by a grete nombre, in so moche that whan Arthur sawe the nombre of men and knyghtes, he merueylled and sayd to hym self, Allas that euer sir launcelot was ageynst me, for now I see he hath forborne me, and so the couenaunt was made, there shold no man nyghe hem, nor dele with hem, tyl the one were dede or yelden.

Capitulum xxi.

THAN syr Gauwayn and syr Launcelot departed a grete waye in sonder, & than they cam to gyder with al their hors myght as they myght renne & eyther smote other in myddes of their sheldes, but the knyghtes were soo stronge & theyr sperys so bygge that their horses myzt not endure her buffettes, & so their horses fyl to therthe, & than they auoyded their horses & dressyd her sheldes afore them. Than they stode to gyders & gaf many sad strokes on dyuers places of theyr bodyes that the blood braste oute on many sydes and places. Thenne had Syr Gauwayn suche a grace and gyfte that an holy man had gyuen to hym that euery day in the yere from vnderne tyl hye none hys myght encreaced tho thre houres as moche as thryse hys strengthe, and that caused syr Gauwayn to wynne grete honour. And for hys sake kyng Arthur maad an ordenaunce that al maner of bataylles for ony quarellys that shold be done afore kyng Arthur shold begynne at vndern, & al was done for Syr Gawayns loue, that by lyklyhode yf Syr Gauwayn were on the one parte he shold haue the better in batayl whyle his strengthe endured thre houres, but there were but fewe knyghtes that tyme lyuyng that knewe this aduauntage that syr Gauwayn had, but kyng Arthur allonelye. Thus syr Launcelot faught with syr Gauwayn, & whan syr Launcelot felte hys myght euer more encreace, syr Launcelot wondred & dredde hym sore to be shamed. For as the frensshe book sayth Syr Launcelot wende whan he felte syr Gauwayn double his strengthe that he had ben a fende and none erthely man, wherfore Syr Launcelotte traced and trauersyd and couerd hym self wyth his shelde and kepte his myght and his brayde duryng thre houres. And that whyle Syr Gauwayn gaf hym many sadde bruntes. And many sadde strokes that al the knyghtes that behelde syr Launcelot meruaylled how that he myzt endure hym, but ful lytell vnderstood they that trauaylle that Syr Launcelot had for to endure hym. And thenne whan hit was paste none Syr Gauwayn had noo more but hys owne myght. Thenne syr Launcelot felte hym so come doun, than he stratched hym vp & stode nere syr Gauwayn, & sayd thus, my lord syr Gauwayn now I fele ye haue done, now my lord syr Gauwayn I must do my parte for many grete & greuous strokes I haue endured you this day with grete payne. Than sir Launcelot doubled his strokes & gaf sir Gauwayn suche a buffet on the helmet that he fyl doun on his syde, & syr Launcelot wythdrewe hym fro hym. Why withdrawest thou the sayd syr Gawayn now torne ageyn fals traytour knyght & slee me, for and thou leue me thus whan I am hole I shal do batayl wyth the ageyn. I shal endure you syr by goddes grace, but wyt thou wel syr Gauwayn I wyl neuer smyte a fellyd knyght, & so syr Launcelot wente in to the cyte, & syr Gauwayn was borne in to kyng arthurs pauyllyon, & leches were brought to hym & serched & salued with softe oynementes, & than syr Launcelot sayd now haue good day my lord the kyng for wyt you wel ye wynne no worshyp at this wallys, & yf I wold my knyghtes oute brynge ther shold many a man deye. Therfore my lord Arthur remembre you of olde kyndenes, & how euer I fare Jhesu be your gyde in al places.

Capitulum xxii.

Alas said the kynge that euer this vnhappy warre was begonne, for euer syr Launcelot forbereth me in al places, & in lyke wyse my kynne, & that is sene wel thys day by my neuew syr Gauwayn. Than kyng Arthur fyl seek for sorowe of syr Gauwayn that he was so sore hurt, and by cause of the warre betwyxt hym and syr Launcelot. So than they on kyng arthurs partye kepte the syege wyth lytel warre withoutforth, & they withinforth kepte theyr walles, & deffended them whan nede was. Thus syr Gauwayn laye seek thre wekes in his tentes wyth al maner of leche crafte that myzt be had, & assone as syr Gawayn myzt goo & ryde, he armyd hym at al poyntes & sterte vpon a courser and gate a spere in his hande, and so he came rydyng afore the chyef gate of barwyk, and there he cryed on heyght where art thou sir Launcelot come forth thou fals traytour knyzt & recreante for I am here sir Gauwayn wyl preue this that I say on the. Alle thys langage sir Launcelot herde, & than he sayd thus, sir Gawayn me repentys of your foule sayeng that ye wyll not sease of your langage for you wote wel Syr Gawayn I knowe your myght and alle that ye may doo. And wel ye wote syr Gauwayn ye may not gretelye hurte me. Come doune traytour knyght sayd he & make it good the contrarye wyth thy handes. For it myshapped me the laste bataylle to be hurte of thy handes. Therfore wyte thou wel I am come thys day to make amendys. For I wene thys day to laye the as lowe as thou laydest me. Jhesu deffende me sayd syr Launcelot that euer I be so ferre in your daunger as ye haue ben in myn, for than my dayes were doon. But syr Gauwayn sayd syr Launcelot ye shal not thynke that I tary longe, but sythen that ye so vnknyghtelye calle me of treson ye shalle haue bothe your handes ful of me. And than syr Launcelot armed hym at al poyntes and mounted vpon his hors, and gate a grete spere in hys hande and rode oute at the gate. And bothe the hoostes were assembled, of hem wythoute and of them wythin, & stode in a raye ful manlye. And bothe partyes were charged to holde them stylle, to see and beholde the bataylle of these ii noble knyghtes. And thenne they layed their speerys in their reystys and they came to gyder as thondre, and syr Gawayn brake his spere vpon syr Launcelot in an hondred pyeces vnto his hande, & syr Launcelot smote hym wyth a gretter myght that syr Gauwayns hors fete reysed, and so the hors and he fyl to the erthe. Thenne syr Gauwayn delyuerlye auoyded his hors and put his shelde afore hym, and eygyrlye drewe his swerde and bad Syr Launcelot alyghte traytoure knyght, for yf thys marys sone hath faylled me, wyt thou wel a kynges sone and a quenes sone shal not faylle the.

Than syr Launcelot auoyded his hors & dressyd his shelde afore hym and drewe hys swerde and soo stode they to gyders and gaf many sad strokes that all men on bothe partyes had therof passyng grete wonder. But whan syr Launcelot felte Syr Gawayns myght soo meruayllously encrees, He than wyth helde his courage and his wynde, & kepte hym self wonder couert of his myght, and vnder his shelde he trasyd and trauersyd here & there to breke syr Gauwayns strokes & his courage, and syr Gauwayn enforced hym self with al his myght and power to destroye syr Launcelot for as the frensshe book sayth, Euer as Syr Gawayns myght encreased Ryght soo encreasyd his wynde and hys euyl wylle. Thus syr Gawayne dyd grete payne vnto Syr Launcelot thre houres that he had ryght grete payne for to deffende hym. And whan the thre houres were passyd that syr Launcelot felte that syr Gawayn was comen to hys owne propre strengthe, Thenne Syr Launcelot sayd vnto syr Gawayn now haue I prouyd you twyse, That ye are a ful daungerous knyght and a wonderful man of your myght, and many wonderful dedes haue you doon in your dayes. For by your myght encresyng you haue dysseyued many a ful noble and valyaunte knyght. And now I fele that ye haue doon your myghty dedes. Now wyte you wel I must do my dedys. And thenne Syr Launcelot stode nerre syr Gauwayn, and thenne syr Launcelot doubled hys strokes. And syr Gauwayn deffended hym myghtelye. But neuerthelesse syr Launcelot smote suche a stroke vpon sir Gauwayns helme, and vpon the olde wounde that syr Gauwayn synked doun vpon hys one syde in a swounde. And anone as he dyd awake he wauyd and foyned at syr Launcelot as he laye, and sayd traytour knyght wyt thou wel I am not yet slayn. Come thou nere me and perfourme thys bataylle vnto the vttermyst. I wyl no more doo than I haue doon sayd syr Launcelot. For whan I see you on fote I wyll doo bataylle vpon you alle the whyle I see you stande on your feet. But for to smyte a wounded man that may not stonde god deffende me from suche a shame, and thenne he tourned hym and wente his waye toward the cytee. And syr Gauwayn euermore callyng hym traytour knyght, and sayd wyt thou wel syr launcelot whan I am hoole I shal doo batayylle wyth the ageyn. For I shal neuer leue the tyl that one of vs be slayn. Thus as thys syege endured & as syr Gauwayn laye seek nere a monthe, and whan he was wel recouerd and redy wythin thre dayes to do bataylle ageyn wyth syr Launcelot, Ryght so came tydynges vnto Arthur from Englond that made kyng Arthur and al his hoost to remeue.

Here foloweth the xxi book.

Capitulum primo.

S syr Mordred was rular of alle englond he dyd do make letters as though that they came from beyonde the see, and the letters specefyed that Kynge Arthur was slayn in bataylle wyth syr Launcelot. Wherfore Syr Mordred made a parlemente, and called the lordes togyder, & there he made them to chese hym kyng & soo was he crowned at caunterburye and helde a feest there xv dayes, & afterward he drewe hym vnto Wynchester, and there he took the Quene Gueneuer and sayd playnly that he wolde wedde hyr, whyche was his vnkyls wyf and his faders wyf. And soo he made redy for the feest. And a day prefyxt that they shold be wedded, wherfore quene Gweneuer was passyng heuy. But she durst not dyscouer hyr herte but spake fayre, & agreyd to syr Mordreds wylle. Thenne she desyred of syr Mordred for to goo to London to bye alle manere of thynges that longed vnto the weddyng. And by cause of hyr fayre speche Syr Mordred trusted hyr wel ynough, and gaf hyr leue to goo. And soo whan she came to London she took the toure of London, and sodeynlye in alle haste possyble she stuffed hyt wyth alle manere of vytaylle, & wel garnysshed it with men and soo kepte hyt. Than whan Syr Mordred wyste and vnderstode how he was begyled he was passyng wrothe oute of mesure. And a shorte tale for to make he wente and layed a myghty syege aboute the toure of London, and made many grete assaultes therat. And threwe many grete engynes vnto theym, and shotte grete gonnes. But alle myght not preuaylle Syr mordred, For quene Gueneuer wolde neuer for fayre speche nor for foule wold neuer truste to come in hys handes ageyn. Thenne came the bysshop of caunterburye the whyche was a noble clerke and an holy man, and thus he sayd to Syr mordred, Syr what wyl ye doo, wyl ye fyrst dysplese god and sythen shame your self, & al knyghthode. Is not kyng Arthur your vncle no ferther but your moders broder, & on hir hym self kyng Arthur bygate you vpon his own syster, therfor how may you wedde your faders wyf. Syr sayd the noble clerke leue this oppynyon or I shall curse you wyth book & belle and candell. Do thou thy werst said syr Mordred wyt thou wel I shal defye the, sir sayd the bysshop & wyt you wel I shal not fere me to do that me ouzt to do, also where ye noyse where my lord Arthur is slayne, & that is not so, & therfore ye wyl make a foule werke in this londe. Pees thou fals preest sayd syr Mordred for & thou chauffe me ony more, I shal make stryke of thy heed. So the bysshop departed and dyd the cursyng in the moost orgulist wyse that myght be doon. And than Syr mordred sought the bysshop of caunterburye for to haue slayne hym. Than the bysshop fledde and toke parte of his goodes with hym & went nygh vnto glastynburye, & there he was as preest Eremyte in a chapel, & lyued in pouerte & in holy prayers. For wel he vnderstode that myscheuous warre was at honde. Than Syr Mordred sought on quene Gueneuer by letters & sondes & by fayr meanys & foul meanys for to haue hir to come oute of the toure of london, but al this auaylled not, for she answerd hym shortelye, openlye and pryuelye that she had leuer slee hyr self than to be maryed wyth hym. Than came worde to syr Mordred that kyng Arthur had araysed the syege. For Syr Launcelot & he was comyng homeward wyth a grete hoost to be auenged vpon syr Mordred wherfore syr Mordred maad wryte wryttes to al the barownry of thys londe and moche peple drewe to hym. For than was the comyn voys emonge them that wyth Arthur was none other lyf but warre and stryffe. And wyth Syr Mordred was grete joye and blysse. Thus was syr Arthur depraued and euyl sayd of. And many ther were that kyng Arthur had made vp of nought and gyuen them landes myght not than say hym a good worde. Lo ye al englissh men see ye not what a myschyef here was, for he that was the moost kyng and knyght of the world and moost loued the felyshyp of noble knyghtes, and by hym they were al vpholden. Now myght not this englyssh men holde them contente wyth hym. Loo thus was the olde custome and vsage of this londe. And also men saye that we of thys londe haue not yet loste ne foryeten that custome & vsage. Alas thys is a grete defaulte of vs englysshe men. For there may no thynge plese vs noo terme. And soo faryd the people at that tyme they were better plesyd with sir Mordred than they were with kyng Arthur, and moche peple drewe vnto sir Mordred and sayd they wold abyde with hym for better and for werse, and soo syr Mordred drewe with a grete hoost to Douer, for there he herd saye, that sir Arthur wold arryue, and soo he thoughte to bete his owne fader from his landes, and the moost party of alle Englond helde with sire mordred, the people were soo newe fangle.

Capitulum ii.

And soo as sire mordred was at Douer with his host there came kyng Arthur with a grete nauye of shyppes and galeyes and Carryks, & there was syr Mordred redy awaytynge vpon his londage to lette his owne fader to lãde vpon the lande that he was kyng ouer, thenne there was launcynge of grete botes and smal, and ful of noble men of armes, and there was moche slaughter of gentyl knyghtes and many a full bolde baron was layd ful lowe on bothe partyes. But kynge Arthur was soo couragyous that there myght no maner of knyghtes lette hym to lande, and his knyghtes fyersly folowed hym, and so they landed maulgre sir mordreds and alle his power, and put sir mordred abak that he fledde & alle his peple. Soo whan this batail was done, kyng Arthur lete burye his peple that were dede. And thenne was noble syr Gawayne fonde in a grete bote lyenge more than half dede. Whan syr Arthur wyst that syre Gawayne was layd so lowe he wente vnto hym, and there the kyng made sorowe oute of mesure, and took sire Gawayne in his armes, and thryes he there swouned. And thenne whan he awaked, he sayd, allas sir Gawayne my systers sone, here now thow lyggest the man in the world that I loued moost, and now is my joye gone, for now my neuewe syre Gawayne I will discouer me vnto your persone, in syr Launcelot & you I moost had my joye, & myn affyaunce, & now haue I lost my joye of you bothe, wherfor alle myn erthely joye is gone from me. Myn vnkel kyng Arthur said sir Gawayn wete you wel my deth day is come, & alle is thorou myn owne hastynes & wilfulnes, for I am smyten vpon thold wounde the which sir launcelot gaf me, on the whiche I fele wel I must dye, & had sir laũcelot ben with you as he was, this vnhappy werre had neuer begonne, & of alle this am I causer, for sir laũcelot & his blood thorou their prowes helde alle your cankeryd enemyes in subiectyon and daungere. And now sayd sir Gawayne ye shalle mysse sir Launcelot. But allas I wold not accorde with hym, and therfor sayd syr Gawayne I praye yow fayre vnkel that I may haue paper, pen, and ynke, that I may wryte to syre Launcelot a cedle with myn owne handes. And thenne whan paper & ynke was broughte, thenne Gawayn was set vp weykely by kynge Arthur, for he was shryuen a lytel to fore, and thenne he wrote thus as the Frensshe book maketh mencyon. Vnto syre Launcelot floure of alle noble knyghtes that euer I herd of, or sawe, by my dayes, I syre Gawayne kynge Lottes sone of Orkeney, syster sone vnto the noble kyng Arthur, sende the gretynge, & lete the haue knowleche that the tenth day of may I was smyten vpon the old wound that thou gauest me, afore the Cyte of Benwyck, and thorow the same woũd that thou gauest me, I am come to my dethe day. And I wil that alle the world wete, that I sir Gawayne knyghte of the table round, soughte my dethe, and not thorou thy deseruynge, but it was myn owne sekynge, wherfor I byseche the sir launcelot, to retorne ageyne vnto this realme, and see my tombe, & praye some prayer more or lesse for my soule. And this same day that I wrote this sedyl, I was hurte to the dethe in the same wound, the whiche I had of thy hand syr Launcelot. For of a more nobler man myghte I not be slayne. Also sir Launcelot for alle the loue that euer was betwyxe vs, make no taryenge, but come ouer the see in al haste, that thow mayst with thy noble knyghtes rescowe that noble kynge that made the knyghte, that is my lord Arthur, for he is ful streyghtly bestadde with a fals traytour, that is my half broder syr Mordred, and he hath lete croune hym kynge, and wold haue wedded my lady quene Gueneuer, and soo had he done had she not put her self in the toure of london. And soo the .x. day of May last past, my lord Arthur and we alle landed vpon them at douer, and there we putte that fals traytour syre Mordred to flyghte, and there it mysfortuned me to be stryken vpon thy stroke. And at the date of this letter was wryten but two houres and an half afore my dethe wryten with myn owne hand, and soo subscrybed with parte of my hertes blood. And I requyre the moost famous knyghte of the world that thou wylt see my Tombe, and thenne sir Gawayne wept and kynge Arthur wepte, And thēne they swouned both. And whan they awaked bothe, the kynge made syr Gawayn to receyue his saueour. And thenne sir Gawayne praid the kynge for to sende for sir launcelot, and to cherysshe hym aboue alle other knyghtes. And so at the houre of none syr Gawayn yelded vp the spyryte, and thenne the kynge lete entiere hym in a chappel within douer Castel, and there yet alle men maye see the sculle of hym, and the same wound is sene that syr Launcelot gaf hym in bataill. Thenne was it told the kynge that syr Mordred had pyghte a newe feld vpon Baramdoune. And vpon the morne the kynge rode thyder to hym and there was a grete bataille betwixe them, and moche peple was slayne on bothe partyes, but at the last syr Arthurs party stode best, and sir Mordred and his party fledde vnto Caũturbery.

Capitulum iii.

And thenne the kyng lete serche all the townes for his knyghtes that were slayne, and enteryd them, & salued them with softe salues that so sore were wounded. Thenne moche peple drewe vnto kynge Arthur. And thenne they sayd that sir Mordred warred vpon kyng Arthur with wronge, and thenne kynge Arthur drewe hym with his hoost doune by the see syde westward toward Salysbury, and ther was a day assygned betwixe kyng Arthur and sire mordred that they shold mete vpon a doune besyde Salysbury, and not ferre from the see syde, and this day was assygned on a monday after Trynyte sonday, wherof kyng Arthur was passyng glad that he myghte be auengyd vpon sire Mordred. Thenne syr Mordred areysed moche peple aboute london, for they of Kente, Southsex and Surrey, Estsex and of Southfolke and of Northfolk helde the most party with sir Mordred, and many a ful noble knyghte drewe vnto syr Mordred and to the kynge, but they loued sir Launcelot drewe vnto syr Mordred. Soo vpon Trynyte sonday at nyghte kynge Arthur dremed a wonderful dreme, & that was this, that hym semed, he satte vpon a chaflet in a chayer, and the chayer was fast to a whele and therupon satte kynge Arthur in the rychest clothe of gold that myghte be made, and the kyng thoughte ther was vnder hym fer from hym an hydous depe blak water, and there in were alle maner of serpentes and wormes and wylde bestes foule and horryble, and sodenly the kynge thoughte the whele torned vp soo doune, and he felle amonge the serpentys, & euery beest took hym by a lymme, and thenne the kynge cryed as he lay in his bedde and slepte, helpe. And thenne knyghtes squyers and yomen awaked the kynge, and thenne he was soo amased that he wyst not where he was, & thenne he felle on slomberynge ageyn not slepynge nor thorouly wakynge. So the kynge semed veryly that there came syr Gawayne vnto hym with a nombre of fayre ladyes with hym.

And whan kynge Arthur sawe hym, thenne he sayd welcome my systers sone, I wende thou haddest ben dede, and now I see the on lyue, moche am I beholdynge vnto almyghty Jhesu. O fayre neuewe and my systers sone, what ben these ladyes that hydder be come with yow. Sir said sir Gawayne, alle these ben ladyes for whome I haue foughten whanne I was man lyuynge, and alle these are tho, that I dyd batail for in ryghteuous quarel, and god hath gyuen hem that grace at their grete prayer, by cause I dyd bataille for hem, that they shold brynge me hydder vnto yow, thus moche hath god gyuen me leue for to warne yow of youre dethe, for and ye fyghte as to morne with syre Mordred, as ye bothe haue assygned, doubte ye not, ye must be slayne, and the moost party of your peple on bothe partyes, and for the grete grace and goodenes that almyghty Jhesu hath vnto yow and for pyte of yow, and many moo other good men there shalle be slayne, God hath sente me to yow of his specyal grace to gyue yow warnynge, that in no wyse ye do bataille as to morne, but that ye take a treatyce for a moneth day and profer yow largely, so as to morne to be putte in a delaye. For within a monethe shalle come syr launcelot with alle his noble knyghtes and rescowe yow worshipfully, and slee sir mordred and alle that euer wylle holde with hym. Thenne syr Gawayne and al the ladyes vaynuysshed. And anone the kyng callyd vpon hys knyghtes squyres and yemen and charged them wyghtly to fetche his noble lordes and wyse bysshoppes vnto hym. And whan they were come the kyng tolde hem his auysyon what sir Gawayn had tolde hym, and warned hym that yf he faught on the morne he shold be slayn. Than the kyng comaunded syr Lucan de butlere And his broder syr Bedwere with two bysshoppes wyth hem and charged theym in ony wyse & they myght take a traytyse for a monthe day wyth Syr mordred. And spare not, proffre hym londes & goodes as moche as ye thynke best. So than they departed & came to syr Mordred where he had a grymme hoost of an hondred thousand men. And there they entreted syr Mordred longe tyme and at the laste Syr mordred was agreyd for to haue Cornwayl and kente by Arthures dayes After alle Englond after the dayes of kyng Arthur.

Capitulum iiii.

THAN were they condesended that Kyng Arthur and syr mordred shold mete betwyxte bothe theyr hoostes and eueryche of them shold brynge fourtene persones. And they came wyth thys word vnto Arthure. Than sayd he I am glad that thys is done. And so he wente in to the felde. And whan Arthure shold departe he warned al hys hoost that and they see ony swerde drawen look ye come on fyersly and slee that traytour syr Mordred for I in noo wyse truste hym. In lyke wyse syr mordred warned his hoost that and ye see ony swerde drawen look that ye come on fyersly & soo slee alle that euer before you stondeth, for in no wyse I wyl not truste for thys treatyse. For I knowe wel my fader wyl be auenged on me. And soo they mette as theyr poyntemente was & so they were agreyd & accorded thorouly. And wyn was fette and they dranke. Ryght soo came an adder oute of a lytel hethe busshe & hyt stonge a knyght on the foot, & whan the knyght felte hym stongen he looked doun and sawe the adder, & than he drewe his swerde to slee the adder, & thought of none other harme. And whan the hoost on bothe partyes saw that swerde drawen than they blewe beamous, trumpettes and hornes and shouted grymly. And so bothe hoostes dressyd hem to gyders. And kyng Arthur took his hors and sayd allas thys vnhappy day & so rode to his partye. And syr mordred in like wyse. And neuer was there seen a more doolfuller bataylle in no crysten londe. For there was but russhyng & rydyng, fewnyng and strykyng & many a grymme worde was there spoken eyder to other & many a dedely stroke. But euer kyng Arthur rode thorugh oute the bataylle of syr Mordred many tymes, & dyd ful nobly as a noble Kyng shold, & at al tymes he faynted neuer & syr Mordred that day put hym in deuoyr and in grete perylle. And thus they faughte alle the longe day & neuer stynted tyl the noble knyghtes were layed to the colde erthe, & euer they faught stylle tyl it was nere nyghte & by that tyme was there an hondred thousand layed deed vpon the down. Thenne was Arthure wode wrothe oute of mesure whan he sawe his peple so slayn from hym. Thenne the kyng loked aboute hym, & thenne was he ware of al hys hoost & of al his good knyghtes were lefte no moo on lyue but two knyghtes, that one was Syr Lucan de butlere & his broder Syr Bedwere. And they were ful sore wounded. Jhesu mercy sayd the kyng where are al my noble knyghtes becomen. Allas that euer I shold see thys dolefull day, for now sayd Arthur I am come to myn ende. But wolde to god that I wyste where were that traytour Syr mordred that hath caused alle thys myschyef. Thenne was kyng arthure ware where syr Mordred lenyd vpon his swerde emonge a grete hepe of deed men. Now gyue me my spere sayd Arthur vnto Syr Lucan. For yonder I haue espyed the traytour that alle thys woo hath wrought. Syr lete hym be sayd Syr Lucan for he is vnhappy. And yf ye passe thys vnhappy day ye shalle be ryght wel reuengyd vpon hym. Good lord remembre ye of your nyghtes dreme, & what the spyryte of Syr Gauwayn tolde you this nyght, yet god of his grete goodnes hath preserued you hyderto. Therfore for goddes sake my lord leue of by thys, for blessyd by god ye haue wonne the felde. For here we ben thre on lyue, and wyth syr Mordred is none on lyue. And yf ye leue of now thys wycked day of desteynye is paste. Tyde me deth betyde me lyf sayth the kyng now I see hym yonder allone he shal neuer escape myn handes. For at a better auaylle shal I neuer haue hym. God spede you wel sayd syr bedwere. Thenne the kyng gate hys spere in bothe his handes & ranne toward syr Mordred cryeng traytour now is thy deth day come. And whan syr Mordred herde syr Arthur he ranne vntyl hym with his swerde drawen in his hande. And there kyng Arthur smote syr mordred vnder the shelde wyth a foyne of his spere thorughoute the body more than a fadom. And whan syr Mordred felte that he had hys dethes wounde, He thryst hym self wyth the myght that he had vp to the bur of kyng Arthurs spere. And right so he smote his fader Arthur wyth his swerde holden in bothe his handes on the syde of the heed that the swerde persyd the helmet and the brayne panne, and ther wyth all syr Mordred fyl starke deed to the erthe. And the nobyl Arthur fyl in a swoune to the erthe, and there he swouned ofte tymes. And syr Lucan de butlere and syr Bedwere oftymes heue hym vp. And soo waykely they ledde hym betwyxte them bothe to a lytel chapel not ferre from the see syde. And whan the kyng was there he thought hym wel eased.

Thenne herde they people crye in the felde. Now goo thou syr Lucan sayd the kyng and do me to wyte what bytokenes that noyse in the felde. So syr Lucan departed for he was greuously wounded in many places. And so as he yede he sawe and herkened by the mone lyght how that pyllars and robbers were comen in to the felde to pylle and to robbe many a ful noble knyghte of brochys and bedys, of many a good rynge & of many a ryche jewel, and who that were not deed al oute, there they slewe theym for theyr harneys and theyr rychesse. Whan syr Lucan vnderstode thys werke he came to the kyng assone as he myght and tolde hym al what he had herde & seen. Therfore be my rede sayd syr Lucan it is beste that we brynge you to somme towne, I wolde it were soo sayd the kyng.

Capitulum v.

But I may not stonde myn hede werches soo. A Syr Launcelot sayd kyng Arthur thys day haue I sore myst the. Alas that euer I was ayenst the, for now haue I my dethe. Wherof syr Gauwayn me warned in my dreme. Than syr lucan took vp the kyng the one parte And Syr Bedwere the other parte, & in the lyftyng the kyng sowned and syr Lucan fyl in a sowne wyth the lyfte that the parte of his guttes fyl oute of his bodye. And therwyth the noble knyghtes herte braste. And whan the kyng awoke he behelde syr Lucan how he laye foomyng at the mowth & parte of his guttes laye at his feet. Alas sayd the kyng thys is to me a ful heuy syght to see thys noble duke soo deye for my sake, for he wold haue holpen me that had more nede of helpe than I. Alas he wold not complayne hym, hys herte was so sette to helpe me. Now Jhesu haue mercy vpon hys soule. than syr bedwere wepte for the deth of his brother. leue thys mornyng & wepyng sayd the kyng for al this wyl not auaylle me, for wyte thou wel and I myght lyue my self, the deth of syr Lucan wolde greue me euer more, but my tyme hyeth fast sayd the kyng. Therfore sayd Arthur vnto syr Bedwere, take thou Excalybur my good swerde and goo with it to yonder water syde, and whan thou comest there I charge the throwe my swerde in that water.

& come ageyn and telle me what thou there seest. My lord said Bedwere your commaundement shal be doon & lyghtly brynge you worde ageyn. So syr Bedwere departed, & by the waye he behelde that noble swerde that the pomel & the hafte was al of precyous stones, & thenne he sayd to hym self yf I throwe this ryche swerde in the water therof shal neuer come good but harme & losse. And thenne syr bedwere hydde excalybur vnder a tree. And so as sone as he myght he came ageyn vnto the kyng and sayd he had ben at the water and had throwen the swerde in to the water. What sawe thou there sayd the kyng, syr he sayd I sawe no thynge but wawes and wyndes. That is vntrewly sayd of the sayd the kynge. Therfore goo thou lyghtelye ageyn and do my commaundemente as thou arte to me leef & dere spare not but throwe it in. Than syr bedwere retorned ageyn & took the swerde in hys hande, and than hym thought synne and shame to throwe awaye that nobyl swerde, and so efte he hydde the swerde and retorned ageyn and tolde to the kyng that he had ben at the water and done his commaundemente. What sawe thou there sayd the kyng. Syr he sayd I sawe no thynge but the waters wappe and wawes wanne. A traytour vntrewe sayd kyng Arthur now hast thou betrayed me twyse. Who wold haue wente that thou that hast been to me so leef and dere and thou arte named a noble knyghte and wold betraye me for the richesse of the swerde. But now goo ageyn lyghtly for thy longe taryeng putteth me in grete jeopardye of my lyf. For I haue taken colde, and but yf thou do now as I byd the, yf euer I may see the I shal slee the (wyth) myn owne handes, for thou woldest for my ryche swerde see me dede. Thenne Syr Bedwere departed and wente to the swerde and lyghtly took hit up, and wente to the water syde and there he bounde the gyrdyl aboute the hyltes, and thenne he threwe the swerde as farre in to the water as he myght, & there cam an arme and an hande aboue the water and mette it, & caught it and so shoke it thryse and braundysshed, and than vanysshed awaye the hande wyth the swerde in the water. So syr Bedwere came ageyn to the kyng and tolde hym what he sawe. Alas sayd the kyng helpe me hens for I drede me I haue taryed ouer longe. Than syr Bedwere toke the kyng vpon his backe and so wente wyth hym to that water syde, & whan they were at the water syde, euyn fast by the banke houed a lytyl barge wyth many fayr ladyes in hit, & emonge hem al was a quene, and al they had blacke hoodes, and al they wepte and shryked whan they sawe Kyng Arthur.

Now put me in to the barge, sayd the kyng and so he dyd softelye. And there receyued hym thre quenes wyth grete mornyng and soo they sette hem doun, and in one of their lappes kyng Arthur layed hys heed, and than that quene sayd, a dere broder why haue ye taryed so longe from me. Alas this wounde on your heed hath caught ouermoche colde. And soo than they rowed from the londe, and syr bedwere behelde all tho ladyes goo from hym. Than syr bedwere cryed a my lord Arthur what shal become of me now ye goo from me. And leue me here allone emonge myn enemyes. Comfort thy self sayd the kyng and doo as wel as thou mayst, for in me is no truste for to truste in. For I wyl in to the vale of auylyon to hele me of my greuous wounde. And yf thou here neuer more of me praye for my soule, but euer the quenes and ladyes wepte and shryched that hit was pyte to here. And assone as syr Bedwere had loste the syght of the baarge he wepte and waylled and so took the foreste, and so he wente al that nyght, and in the mornyng he was ware betwixte two holtes hore of a chapel and an ermytage.

Capitulum vi.

Than was syr Bedware glad and thyder he wente & whan he came in to the chapel he sawe where laye an heremyte grouelyng on al foure there fast by a tombe was newe grauen. Whan the Eremyte sawe syr Bedwere he knewe hym wel, for he was but lytel tofore bysshop of caunterburye that syr Mordred flemed. Syr sayd Syr Bedwere what man is there enterd that ye praye so fast fore. Fayr sone sayd the heremyte I wote not verayly but by demyng. But thys nyght at mydnyght here came a nombre of ladyes, and broughte hyder a deed cors, and prayed me to berye hym, and here they offeryd an hondred tapers and they gaf me an hondred besauntes. Alas sayd syr bedwere that was my lord kyng Arthur that here lyeth buryed in thys chapel. Than syr bedwere swouned and whan he awoke he prayed the heremyte he myght abyde wyth hym stylle there, to lyue wyth fastyng and prayers. For from hens wyl I neuer goo sayd syr bedwere by my wylle but al the dayes of my lyf here to praye for my lord Arthur. Ye are welcome to me sayd the heremyte for I knowe you better than ye wene that I doo. Ye are the bolde bedwere and the ful noble duke Syr Lucan de butlere was your broder. Thenne syr Bedwere tolde the heremyte alle as ye haue herde tofore. so there bode syr bedwere with the hermyte that was tofore bysshop of Caunterburye, and there syr bedwere put vpon hym poure clothes, and seruyd the hermyte ful lowly in fastyng and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I fynde neuer more wryton in bookes that ben auctorysed nor more of the veray certente of his deth herde I neuer redde, but thus was he ledde aweye in a shyppe wherin were thre quenes, that one was kyng Arthurs syster quene Morgan le fay, the other was the quene of North galys, the thyrd was the quene of the waste londes. Also there was Nynyue the chyef lady of the lake, that had wedded Pelleas the good knyght and this lady had doon moche for kyng Arthur, for she wold neuer suffre syr Pelleas to be in noo place where he shold be in daunger of his lyf, & so he lyued to the vttermest of his dayes wyth hyr in grete reste. More of the deth of kyng Arthur coude I neuer fynde but that ladyes brought hym to his buryellys, & suche one was buryed there that the hermyte bare wytnesse that somtyme was bysshop of caunterburye, but yet the heremyte knewe not in certayn that he was verayly the body of kyng Arthur, for thys tale syr Bedwer knyght of the table rounde made it to be wryton.

Capitulum vii.

YET somme men say in many partyes of Englond that kyng Arthur is not deed. But had by the wylle of our lord Jhesu in to another place, and men say that he shal come ageyn & he shal wynne the holy crorse. I wyl not say it shal be so, but rather I wyl say here in thys world he chaunged his lyf, but many men say that there is wryton vpon his tombe this vers. Hic iacet Arthurus Rex, quondam Rex que futurus.

Thus leue I here syr Bedwere with the hermyte that dwellyd that tyme in a chapel besyde glastynburye & there was his ermytage, & so they lyuyd in theyr prayers & fastynges & grete abstynence, and whan quene Gueneuer vnderstood that kyng Arthur was slayn & al the noble knyztes syr Mordred & al the remenaunte, Than the quene stale aweye & v ladyes wyth hyr, and soo she wente to almesburye, & there she let make hir self a Nonne, & ware whyte clothes & blacke & grete penaunce she toke as euer dyd synful lady in thys londe, & neuer creature coude make hyr mery, but lyued in fastyng, prayers and almes dedes, that al maner of peple meruaylled how vertuously she was chaunged. Now leue we quene Gueneuer in Almesburye a nonne in whyte clothes & blacke and there she was abbesse and rular as reason wolde, and torne we from hyr, and speke we of Syr Launcelot du lake.

Capitulum viii.

And whan he herde in his contreye that Syr Mordred was crowned kyng in Englond and maad warre ayenst kyng Arthur his owne fader, and wolde lette hym to lande in hys owne londe. Also it was tolde Syr Launcelot how that syr Mordred had layed syege aboute the toure of london by cause the quene wold not wedde hym. Than was syr Launcelot wroth oute of mesure and sayd to his kynnesmen alas that double traytour syr Mordred now me repenteth that euer he escaped my handes, for moche shame hath he done vnto my lord Arthur for alle I fele by the doleful letter that My lord syr Gauwayn sente me, on whos soule Jhū haue mercy, that my lord Arthur is ful harde bestadde. Alas sayd syr Launcelot that euer I shold lyue to here that moost noble kyng that maad me knyght thus to be ouersette wyth his subiecte in his owne royame. And this doleful letter that my lord syr Gauwayn hath sente me afore his deth, prayeng me to see his tombe. Wyt you wel his doleful wordes shal neuer goo from myn herte. For he was a ful noble knyght as euer was borne, and in an vnhappy houre was I borne that euer I shold haue that vnhappe to slee fyrst syr Gauwayn, syr Gaheris the good knyght and myn owne frende syr Gareth that ful noble knyght. Alas I may say I am vnhappy sayd Syr Launcelot that euer I shold do thus vnhappely, and alas yet myght I neuer haue happe to slee that traytour syr Mordred. Leue your complayntes sayd syr Bors & fyrst reuenge you of the deth of syr Gauwayn, & hit wyl be wel done that ye see syr Gauwayns tombe, & secondly that ye reuenge my lord Arthur and my lady quene Gueneuer. I thanke you sayd Syr Launcelot for euer ye wyl my worshyp. Than they made them redy in al the haste that myzt be with shyppes & galeyes wyth syr Launcelot & his hoost to passe in to englond, & so he passyd ouer the see tyl he came to douer & there he landed wyth seuen kynges, & the nombre was hydous to beholde. Than syr Launcelot spyrred of men of douer where was kyng Arthur become. Than the peple tolde hym how that he was slayn. And Syr Mordred & an .C. thousand deyed on a day, & how sir Mordred gaf kyng Arthur there the fyrste bataylle at his landyng & there was good syr Gawayn slayn, & on the morne syr Mordred faught with the kyng vpon baram doun, & there the kyng put syr mordred to the wers. Alas said syr Launcelot this is the heuyest tydynges that euer cam to me. Now fayr syrs sayd syr Launcelot shewe me the tombe of syr Gawayn, & than certeyn peple of the towne brouzt hym in to the castel of douer & shewed hym the tombe. Than syr Launcelot knelyd doun and wepte & prayed hertelye for his soule, & that nyght he made a dole, & al they that wold come had as moche flesshe, fysshe, wyn & aale, & euery man & woman had xii pens come who wold. Thus with his owne hande dalte he this money in a moornyng gowne, & euer he wepte, & prayed hem to praye for the sowle of syr Gawayn, & on the morne al the preestys and clerkys that myght be goten in the contrey^{e} were there & sange masse of requyem & there offeryd fyrst syr Launcelot, & he offred an ..C. pounde, & than the seuen kynges offeryd fourty pounde a pees, & also there was a .M. knyghtes, & eche of hem offred a pounde, & the offeryng dured fro morne tyl nyght, & syr Launcelot laye two nyghtes on his tombe in prayers and wepyng. Than on the thyrd day syr Launcelot callyd the kynges, dukes, erles, barons, & knyghtes & sayd thus. My fayr lordes I thāke you al of your comyng in to this contreye with me, but we came to late & that shal repente me whyle I lyue, but ayenst deth may no man rebelle. But sythen it is so sayd sir Launcelot I wyl my self ryde & seke my lady quene gueneuer, for as I here say she hath had grete payne & moche dysease, & I haue herd say that she is fledde in to the weste, therfore ye al shal abyde me here, & but yf I come ageyn wythin xv dayes, than take your shyppes & your felawshyp & departe in to your contraye for I wyl do as I say to you.

Capitulum ix.

THAN came syr Bors de ganys and sayd, my lorde syr Launcelot what thynke ye for to do, now to ryde in thys royame wyt you wel ye shal fynde fewe frendes, be as be may sayd Syr Launcelot, kepe you styl here, for I wyl forth on my journey, and neyther man nor chyld shal go with me. So it was no bote to stryue, but he departed and rode westerly & there he sought a vii or viii dayes, & atte last he cam to a nonnerye & than was quene Gueneuer ware of sir Launcelot as he walked in the cloystre, & whan she sawe hym there she swouned thryse that al the ladyes & jentyl wymmen had werke ynough to holde the quene vp. So whan she myzt speke she callyd ladyes & jentyl wymmen to hir, & sayd ye meruayl fayr ladyes why I make this fare. Truly she said it is for the syght of yonder knyght that yender standeth. Wherfore I praye you al calle hym to me. Whan syr Launcelot was brought to hyr, Than she sayd to al the ladyes thorowe this man & me hath al this warre be wrought, & the deth of the moost noblest knyghtes of the world, for thorugh our loue that we haue loued to gyder is my moost noble lord slayn. Therfor syr Launcelot wyt thou wel I am sette in suche a plyte to gete my soule hele, & yet I truste thorugh goddes grace that after my deth to haue a syght of the blessyd face of cryst, and at domes day to sytte on his ryght syde, for as synful as euer I was are payntes in heuen, therfore syr Launcelot I requyre the & beseche the hertelye for al the loue that euer was betwyxte vs that thou neuer see me more in the vysage, & I comande the on goddes behalfe that thou forsake my companye & to thy kyngdom thou torne ageyn & kepe wel thy royame from warre & wrake, for as wel as I haue loued the myn hert wyl not serue me to see the, for thorugh the & me is the flour of kynges & knyghtes destroyed, therfor sir Launcelot goo to thy royame & there take the a wyf & lyue with hir with joye & blysse, & I praye the hertelye praye for me to our lord that I may amende my mys lyuyng. Now swete madam sayd syr Launcelot wold ye that I shold now retorne ageyn vnto my cuntreye & there to wedde a lady. Nay madame, wyt you wel that shal I neuer do, for I shal neuer be so fals to you of that I haue promysed, but the same desteny that ye haue taken you to I wyl take me vnto for to please god, and for you I cast me specially to praye. Yf thou wilt do so sayd the quene holde thy promyse, but I may neuer byleue but that thou wylt torne to the world ageyn. Wel madame ye saye what pleaseth you, yet wyst you me neuer fals of my promyse, and god deffende but I shold forsake the world like as ye haue done. For in the quest of the sank greal I had forsaken the vanyties of the worlde had not your Lorde bene. And yf I had done so at that tyme wyth my herte, wyll & thoughte, I had passed alle the knyghtes that were in the quest of the Sanc greal excepte syr Galahad my sone. And therfore my lady dame Gueneuer, sythen ye haue taken you vnto perfectyon I muste nedes take me vnto perfectyon of ryght. For I take recorde of god in you haue I had myn erthely joye. And yf I had fonde you so disposed nowe, I had caste me for to haue had you in to myn owne realme and countreye.

Capitulum x.

But sythen I fynde you thus disposed, I ensure you feythfully that I wil take me to penaunce, & praye whyle my lyf lasteth, yf I may fynde any good heremyte eyther graye or whyte that will receyue me. Wherfor madame I praye you kysse me once and neuer more.

Nay sayde the quene that shal I neuer doo, but abstayne yow from suche thynges, and so they departed. But ther was neuer soo harde a herted man but he wold haue wepte to see the sorow that they made, for ther was a lamentacyon as though they had ben stongen wyth speres & many tymes they sowned, & the ladyes bare the quene to her chambre and syr Launcelot awoke & wente and toke hys hors & rode alle that daye and alle that nyghte in a foreste wepynge. And at the last he was ware of an hermytage & a chappel that stode betwene two clyffes & than he herd a lytel belle rynge to masse, and thyder he rode and alyghted, & teyed hys hors to the gate & herde masse. And he that sange the masse was the bysshop of Caunterburye. Bothe the bysshop and syr Bedwere knewe syr Launcelot & they spak to gyder after masse, but whanne syr Bedwere hadde told hym his tale syr Launcelots herte almost braste for sorowe and syr Launcelot threwe abrode hys armour and sayde, Allas who may trust thys world. And than he knelyd doune on hys knees and prayd the bysshop for to shryue hym & assoile hym. And than he besoughte the bysshop that he myghte be hys broder. Than the bysshop sayde I wylle gladly, & than he putte an habyte vpon syr launcelot & there he serued god day and nyghte wyth prayers & fastynges.

Thus the grete hooste abode at Douer, and than syr Lyonell tooke .xv. lordes wyth hym and rode to London to seeke sir launcelot, and then syr Lyonell was slayne and many of hys lordes. Than syr Bors de ganys maad the grete hooste to go home ageyne vnto theyr owne countreye, and sir Bors, syr Ector de marys, syr Blamor, syr Bleoberys & wyth moo other of syr Launcelots kynne toke on them to ryde thurgh alle Englonde to seke sir Launcelot. Soo sir Bors by fortune rode so longe tyl he cam vnto the same chappel where syr Launcelot was, and so syr Bors herd a lytel belle knyl that range to masse, & ther he alyghted and herd masse. And whan masse was done, the bysshop, syr Launcelot and sir bedwere cam vnto sir Bors, and whanne he sawe sir Launcelot in that maner clothynge, than he prayd the bysshop that he myghte be in that same sewte. And soo there was an habyte put vpon hym, & ther he lyued in prayers and fastyng. And wythin halfe a yere, there was comen syre Galyhud, syr Galyhodyn, syr Bleoberys, syr Vyllyars, syr Clarrus and syr

Gahalantyne. Soo alle thyse .vii. noble knyghtes abode there stylle. And whan they sawe that syr Launcelot had taken hym to suche perfecyon, they had noo lyste to departe, but toke suche an habyte as he had. Thus they endured in grete penaunce .vi. yeres, & thanne syr Launcelot toke the habyte of preesthode, and a twelue monethe he sange mass. And there was none of these other knyghtes, but they redde in bookes, and helped for to synge masse and rynge belles, and dyde lowely alle manere of seruyse. And soo their horses went where they wolde, for they toke none regarde of noo worldly rychesse. For whanne they sawe syr Launcelot endure suche penaunce, in prayer and fastynge, they toke no force what payne they endured, for to see the noblest knyghte of the world take suche abstynaunce, that he waxed ful lene. And thus vpon a nyghte, there came a vysyon vnto syr Launcelot, and chargyd hym in remyssion of alle his synnes to haste hym towarde Almesbury, and by thenne thou come there, thou shalt fynde quene Gweneuer deed. And therfore take thy felawes wyth the, and purueye them an hors beere, and brynge thou the corps of her, & burye hit by her husbonde the noble kynge Arthur. Soo this aduysyon came to syr Launcelot thryes in one nyghte.

Chap. xi.

Than syr Launcelot rose vp or it was day, and tolde the heremyte therof. It were well done sayd the heremyte that ye made you redy, and that ye dysobeye not thys aduysyon. Thenne syr Launcelot toke his .vii. felawes with hym, & on foote they yede from Glastynbury to Almesbury, the whyche is lytyl more than xxx myle. And thyder they came wythin two dayes for they were weyke & feble to go. And whan syr Launcelot was come to Almesbury wythin the Nonnery, quene Gweneuer deyed but halfe an houre afore. And the ladyes tolde syre Launcelot that quene Gueneuer tolde them all or she passyd, that syr Launcelot had ben preest nere a twelue moneth, and hither he cometh as faste as he may for to fetche my corps. And besyde my lorde kynge Arthur he shal burye me. Wherfore the quene sayd in heryng of them all I byseche almyghty god that I maye neuer haue power to see syr Launcelot wyth my worldly eyen. And this sayd all the ladyes was euer her prayer thyse two dayes, tyll she was dede. Than syr Launcelot sawe her vysage, but he wepte not gretly, but syghed. And soo he dyd alle the obseruaunce of the seruyse hymselfe, bothe the Dirige at nyght and on the morn he sange masse. And there was ordeyned an hors beere, and soo wyth an hondred torches euer brennyng aboute the corps of the quene, and euer syr Laũcelot wyth his .vii. felawes went about the bere syngynge and redynge many an holy & deuoute oryson, and frankensence vpon the corps encensyd. Thus syr Launcelot and hys eyght felawes went on fote from almesburye vntyll they came to Glastynbury. And whan they were come to the chapel & the hermytage, there she had a Dirige wyth grete deuocyon. And on the morne the heremyte that was somtyme bysshop of Caunterbury sange the Masse of requiem wyth grete deuocyon. And syre Launcelot was the fyrste that offred, and than offred all hys eyghte felawes. And than she was wrapped in cered clothes of reynes from the toppe to the toe in thyrtty folde, and than she was put in a webbe of leed, & after in a coffyn of marbyll. And whan she was put in to the erthe, syr Launcelot swouned, and laye longe stylle whyle the heremyte came and awakyd hym, and sayd Ye be to blame, for ye dyspleyse god wyth suche manere of sorowe makynge. Truely sayde syre Launcelot I truste I doo not dyspleyse god, for he knoweth myn entent. For my sorowe was not nor is not for ony reioycyng of synne, but my sorowe may neuer haue ende. For whan I remembre & calle to mynde her beaute, bountee & noblesse, that was as wel wyth her kyng my lord Arthur, as wyth her. And also whanne I saw the corses of that noble kinge & noble quene so lye to gyder in that colde graue made of erthe, that somtyme were so hyghly sette in moost honourable places, truly myn herte wolde not serue me to susteyne my wretchyd & carefull body. Also whan I remembre me how by my defawte myn orgulyte and my pryde, that they were both layed full lowe whyche were pereles that euer were lyuynge of crysten peple, wyte yow wel sayde syr Launcelot, this remembred, of ther kyndenesse & of myn vnkyndenesse, sanke and enprest soo in to my herte, that all my natural strengthe fayled me, so that I myghte not susteyne my selfe. Soo the frensshe boke makyth mencyon.

Capitulum xii.

THAN̄ syr Launcelot neuer after ete but lytyl mete, ne dranke, but contynually mourned vntyll he was deed. For thenne he sykned more & more, and dryed, & dwyned awaye. For the bysshop nor none of his felawes myght not make hym to ete, and lytyl he dranke, that he was waxen thenne by a cubyt shorter than he was that the peple coude not knowe hym. For euermore daye & nyghte he prayed, but nedefully as nature requyred somtyme he slombred a broken slepe, and euer he was lyenge grouelynge on kynge Arthurs & quene Gweneuers tombe. And ther was no comforte that the bysshop nor syr Bors nor none of his felawes coude make hym it auaylled not.

O ye myghty & pompous lordes shynynge in the glory transytory of thys vnstable lyf, as in regnynge ouer realmes, grete & myghte countreyes, fortyfyed wyth stronge castels & toures, edified with many a ryche cyte. Ye also ye fyers & myghty chyualers soo valyaunte in auenturous dedes of armes, Behold beholde, see how this myghty conquerour kyng Arthur, whom in his humayne lyf all the worlde doubted. Ye also this noble quene Gueneuer, that somtyme sate in her chare adourned wyth golde, perles & precyous stones, now lye ful lowe in obscure fosse or pytte couerd wyth cloddes of erth & claye. Beholde also this myghty champyon Launcelot, pyerles of knyghthode, see now how he lyeth grouelynge on the colde moulde, now beynge soo feble and faynt that somtyme was so terrible, how & in what manere oughte ye to be so desyrous of the mondayn̄ honour so daungerous. Therfor me thynketh this present boke called La mort D'arthur is ryght necessary often to be redde. For in it shal ye fynde the gracious knyztly and vertuous werre of moost noble knyghtes of the worlde, wherby they gate praysing contynuall. Also me semyth by the oft redyng therof, ye shal gretly desyre tacustome yourself in folowynge those gracyous knyghtly dedes. That is to saye, to drede god, & loue ryghtwisenes, feythfully & courageously to serue your souerayne prynce. And the more that god hath yeuen you the tryumphall honour, the meker ye oughte to be, euer feryng the vnstablynes of this dysceyuable worlde.

And so I passe ouer, & torn ageyne to my matere. Soo within vi weekes after syr Laũcelot felle syke, & laye in his bedde, and thenne he sente for the bysshop that there was heremyte, & al his true felawes. Than syre Launcelot sayd wyth drery steuen, Syr bysshopp I praye you geue to me al my ryghtes that longyth to a crysten man. It shall not nede you sayd the heremyte, & al his felawes, it is but heuynesse of your blood, ye shall well be amendyd by the grace of god to morne. My fayr lordes sayd syr Launcelot wyte ye well my carefull body wyll in to the erthe, I haue warnynge more thanne now I wille saye, therfore yeue me my ryghtes. Soo whan he was howselyd & enelyd, & had all that a crysten man ought to haue, he prayed the bysshop that his felawes myght bere his body to Joyous garde. Some men sayd, it was Anwyk, & some men saye, it was Bamborow. How be it sayd syr Laũcelot me repentyth sore, but I made myn auowe somtyme, that in Joyous garde I wolde be buried. And by cause of brekynge of myn auowe I pray yow all lede me thyder. Thenne ther was wepynge & wryngynge of hondes among his felawes. So at a season of the nyght, they al went to theyr beddes, for they alle laye in one chambre. And so after mydnyghte ayenst daye, the bysshop that was heremyte as he laye in his bedde a slepe, he felle on a grete laughter. And therwyth alle the felaushyp awoke, and came to the bysshop, and asked him what he aylled. A Jhesu mercy saide the bysshopp why dyd ye awake me, I was neuer in all my lyf so mery & so wel at ease. Wherfore sayd syr Bors. Truely sayd the bysshop here was syr Launcelot wyth me with moo aungels thanne euer I sawe men in one daye. And I sawe the aungels heue up syr Launcelot vnto heuen, and the yates of heuen opened ayenst hym. It is but dretchynge of sweuens sayd syr Bors, for I doubt not syr Launcelot ayleth no thynge but good. It maye well be sayd the bysshop, goo ye to his bedde, and thenne shall ye preue the sothe. So when syr Bors & hys felaws came to his bedde, they fonde hym sterke dede, and he laye as he had smyled. And the swetest saueour about hym that euer they felte. Than was there wepynge & wryngyng of hondes, and the grettest doole they made that euer made men. And on the morne the bysshop dyd his masse of Requiem, and after the bysshop & alle those ix knyghtes put syr Launcelot in the same horse beere, that quene Gweneuer was layd in tofore that she was buried. And so the bysshop & they alle to gyder wente wyth the body of syr Launcelot dayly tyll they came to Joyous garde, and euer they had an hondred torches brennyng about hym. And soo wythin xv dayes they came to Joyous garde. And there they layed hys corps in the body of the quyre and sange & redde many sawters & prayers ouer hym, & aboute hym. And euer his vysage was layed open and naked, that all folkes myghte beholde hym. For suche was y^e custome in tho dayes, that all men of worshyp sholde so lye wyth open vysage tyll that they were buryed. And ryght thus as they were at theyr seruyse there came syre Ector de Marys, that had seuen yeres soughte all Englonde, Scotlande & Walys sekynge his broder syr Launcelot.

Capitulum xiii.

AND whan syr Ector herd suche noyse & lyghte in the quyre of Joyous garde he alyghted and put his hors from hym, and came in to the quyre, & there he sawe men synge the seruyse full lamentably. And alle they knewe syre Ector, but he knewe not them. Thenne went syr Bors to syr Ector, & tolde him how there laye hys broder syr Launcelot dede, and then syr Ector threwe his shelde, hys swerde & helme from hym. And whan he behelde syr Launcelots vysage, he fell doune in a sowne. And whan he awakyd it were harde for ony tonge to telle the doleful complayntes that he made for his broder. A syr Launcelot he sayd, thou were head of all crysten knyztes, and now I dare saye sayd syr Ector thou syr Launcelot ther thou lyest that thou were neuer matched of none erthly knyghtes handes. And thou were the curtoyste knyghte that euer bare shelde. And thou were the truest frend to thy louer that euer bestradde hors, & thou were the truest louer of a synfull man that euer loued woman.

And thou were the kyndest man that euer stroke wyth swerde. And thou were the goodelyest persone that euer came among prees of knyghtes. And thou were the mekest man & the gentyllest that euer ete in halle amonge ladyes. And thou were the sternest knyghte to thy mortall foo that euer put spere in the reyst. Thenne there was wepyng & dolour oute of mesure. Thus they kepte syr Launcelots corps on lofte .xv. dayes, and thenne they buryed it wyth grete deuocyon. And than at leyser they went alle wyth the bysshop of Caunterburye to his hermytage. And there they were to gyders more than a moneth. Than syr Constantyn that was syr Cadors sone of Cornewaylle, was chosen kynge of Englond. And he was a ful noble knyghte, and worshypfully he rulyd this realme. And than this kyng Constantyne sent for y^e bysshop of Caunterbury, for he herde saye where he was. And soo he was restored vnto his bysshopryche, and lefte that hermytage. And syre Bedwere was there euer styl heremyte to his lyues ende. Then syr Bors de Ganys, syr Ector de Marys, syr Gahalantyne, syr Galyhud, syre Galyhodyn, syre Blamore, syre Bleoberys, syr Vyllyars le valyaunt, syr Clarrus of Cleremount, all thyse knyghtes drewe them to theyr countreyes. How be it kynge Constantyne wold haue had them wyth hym, but they wold not abyde in this realme. And there they alle lyued in ther countreys as holy men. And some englysshe bookes make mencyon, that they went neuer out of Englonde after the deth of syr Launcelot, but that was but fauour of makers. For the frensshe booke maketh mencyon, and is auctorysed that syr Bors, syr Ector, syr Blamor & syr Bleoberys, wente in to the holy londe, there as Jhesu Cryste was bothe quycke & dede, anone as they had stablyshed ther londes. For the booke sayth soo syr Launcelot commaunded them to doo, or euer he passyd oute of thys worlde. And these foure knyghtes dyd many batailles vpon the myscreauntes & Turkes. And there they deyd vpon a good fryday for goddes sake.

Here is the ende of the hole booke of kynge Arthur, & of his noble knyȝtes of the rounde table, that whan they were hole to gyder ther was euer an C. & xl. And here is the ende of the deth of Arthur. I praye you alle gentylmen & gentylwymmen that rede thys booke of Arthur & hys knyghts from the begynnynge to the endynge praye for me whyle I am on lyue, that god sende me good delyueraunce, and whan I am deed, I praye you all praye for my soule. For this booke was ended the .ix. yere of the reygne of kyng Edward the Fourth by syr Thomas Maleore, knyght, as Jhesu helpe hym for his grete myght, as he is the seruaunt of Jhesu bothe daye and nyght.

Thus endeth this noble & joyous booke entytled La Mort dathur. Notwythstandyng it treateth of the byrth, lyf & actes of the sayd Kynge Arthur, & of his noble knyghtes of the Rounde Table, theyr marueyllous Enquestes & aduentures, thachyeuyng of the Sang real, and in the ende le Morte darthur with the dolourous deth & departyng out of thys worlde of them al. Whiche booke was reduced in to Englysshe by Syr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is sayd and by me deuyded in to xxi bookes chaptyred and emprynted and fynysshed in thabbey Westmestre the last day of July the yere of our lord MCCCCLXXXV.

Caxton me fieri fecit.

NOTES.

NOTES

TO

VOLUME I.

A FAIR lady and a passynge wise. P. 1.]—Merlin assures us that Yguerne, the mother of Arthur, was *la plus belle Crestienne qui jamais fut cree apres la Vierge Marie.* Vol. 1. f. 43.

Sir Kay. P. 7.]—Before Arthur was born, arrangements were made according to Merlin's directions for nursing him secretly, lest the time of his birth should bring an undeserved scandal upon his innocent mother. For this purpose a *preudhomme* was spoken to who had a *preudefemme* for his wife, the wisest and the most faithful woman in the realm. It should seem by her unwillingness to wean her own child and taking the unknown infant in its stead, that it was a very uncommon thing in that age, for a mother to entrust her child to any other nurse;—*Mais quant elle louyt si luy sembla ceste chose bien estrange, et dist, Comment pourray je laisser a allecter mon enfant, et en alaicter un autre? et le preudhomme respondit, il n'est riens que ne doyons faire pour nostre seigneur terrien.* Merlin, vol. 1. f. 53.

The mother however was right; and we are told that the defects in Kay's character were owing to his having been put out to nurse to make room for the unknown infant, for which reason his father Arthon very reasonably requested Arthur to bear with his faults;—*Sil est felon ou mesdisant souffrez en ung petit, car pour vous nourrir il est tout desnature, si en devez plus souffrir que de nul autre.* Merlin, vol. 1. f. 60.

" He was a strong, and a puissant, and a good knight, and if it had not been that his mode of speech was annoying, and displeasing to other knights, they would have esteemed and praised him still more than they did; but his companions forsook him because of his language, which misbecame him. This blot Keux took from the nurse who suckled him, for he had it not from the nature of his mother, who was a good dame and a wise." Merlin, vol. 1. f. 75.

He was a good knight in arms, and had it not been for one fault which misbecame him, hardly could you have found a better in the court of King Arthur, if it had not been for this fault; and it was this, that he was too ready at speaking, and mocked too frequently at other knights, for which they hated and dispraised him much; and for which he was oftentimes ill bested, for the knights at whom he gibed did him afterwards many an ill turn. Nevertheless a loyal knight he was always to his lord and to the queen, and he never committed any treason or falseness *but once*, and that was when out of envy he killed Lohot the son of King Arthur in the great Forest-perillous. Merlin, vol. 2. f. 46.

Put in writing, said Merlin to Master Tholomer, that this Keux shall do wonders to this King, and not of chivalry but of trickery: yet I say unto thee that his father never was a treacher, neither his mother. And I would have thee put in writing that he will be a treacher because he was not suckled with his mother's milk; for if he had suckled his mother's milk, he would not have been such a treacher as he will be, by reason that he suckled the milk of another woman, who is a great treacher. Prophecies, f. 6.

In the battle of Sacsahuana, Martin de Arvieto who was on the king's part, called out to Pero Martin de Don Benito on Gonçalo Pizarro's side, defying him, Come on, villain, and we shall see which of us sucked the best milk!—*passa adelante villano ruyn, veremos quien mamò la mejor leche!* El Inca Garcilasso, p. 2. l. 5. c. 35.

Alexander the Great understood this philosophy of the middle ages by instinct, and therefore never would touch a plebeian nurse.

El Infante Alexandre luego en su ninnéz
Comenzo a demostrar que serie de grant préz;
Nunca quiso mamar leche de mugier rafèz,
Se non fue de linage o de grant gentilez.
Joan Lorenzo Segura, cop. 7.

The mother of Pero Nino having discovered one day that her infant son had sucked another woman, had him tost about on a cloak till his stomach threw back the stranger's milk,—to the injury, it is added, of the child's health. The story is thus related by the Chronicler; *e besandole,*

(*su fijo pequeñeruelo*) *diz que era ella Duena tan humana, é de sotil sentido, que le olió que avia mamado leche agena de otra muger: e non se queriendo confiar tanto en su sentido, fizo juramentar todas las Dueñas e Doncellas que a la sazon eran en la camara donde su fijo estaba, e dixeronle como una Dueña le avia dado a mamar. Tomó estonce su fijo, e fizolo meter en un manto, e traerlo a una parte e a otra, e tanto fizo, fasta que le fizo lanzar la leche; de lo qual dicen que fue non tan sano de alli adelante, e que sempre ovo la color de muda por aquella razon, aunque era fuerte Cabullero.* Cronica de Conde D. Pero Nino, 24.

Tell me, Merlin, said Master Tholomer, if a woman should bring forth in a place where no woman could be found who could give suck, and she who brought forth should die, and it should be necessary to nourish her child with the milk of beasts, would that child have in him the qualities of the beasts? Yes, verily, said Merlin. Prophecies, f. 7.

Excalibor, that is as moche to say as cut steel. P. 48.]—The Romance of Merlin gives a different explanation. *Escalibort est un nom Ebrieu qui vault autant a dire en françois, comme tres cher fer et acier, et aussi dissoyent il vrai.* This was a good sword and a marvellous, as might be expected from the manner in which it was obtained. When Arthur first used it in battle "it cast forth a great light full splendant, with such force that all those who beheld it thought that they were burning torches which issued from the sword, but they were the golden letters on the sword which shone so mightily." Merlin, vol. 1. f. 67.

In this battle, Arthur was so chafed with anger, that he foamed like a wild boar. Giants on such occasions have been so inflamed with rage, as to breathe fire and smoke.

The people of the Tonga Islands give a proper name to a club which has done much execution. It is to be wished that Mr. Mariner had recollected some of these names and their signification.

Gwenever. P. 70.]—Her courtesy when Arthur first saw her seems to have been designed to win his heart. "When they went to the palace and had disarmed themselves, King Leodagan made his daughter Genievre take the richest cloths which were in the house, and warm water, and fair basons of silver, and made them be placed before King Arthur, and King Ban, and King Boors; and his daughter would wait upon Arthur, and would wash his neck and his face; but he would not allow thereof, till Leodagan and Merlin requested him, and made him accept the lady's service. Then the damsel washed his face right humbly, and then she wiped it with a fine towel, full gently; and then she went and ministered in like manner to the other twain." Merlin, vol. 1. f. 111.

Leodagan had a natural daughter whom very inconveniently he called by the same name as his legitimate child. The two Guenevers were very like each other also. *On neust sceu dire des deux la quelle estoyt la femme du roy Artus, sinon quelle estoyt ung peu plus grosse et plus membrue que lautre. Et si avoyt ung peu la couleur plus vermeille, et estoit mieulx enlangagee, car ce fut la mieulx disant de langaige que on eust sceu trouver en nul pays, et si avoit la plus belle cheveleure que oncques eut femme.* Merlin, vol. 1. f. 151.

A plot was laid by the relations of the illegitimate Guenever to pass her off upon Arthur for her half sister, and thus revenge themselves upon King Leodagan, whom they hated. It was known that the true Guenever before she went to bed must go into the garden, for a purpose which the romance writer states in the plainest language, and which proves that one of the commonest and most indispensable chamber utensils was not in use in King Arthur's days, nor in his own. She was to be waylaid in the garden, carried off, put into a boat, and kept somewhere in durance, while the false Guenever was to be conducted to the bridal bed in her place, by a treacherous governante. Merlin, vol. 2. f. 35. This story should find a place in Professor Beckmann's history of inventions.

The Round Table. P. 72.]—King Arthur after his first dinner at Logres, when he brought home his bride, made a vow, that while he wore a crown he never would seat himself at table till some adventure had occurred, and *par tel convenant* that it should be such a one as was fitting to accomplish, it should be undertaken by one of his knights, who were all to be esteemed as his companions and peers. And then the knights of the Round Table made a vow on their part, that he whom any persons coming to that court should request to undertake their cause in a just quarrel, or whom the king should appoint, should accept the adventure. Gawain and his companions were not then of the Table, and they made a vow that wherever they went they would call themselves knights of the kingdom of Logres, and of Queen Guenever; and that they would never forbear to adventure themselves body to body in single combat upon any adventure in just cause, far or near; and that if a knight going upon such an enterprize did not return within a month, the rest should seek him for a year and a day: and on their return, every one should be sworn to give a faithful account of his adventures. Upon this the king was so pleased, that he placed all his treasure at the queen's disposal, in order that she might provide for entertaining this noble company of knights as their merit deserved. And the queen was so pleased that she immediately gave orders to have four clerks provided, whose whole business should be to chronicle the adventures as they occurred. Merlin, 2. f. 48. 49.

She was aferd of him by cause he was a Devyl's son. P. 95.]—The Merlin of the Prophecies, unlike the Merlin of the Romance, is profligate in his amours, and gives just cause of offence to the Lady of the Lake. Having found by experience the danger of sending damsels to him with her messages, she sent an old lady, by name Orphine, of an hundred years of age. But an hundred years were no protection, and the old lady was rewarded for the outrage which she had suffered with a ring which would make any man in love with her to whom she might feel inclined. *Et quant Orphine eut prins lannel, sachez de vray quelle sen tint moult bien a payee; et puis sen alla, et non pas chiez sa dame, mais en ung autre lieu, et par eschauffement de cest annel furent maintes mauvaises oeuvres faictes en la Grant Bretaigne.* F. 42.

In the Prophecies of Merlin, it appears that the Lady of the Lake could place no dependence upon him. His frequent infidelities could not have troubled her much; for whenever he lay down by her she used by an art which she had learnt from him to cast him into a deep sleep: but she knew that if he ever formed an attachment to Morgain, who was seeking him for that purpose, it would lead to a friendship with King Claudas, which would end in the murder of Lancelot and his cousins, whom she had taken under her protection, and loved as if they were her own children. For this reason she determined to secure Merlin. When they went to the cave in the forest of Arvantes where Merlin had made a dwelling place and a sepulchre, "the Lady of the Lake, who was always thinking upon the work which she had to finish, asked of Merlin if he ever thought to go from thence, and he answered no. Then said the lady, I am right joyful, and I desire also to be with thee all my life. And when thou diest, said Merlin, I pray thee make thyself be laid in the tomb with me, and my spirit will be more at rest; for before you depart from this world I shall be laid in the earth. Ha, Gods! said the lady, what say you? It will be as I say, replied Merlin. Then said the Lady of the Lake, since you must die before me, I pray you lie down in the tomb into which we must both pass; for I would fain see if I shall have a good share of the tomb, and if my bones will be at their ease there; for if they would not be at their ease I will require thee to make a larger tomb. Lady, said Merlin, let us go to the tomb to see if you will be at your ease there. Then he took her by the hand, and led her straight to the tomb, which was of such great beauty that never was there one like it. Merlin, said the lady, certes in all the world never was there, as I believe, tomb so subtilly made, but saving your favour I wish it were larger. In God's name, said Merlin, it is large enough; and well made for our remains, and this I will show you plainly. Then Merlin entered into the tomb, and lay down in it, and said, See, lady, if you have not room enough. And when the Lady of the Lake, who for this end had brought him there, saw him stretched out in the tomb, she put down the lid, and made the experiment, to close it so well within and without, as he himself had taught her, that no man in the world were he ever so wise, could have opened it either from within or without. When Merlin saw himself in that place, from whence he knew certainly that he could never go out, he said, Lady, why have you done this? never have I done you wrong. Merlin, said the lady, you are advised that I am the white serpent of which you have many times prophesied, that it should come from Little Britain, and go into the forest of Arvantes with the demi-man, and he should remain there, and the white serpent should return with a glad cheer out of the forest. Now is thy prophecy fulfilled, I see plainly, as thou thyself hast repeated it to me many times. Then said Merlin, Adam who was created by the very hand of God could not guard himself against being deceived by his own wife; I then could not guard myself against being deceived by thee. But because of this which thou hast done, my prophecies are falsified which I caused to be written of the white serpent, for I have taken away thy whiteness. Merlin, said the Lady of the Lake, certes thy prophecies are not falsified by me. But I would have thee pass the remainder of thy life here in this tomb, and I will tell thee for why. Know then certainly that I have put thee there by reason that thou wentest about saying in all places that thou hadst lain with me, and for this reason I was called harlot by the mouth of Morgain herself; for this I will take vengeance upon thy body. Concerning the whiteness which thou sayest thou hast taken from me, and that for that cause thy prophecies are falsified, seeing how thou madest it be written that a demi-man full of knowledge should go with the white serpent into the forest of Arvantes, and the white serpent should return with good cheer, and after that thou couldst see the demi-man no more, and of this thing thou couldst not know the truth; now have I shut thee up here for these things. Dost thou not remember the first art of necromancy which thou didst teach me? Ha! yes, said Merlin; it was to cast man or woman into a sleep, and waken them again when thou wouldest. And the second art which I taught thee, was to fasten a place in such manner that by no cunning it could be opened. Merlin, said the Lady of the Lake, it is true that you thought you lay with me, and I made thee fall asleep; and when I saw that it was time, know certainly that I made thee awake again, and therefore I would have thee know that I am still a virgin. Then was I well deceived, said Merlin, by thy evil wit. Now I pray thee go to Master Anthony, the Bishop of Wales, and tell him from me to write down that I am shut up, and deceived by my evil sense; and moreover I would have him write how I am more joyful that I have not lain with thee, than I am grieved to be thus confined. Why dost thou say that? said the Lady of the Lake. Because, said Merlin, if I had lain carnally with thee, my prophecies would have been false. Tell him also to write, that a man may guard himself better against the art of the devil than the cunning of a woman; for all the great philosophers of the world have been deceived by women, as Aristotle, Solomon, Sampson the strong, Virgil, and many others. Tell him also to write, that a woman requires the stick, and a horse the spur. Merlin, said the Lady, since you desire it I will go. But tell me if you know how long your spirit may endure within your body. Lady, replied Merlin, the flesh upon me will be rotten before a month shall have past; but my spirit will not be wanting to all those who shall come here. So the Lady of the Lake remained there two months, and then she asked Merlin if his flesh was rotten, and he answered yes. Then she departed and went into Wales, where she found the Bishop Master Anthony. F. 76.

Rubens the chaplain, who succeeded the Sage Clerk as collector and recorder of Merlin's prophecies, found "that Merlin said to the Lady of the Lake when she inclosed him in the tomb, I would have thee know that at the day of judgement, our Lord will make thee come before him, and when thou art there he will question thee concerning me. And thou wilt tell him the truth, and he will command that I should come to judgement, and in such guise as I am here, with this tomb shall I be brought before him. But I know that the infernal enemies will have no power over my soul, wherefore I exhort all baptized persons to be joyful if they have repented and are confessed, for the pity of the Saviour of the world is so great that heaven and earth are filled therewith." F. 127.

After long intreaty from her paramour Meliadus, whom she loved so well that she could refuse him nothing, the Lady of the Lake conducted him to the place where Merlin was enchanted. "So long they travelled till they came to the head of the mountain where was the cave of Merlin. There she alighted, and her friend also, and they entered the cave. But the knight was so greatly dismayed, that he would willingly have given half of all that he had, if he had never enterprized to come to that place. Howbeit, when he had entered in he was reassured, and said, Now, lady, I am sound and hearty: it is the most delightsome place that ever was seen; but the entrance is so fearful, that no heart of man could pass it without dismay. Then the lady took him by the hand, and led him within the cave, and shewed him the beauties which were made there by Merlin's command. Ah! my lady, said the knight, I see well that here is all the beauty of the world. And when they had surveyed all that side at leisure, they came to the tomb wherein Merlin was buried. And when the knight saw the tomb so marvellous and so well made, he said, Certes that tomb is greatly to be praised: thereat incontinently he heard a voice, the which said, Sir knight, the tomb ought not to be praised, but alway blamed, and I will tell thee for why, there lie within it the bones of the wisest mortal man that ever was in this world; his flesh hath mouldered there, but his spirit is still confined there to remain without going out for ever more. When the knight heard this, he said, Thou art Merlin who hast done so many wonders in the world. I am, said Merlin; but that woman who guides thee had not the significance when I lived which she now hath; thou hast taken from her the whiteness which she had; but know that if she had lost her whiteness in my time, she would not have inclosed me here. Then said the Lady of the Lake, Tell me, Merlin, as God shall save thee, have I sinned in that I confined thee here? That sin is not so great, replied Merlin, as what thou hast impeached by thy evil works, which shall be spread through the world. For many maids shall deceive their men by evil charms, which shall go about the world, whereby many men shall be blinded. I was so full of luxury, that many women deceived me even as they deceive many other men. Therefore I would have Master Anthony write, that all the cunning of the world lies in women to deceive men; and if they aimed at any other thing as they do to entrap men, no mortal man could keep his senses; and I speak this as much of those who are of good age, as of the young. For know that when woman putteth her wits to deceive man, no one can resist her. They resemble eels, whom when a man thinketh that he hath them by the head, he hath them not even by the tail. Therefore let Master Anthony write, that when men think that women wish them all the good in the world, if they find any thing which pleases them better, one can no more hold them by the tail than an eel. Ha, Merlin, said the Lady of the Lake, thou speakest all this ill of other women for the love of me. Thou thoughtest that I loved thee, but thou wert deceived. Why then didst thou go on deceiving me? said Merlin. I deceived thee, said the lady, to the end that thou shouldest teach me thy art. Ha, lady, said Merlin, you are confounded by your own words: and all other women go deceiving men for their possessions, and to satisfy their luxury. When the Lady of the Lake heard Merlin, she abased her head, and drew back: and she spake to him no more so long as she continued in the cave." Prophecies de Merlin, f. 28.

Among the prophecies of Merlin which were found after his imprisonment in the tomb by Meliadus the younger, and by him brought to the faithful preserver of these writings, Master Anthony, that learned and veracious clerk, there is a curious account of the justice which is to be executed upon the brute creation before the end of the world. "There shall a bird be born of a tree, and that bird shall be as big as a horse; and shall fly so immeasurably fast, that a quarrel from a cross-bow, nor any other engine, can compare with it; and it shall be seen in all parts of the world, where it shall carry its beak open, and shall devour all other birds alive. If you would know when this shall be, I tell you plainly it shall be fifteen years before our Lord shall come to judge the world. This bird will do justice upon the other birds which shall have preyed upon one another; and when he shall have devoured all these, and can find no-more to eat; he will kill himself for despite, and know certainly that he shall have no power over the other birds. And at that time there shall go forth a beast from the desert of Babylon, and that beast shall have upon his head a horn as sharp as a sword. The name of this beast will be Cartangles, and he will go through all the deserts killing the evil beasts who go devouring others; and that beast will only kill those who devour others, other beasts he will not dare touch. And at the time when the bird and the beast are born, there shall be born a fish in the river Jordan, and that fish shall go out swallowing all those who go about in the sea devouring others. The name of that fish will be Amergle: in length he will be 150 feet, and in breadth 36 feet, and in thickness 15 feet. And the beast will be as big as an elephant. And the name of the bird will be Pharagus: this name a hunter of Babylon shall give him, who in that time will be one of the strongest men in the world. He will set himself after the beast, and will maintain the chase as long as he abideth in that country. And when he cannot find him he will return to Babylon in displeasure. The beast will kill himself with despite that he can find nothing to devour; and the fish will be found dead on the shore. And know all men that the bird shall be seen in all places where the sea floweth. But none of them shall have power save over those whom ye have heard. And know certainly that when the beast shall have devoured and slain all the beasts in one country, he shall pass to another, as well by sea as by land." Prophecies de Merlin, f. 30.

Morgain le fay. P. 100.]—The author of Merlin makes Morgain the bastard daughter of Yguerne,—*or avoit la dame encores une aultre fille qui estoit bastarde, laquelle avoit nom Morgain.* Were it not for Morgain's relationship to Arthur, I should have supposed that she was the daughter of the duke instead of the duchess, and that the holy father Blaise meant to say that he had left this daughter, when he expressed himself thus. How Yguerne, who is represented as so virtuous a woman, should have met with this accident in early life, is a piece of secret history which I have not seen explained. The daughter, upon her mother's marriage with the king, was sent to a nunnery, where she learnt astronomy and the occult sciences:—*par le conseil de tous ensemble fut mise par le consentement du roy en une religion pour apprendre, et ceste fille aprint tant que ce fut merveilles, et sceut lart dastronomie, et fut si experte que on ne trouva onc son par en la science, et depuis apres fut nommee Morgain le faee.* Merlin, T. 1. f. 52.

Ceste Morgain estoit une jeune damoyselle moult joyeuse et gaye, mais moult estoit brune de visage, et dune ronde charnure, ne maigre ne grosse; mais moult estoit apperte et advenante de corps et de membres, grande, et droicte, et plaisante a veoir, et a merveilles bien chantant, mais cestoit la plus chaulde et luxurieuse femme du pays. Elle estoit moult grant clergesse dastronomie. Car Merlin lui en avoit assez aprins, et tant y mist son engin, et sa cure a apprendre quelle fut appellee de tous les gens du pais Morgain la faee seur du Roy Artus pour les merveilles quelle fist a la ville de Logres et au royaume. Si estoit la meilleure ouvriere de tystre des mains en or et en soye qui fust au monde; et si avoit la plus belle chevelure quon eust sceu trouver a femme, et dune chair la plus souefve dont on scauroit parler. Elle avoit une loquence doulce et souefve et bien parlante, et le parler lui habundoit en la bouche si plaisant que nul ne se povoit assouvir de souyr parler;

et sur toutes choses la faisoyt beau escouter quant elle estoit en ses bonnes. Et quant elle estoit couroucee contre aucun, jamais on ne pouvoit faire le paix. Merlin, Vol. 2. f. 61.

Tell me, Merlin, said Master Anthony, which of the women whom thou hast known in the world hast thou found wiser than all others? Put in writing, said Merlin, that above all women in the world, as well for her natural gifts as for subtlety of art, the Lady of the Lake is the wisest; and were I to say otherwise, I should lie. But tell me, Merlin, said Master Anthony, is she wiser than Morgaine? I believe certainly (Merlin replies) that that Morgain was born of fire and of lasciviousness, and that fair Lady of the Lake was born near unto Paradise. That Morgain seeks after and does evil deeds, and that Lady good ones. Morgain seeks to destroy knights, and the Lady of the Lake succours them. That Morgain will even destroy orphans in despite of their father and their mother. Put in writing that the Lady of the Lake will nourish the father of the good knight who shall achieve the wonders of the kingdom of Logres, and the two orphans of Gauves, who shall revenge their country upon those who disherited them. Prophecies, f. 70.

The fals knyght Syr Gawain. P. 123.]—Sir Gawain, as all who know his authentic history will bear witness, is villainously calumniated in the Morte Arthur. In reality he was the Calidore of the Round Table:— "*car le compte dit que ce fut le plus sage chevalier, que au siecle fust, et le mieulx apprins, le plus courtoys, et le moins mesdisant d'autruy.*" Merlin, 2. f. 44.

In the romance of Merlin there is a curious conversation between the sons of King Loth, concerning the manner in which a knight ought to behave to a damsel when he has her alone and in his power. In this dialogue Gawain appears in his proper character.

Et Gaheret commença a dire, or me dictes beaulx freres, par la foy que devez au Roy Loth nostre pere, se vous teniez en ce beau bois fueillu vous deux les deux filles de nostre hoste, quen feriez vous? Et Gaheriet dist quil lairroit parler Agravain le premier, car il estoit aisne. Se maist Dieu, fait Agravain, se je en tenoye une je lui feroye aultrement. Si vrayement maist Dieu, dist Gaheriet, se je tenoye une je ne lui feroye riens; ains la meneroye a sauvete. Et vous mesme, dist Gaheriet a Gaheret, si vous en aviez une que luy feriez vous? Ainsi vrayement maist Dieu, fait Gaheret, jen feroye mamie sil lui plaisoit, car ja a force ne lui feroye: et aussi le jeu

seroit mauvais sil ne lui plaisoit aussi bien comme a moy. A ces parolles arriverent le Roy Loth et Messire Gauvain qui bien avoyent ouyes toutes ces parolles. Lors se mirent ensemble, et adonc le Roy Loth demanda a Monsieur Gauvain quel jugement il en donneroit. Puis que mavez esleu a ce jugement, dist Messire Gauvain, je vous en diray mon plaisir. Agravain a le pirement dit, car sil voyoit que nul mal ne deshonneur lui fust fait il la deveroit rescourre. Gaheret a mieulx dit que lui, car il a dit que riens ne luy feroit a force. Mais Gaheriet a encore mieulx dit que nul, de dire quil ne lui feroit riens; car a la fille de son hoste ne doit on convoiter nul deshonneur. Et adonc se rient et gabent de Agravain, et sur tous le pere, qui commença a dire, Comment Agravain, vouldriez vous deshonorer lune des filles de nostre hoste en telle maniere pour vostre fol tallent? beau guerdon leur auriez ores rendu de ce quilz vous ont si bien servy! certes bien peuent dire quilz ont leur service mal employe. Sire, fait Agravain, en perdrois je la vie, ne la corps? Nenny, fait le Roy Loth, mais tout honneur. Je nen sçay riens, fait Agravain; mais homme qui femme espargne quant il la tient seul a seul, et il la laisse, jamais ne laymera depuis que sa voulente luy en prent. Il sen doit garder, fait le Roy Loth, pour son honneur, et pour lautruy. Certes, fait Agravain, apres quon laura laissee elle ne sen fera que railler et gaber, et moins len prise. Je ne donneroye ung bouton, fait le Roy Loth, en ce quelle en pourroit dire, mais que mon honneur gardasse, et que je ny eusse reprouche villaine. Or ya tel, dist Agravain, que jamais entre vous et mes freres ne vous trouvez en lieu ou femme puissez veoir, ne avoir en vostre povoir. Agravain beau filz, dist le Roy Loth, se ainsi vous voulez maintenir il ne peut quil ne vous en meschaye. Et tout ainsi comme le Roy Loth le dist il fut vray. Merlin, Vol. 2. f. 70.

Sixty thousand men in ambush. P. 143.]—This will remind the reader of Mr. Bayes's army,—nor does the arithmetic of that time remove the absurdity, though the author of Merlin assures us it was different from our present numeration.

Et quant le Roy Leodagan eut mande ses parens et amys, et tous les gens de son royaulme, et ilz furent assemblez ilz se trouverent esprez de cartage environ quatre mil tant a pie que a cheval sans ceulx de la ville qui estoient bien six mil tous sejournez: mais en ce temps la on faisoit en arismetic que cinq centz faisoient ung mil. Merlin, Vol. 2. f. 103.

A great giant named Galapas. P. 145.]—Of the many battles of this

kind which it has been my fortune to read, this I think is fought with the most judgement on the part of the knight, and related with the most naivety.

It appears that notwithstanding all the exertions of so many good knights against this very unpleasant race of men, we are obliged to St. Dennis of France for having cleared the island of them, not by his prowess when he was one of the seven champions, but by his intercession as a saint. *Saichez que en ce temps estoyent les geans es forestz de Logres et de Cornouaille qui mangeoyent chair humaine aussi cōme bestes: mais monseigneur sainct Denys pria a nostre seigneur que jamais en ces deux royaulmes ne demoura riens nulle chose qui mangeast chair humaine. Sitost cōme nostre seigneur eut ouy la priere de sainct Denys, celle nuyt moururent tous les geans de ses deux royaulmes, ne oncques puis nul nen y eut, sil ne vint daultre contree.* Tristan, f. 9.

The author of Merlin makes a strange mistake concerning the giants who infested Britain from the earliest ages of tradition down to the days of John the Giganticide. He says that they were descended from Corineus, who came with Brutus from Troy! *cestuy Corineus estoit du lignage aux geans,—et de luy yssirent les geantz qui maint mal ont fait aux Bretons.* (Vol. I. f. 79.) It is very hard upon Corineus to have such a breed fathered upon him, he having liked Cornwall for his lot, "for that the hugest giants, in rocks and caves, were said to lurk still there; which kind of monsters to deal with was his old exercise." Milton's History.

Overgrown men in general are far from possessing strength in proportion to their size. But some twenty years ago there was a man of prodigious strength as well as stature who exhibited at Sadlers Wells under the name of the Patagonian Sampson. I think he was an Italian. He carried eleven men at one time about the stage, by means of an apparatus contrived for the purpose, and suspended from his shoulders. A ballet of Jack the Giant-killer was got up for the purpose of displaying him. In the course of it he took up an ordinary sized man in his arms, and, using him as a shield in a battle, tossed him about as easily as I should do a yearling child.

The four waters that came out of Paradise. P. 150.]

And als so hie in situatioun,
Surmontyng the mid regioun of the air,
Quhare na maner of perturbatioun

Of wedder may ascend so hie, as thair:
Four fludis flowing from ane fontane fair.
As Tigris, Ganges, Euphrates and Nile,
Quhilk, in the Eist, transcurris mony ane myle.

The cuntrie closit is about full richt,
With wallis hie of hote and birnyng fyre,
And straitly keepit be ane angell bricht,
Sen the departing of Adam our grandschyre.
Sir D. Lindsay's Dreme.

That shorte wytted men & lyttell of assaye saye, that Paradyse is longe sayllynge out of the erthe that men dwelle inne, & also departeth frome the erthe, & is as hyghe as the mone, it is not to be byleved, for nature & reason both withsaye it. For yf Paradyse were departed atweyne fro the erthe that men dwelle inne, ne water ne ayere myghte bere suche a burthen. Also the fuyer occupyeth all the myddell space bytwene the ayer & the mone, thenne Paradyse is not there, for thenne no thynge myghte lyve therin. Also yf Paradyse were so hyghe, somtyme it sholde take awaye the lyght & make ecclypse of the mone, but of suche an ecclypse herde we never. Also yf Paradyse were soo hyghe & departed a sounder frome every londe & erthe, howe sholde the four Ryvers that spryngen out of Paradyse passe by the ayer & the wyde see & come in to londes that men dwelle inne. And yf men saye that Paradyse is so hyghe that in one place it contynueth to the erth that men dwelle inne, thenne the erth is enlonge & not rounde all aboute as wyse men descryven it: but that maye not stonde. For it is knowen by experyence & assaye that in every eclypse of the mone the erthe maketh a rounde shelde; therfore the erthe with all his partyes must nedes be rounde. And so wyse men conclude that Paradyse is in the uttermest endes of the eest, & that it is a grete countre of the erthe, no lasse than Inde or Egypte, & a large place & covenable for all mankynde to dwelle inne, yf mankynde hadde not synned. Polychronycon. L. 1. C. 10.

Launcelot du Lake. P. 155.]—An elaborate description of this knight's perfections is given in the first part of his romance, f. 10. The portrait of a *preux chevalier* is perhaps nowhere else drawn so carefully at ful length.

Ce fut le plus beau enfant du monde, & le mieulx taille de corps & de membres, & sa façon ne fait pas a oublier en ce compte, mais est bien a declai-

rer pour toutes gens qui de tant grant beaulte denfant vouldroient ouyr parler. Il fut de moult belle charneure, ne blanc, ne brun; mais entremesle dung et dautre, si peu si peut len appeller sa semblance clere brune. Il eut le viaire enlumine de naturelle couleur vermeille si a mesure & a raison que mesleement luy avoit dieu assise, la blancheur et la bruneur, et la vermeille couleur estoient en luy si bien proportionnees que la blancheur nestoit estaincte ne perdue pour la bruneur, ne la bruneur pour la blancheur, ains estoient attrempez lung de lautre, et la vermeille couleur qui par dessus estoit assise enluminoit les autres. Si y avoit deux couleurs meslees totallement que riens ny avoit ne trop brun ne trop vermeil, mais meslee des trois ensemble. Il eut la bouche et les dens petites, serrees et blanches. Le menton bien fait a une petite fossette. Le nez par mesure long, et ung petit hault au meillieu. Les yeulx vers & rians, & plains de joye tant comme il estoit en plaisir, mais quant il estoit courrouce certes ressembloient charbons esprins; & sembloit que parmy le pommel des joues luy sailloient gouttes de sang toutes vermeilles, & ronfloit du nez en si grant yre ainsi comme ung cheval, et estraingnoit les dens ensemble si quelles croissoient moult durement, et estoit advis que la laine qui de sa bouche ysoit estoit toute vermeille. Et lors parloit si fierement, que ce sembloit estre une buisine. Et ce quil tenoit aux mains et aux dens tout despecoit, car de riens ne luy remembroit en sa grant yre, fors de ce dont il estoit yre.—Le fronc eust hault & polly, & bien seant, & les oreilles brune & desparties a grant plante. Si eust les cheveulx deliez, blondz, & a merveilles luysans, tant comme il fut en cheveulx; mais quant il fut aux armes, lors luy changerent de la naturelle blondeur, et devindrent tous soretz. Et moult les eust tousjours clers et crespes par mesure, et moult plaisans. De son col ne faict il pas a demander, car se ce fust celluy dune tresbelle dame, si estoit il assez convenant & bien taille a la mesure du corps. Et des espaulles ne trop grosses ne trop gresles, ne long corps a desmesure. Et les espaulles furent lees & haultes a raison. Mais lestomac fut tel que nul tel corps ne trouvast len si gros, ne si large, ne si espes. Ne en luy ne trouva len oncques plus a reprendre, ains disoient tous ceulx qui le divisoient que sil fust ung peu moins garny de poictrine, plus fust plaisant. Mais puis adoint que celle qui sur tous le divisa, ce fut la vaillante royne Genievre, dist, que dieu ne luy avoit pas donne poictrine a oultrage de la grandeur ne de la grosseur quil avoit, car se aussi grant estoit le cueur en son endroit, il eust convenu quil eust creve si neust en tel hostage ou il reposast a sa mesure. Et si je feusse, fist elle, dieu ja en Lancelot nen fust ne plus ne moins. Telles estoient les espaulles & sa poictrine, & les doigz si furent longz, droitz & tresbien formez, ainsi comme silz fussent de dames droictement se les doigz eussent este ung peu plus menus. Des reins & des hanches ne vous pourroit nul dire

que len les peust plus belles diviser en chevalier: droictes eut les jambes & voultilz les piedz. Homme ne fut oncques si droit en son estant, et chantoit a merveilles bien quant il vouloit. Et jamais homme ne feist si peu de joye sans grant raison; mais quant il avoit raison dequoy il deust bien faire joye, nul ne povoit estre tant esbaudy, ne tant joly quil ne le fust plus assez; et disoit maintesfois quant il estoit en sa grant joye, que son cueur ne pourroit entreprendre chose dont son corps ne peust a chief venir. Tant se fioit en sa grant joye que de maintes besongnes le fist au dessus venir. Et pource quil en parloit si seurement luy fut il atourne a mal de maintes gens qui cuydoient que il le dist pour boban & par vantance, mais non faisoit, ains le disoit de la grant seurete quil avoit en ce dont sa joye venoit. Telz furent les membres de Lancelot & sa semblance, & si fut bien taille de corps & de tous membres. Et les tasches du cueur ne furent pas oublyees a asseoir car ce fut le plus doulx enfant, & le plus debonnaire la ou debonnairete deust estre trouvee; mais contre felonnie ne trouvoit len pas plus de felon.

Sir Turquyne. P. 167.]—Whitaker of Manchester, *more suo,* extracts history from this adventure, and fixes its geography! The popular romances of Arthur, he says, have in all probability derived several incidents from records of his history which are no longer in existence. "Fragments of genuine gold probably lie hid among these heaps of dross. And many gallant actions performed by the officers of Arthur are here disguised by that colouring of fantastic chivalry, which later ages have produced among us. These, however, it will be very difficult to select.' In an almost total want of historical particulars concerning the wars, it is impossible to select them, except from the coincidence of tradition with history and romance. And where the first echoes back the tale of any adventure in the last, where that appropriates to a place what this only mentions at large, and where it agrees with the utmost exactness to the genuine annals of the times; there the action in all the outlines of it is certainly true. Such is the episode of Turquine in the Morte Arthur. The general tradition of the fact in that episode is uncommonly lively among all the lower ranks of our people at Manchester. This confines to Manchester and the Castlefield, what the romance fixes somewhere in a deep forest,' and on a great plain within it. And it evidently takes its place with the greatest propriety, in the annals of Arthur's transactions on the Douglas.

"When the Saxons made themselves masters of Manchester, they threw a body of troops into the castle, and gave the command of them to one Torquin. And, invested with authority over the town and neighbourhood, this officer disgraced his courage by his brutality, and is still remembered with a traditionary horror. But the main army of the Saxons being destroyed, the castles would next be attacked, and the country cleared of the parties that harboured in them. And a detachment was accordingly sent to Manchester. It was too weak. Torquin sallied out at the head of his men, beat off the besiegers and took their commandant prisoner. A stronger party was ordered on the service. And it arrived while the commandant was absent. But he returned immediately. He attempted boldly to cut his way through the besiegers and reach the castle. He was unsuccessful. He was killed. His party was dispersed. And the fortress was surrendered." Hist. of Manchester, Book 2. Ch. 2.

The proof of all this is adduced in a note. Tradition, the hypothetical historian says, "calls him Torquin, and the romance Turquine. And we have Torkin-ton in Cheshire, and Turk, the commander of a body of Saxons in Lhuyd. He is said by tradition to have had a young child every morning for breakfast, a circumstance most picturesquely savage, and yet totally omitted in La Morte d' Arthur, though coinciding exactly with the spirit of it in several places. And this omission serves strongly to prove the local tradition independent of the fabulous history, and the latter indeed in some points to be only the gleanings of the former, copying some strokes, and forgetting or not knowing others." An abstract of the story is then given as related in the romance. It is said to be adapted with propriety to the position of the Castlefield, and uncommonly curious therefore to a Manchester man. Mr. Whitaker even discovers that the first party appears to have approached the castle by the way of Ribchester or the Deansgate, and the other by that of Blackrode, Warrington or Old Trafford! And he thinks it "very remarkable" that "the romantic circumstance of the bason for summoning the champion to battle, occurs with some variation in the poems of Ossian; Go Trithel's son, says Cucullin, and take my spear; strike the sounding shield of Cabait; it hangs at Tura's rustling gate: the sound of peace is not its voice; my heroes shall hear on the hill."—Few men gifted with so much acuteness have possessed so little judgement as Whitaker of Manchester.

"In the hall of the castle of Tamworth in Warwickshire, there is an old rude painting on the wall, of Sir Lancelot du Lake and Sir Turquin, drawn in a gigantic size, and tilting together." Warton's Obs. on the Fairy Queen, 2. p. 43.

Brachet. P. 177.]—The author of Perceval seems to have thought that this word needed an explanation, for upon using it he adds, *brachet cest a dire ung petit braque ou chien.* F. 109.

I ordained this chapel for thy sake and for Sir Gawain. P. 179.]—This may perhaps be the damsel called in the Sainct Greaal *Lorgueilleuse Pucelle*, who for love of Gawain, Lancelot and Perceval, invented a machine to cut off their heads; for seeing she could have no joy of them in life, she was determined to have joy of them in death; so in her chapel she prepared four splendid coffins for them and for herself. Gawain came here in his travels; happily for him this Proud Pucelle was so proud that she never asked any guest his name, and Gawain took care not to tell it, when she took him into the chapel and showed him the coffins, and told him why they were made; then showing him some relics, she made him observe her device, which was, that whenever she met with one of these beloved knights she would bring him to adore these relics, and as soon as he had put his head through the window where they were to be seen, she would draw out a peg, and an instrument as keen as a razor would fall upon his neck and behead him. I subjoin this curious account of a guillotine invented for love, in the original.

Si le prent la dame par la main, et le maine veoir son chastel par toutes les chambres et tournelles, et le va mener veoir sa chapelle, la plus belle que jamais il vit oncques. Quant messire Gauvain fut entre en ceste chapelle il se trouva tout estonne de la grant richesse que leans estoit. Si voit leans troys sercueilz les plus beaulx et les plus riches, et les mieulx acoustrez, et les plus richement faitz de artifice qui oncques furent faitz. A la dextre partie des troys sercueilz avoit troys parties au mur de la chappelle qui estoyent tous environnez dor et de pierres precieuses, et avoit ung riche chastellain a chascun pertuys, par ou on voyoit a travers une lumiere ardante la dedans telle quil sembloit que cent mille torches brusloyent. La dedans avoit une molt riche croix sur une litiere qui fleuroit si souef et si bon quil sembloit que tous les baulmes du monde feussent la dedans. A tant la dame dist a messire Gauvain, Sire voyez vous bien ces troyz sercueilz icy? Ouy, fait il. Ces troys cy, fait la damoyselle, sont pour mettre les corps aux troys meilleurs chevaliers du monde, et le quart est pour moy. Lung des chevaliers, dist elle, se nomme messire Gauvain, lautre Lancelot du Lac; ces deux icy jayme par amours, chascun par soy. Le tiers a nom Parcevaulx; cestuy ayme mieulx que les deux autres. En ces troys pertuis et fenestres que vous voyez la sont mises les plus sainctes relicques qui oncques furent pour amour deulx. Et bien vous *vueil monstrer que je leur feroye si les povoys tenir ceans. Lors va mettre sa main en lung des pertuis, et tire hors une cheville dor grosse et pesante; puis tire ung grant cousteau dacier, et luy dit, voicy pour trencher les chiefz aux troys chevaliers lung apres lautre. Ce trenchant estoit affille que ung rasoer; et, disoit, quant ilz viendront ceans, je leur feray adorer ces sainctes reliques icy; et quant ilz mettront la teste dedans les pertuis je lairray cheoir ce trenchant sur leur col, et par ce moyen jauray les chiefz. Apres feray prendre les corps, et mettre en ses troys sercueilz, et moult richement les feray honnorer et ensepvelir. Car puis que je ne peulx avoir joye deulx en leur vie, jen auray la joye a la mort. Et quant ma fin sera venue que Dieu fera sa voullente de moy, je me feray mettre au quart sercueil: et par ainsi auray la compaignie des troys meilleurs chevaliers du monde.* Sainct Greaal, f. 136.

The gaynest way. P. 217.]—The later editions read the *next* way. *Gayner and gaynest* are still used in this sense in Cumberland.

Lyonas. P. 246.]—This country, so famous in romance as the birthplace of Tristram, has been supposed to have been a part of Cornwall, which has since been destroyed by the sea.

"The encroaching sea, (says Carew), hath ravened from it the whole countrie of Lionnesse, together with divers other parcels of no little circuite; and that such a Lionnesse there was these proofes are yet remaining. The space between the Lands-end and the Iles of Scilley, being about thirty miles, to this day retaineth that name, in Cornish *Lethowsow*, and carrieth continually an equall depth of fortie or sixtie fathom (a thing not usuall in the seas proper dominion) save that about the midway there lieth a rocke, which at low water discovereth his head. They term it the Gulfe, suiting thereby the other name of Scilla. Fishermen also casting their hookes thereabouts have drawn up peeces of doores and windowes. Moreover the ancient name of Saint Michaels Mount was *Caraclowse in Cowse*, the hoare rocke in the wood; which now is at everie floud incompassed by the sea, and yet at some low ebbes, rootes of mightie trees are discryed in the sands about it." Survey of Cornwall, 3.

Camden also says the inhabitants are of opinion that the land "did once reach farther to the west; which the mariners are positive in from the rubbish they draw up. The neighbours will tell you too, from a certain old tradition, that the land there drowned by the incursions of the sea was called Lionesse." And Drayton makes the mount begin to tell

Strange things that in his days times course had brought to pass,
That forty miles now sea, sometimes firm foreland was;
And that a forest then which now with him is flood,
Whereof he first was called the Hoar-Rock in the wood.
Poly-Olbion. Song 1.

It is exceedingly improbable that a track of land, large enough to have constituted even the pettiest kingdom, should thus have disappeared, especially if the character of the land is considered where it is supposed to have disappeared. The Leonnoys of romance is far more probably St. Pol de Leon: and the Bretons accordingly at this day lay claim to Tristram as their countryman. They claim many of the heroes of the Round Table, and many of the British saints. There are some curious remarks upon the similarity of names in Bretagne and Cornwall, and the ancient intercourse between the two countries, in Whitaker's Cathedrals of Cornwall, the last but not the least characteristic work of that extraordinary man.

Birth of Tristram. P. 247.]—The birth of Tristram is beautifully told in the French Romance. Queen Ysabel his mother goes into the forest in search of her husband Meliadus, who is lost there. She meets a forester, and asks him if he has seen the king. But he, who is Merlin in this form, replies, Dame, that which is lost cannot be recovered: he however will be found again; and know that he is safe and sound, and at his ease; but never shalt thou see him more; and with that he vanished: and the queen began to make great lamentation, so that the pains of labour seized her, and she could go no farther. And she told her damsel that her hour was come, and the damsel began to lament for pity; and then the queen began to cry with a loud voice, and to call upon God and his mother. All that day and night was the lady in sore travail; and when it was morning she was delivered of a fair son, by the will of our Lord. And when she was delivered, she said to the damsel, shew me my infant that I may kiss him, because I die. And she gave him to her. And when she had him, she looked at him, and saw that he was the fairest creature in the world, and she said, *Filz, ce dist elle, moult je tay desire a avoir, ores voy la plus belle creature que oncques femme portast au myen essient. Mais ta beaulte me fera moult pou de bien; car je me meurs du travail que jay eu de toy. Triste vins icy, triste acouche,* *et en tristeur je tay eu, et la premiere feste que je tay faicte a este en tristesse, et pour toy me mourray triste, et quant par tristeur es venu en terre tu avras nom Tristan. Dieu doint que tu uses ta vie en grant joye, et greigneur bonne adventure que ta naissance ne porte. Et quant elle eut ce dit, si le baisa, et si tost comme elle leut baise lame luy partit du corps; en telle maniere comme je vous compte elle mourut.* Tristan, f. 20.

It is seldom seen, said Sagremore, that ye Cornish knyghts be valiant men at arms. P. 270.]—It appears to have been a received opinion in romance that no good knight could come out of Cornwall. That country is much vituperated in the Italian continuation of Tristan. When it is united with Leonis, the Leonese knight says, *qual è dunque il Cavaliere che non voglia vivere trà Leoni piu tosto che haver à vivere trà animali con le corne?* And again, as if this witless jest had taken the author's fancy, *à chiunque parerà bene questo cattivo nome de Cornovaglia, si miri bene in lui & in casa sua, ch'egli a me suona tanto male che vorei esser sordo per non udirlo. Mi pare che questo nome de Cornovaglia si gitti in un profondissimo pozzo, che non si vedi mai piu, & che questo Regno & quel di Leonis s'incorpori tutto in uno, & si chiami tutto Leonis.* P. 2. f. 98. 99.

Sagremor. P. 270.]—Sagremor was the posthumous child of the King of Blacque (Wallachia) and Hungary, by a daughter of Handegan, Emperor of Constantinople. When he went to receive the order of knighthood from King Arthur, he travelled by land to the port of Huycent, (Ushent?) and there took ship for Dover. This is better geography than is usually found in romance. Merlin, vol. 1. f. 95. 124.

Segurades. P. 306.]—This personage was troubled with an appetite which must frequently have been very inconvenient to him.

Ilz chevaucherent tant quilz furent venuz dedans une moult grant forest, si que ilz chevaucherent le jour jusques au soir, quilz ont tant alle quilz sont venuz a une maison dung hermite de saincte vie la ou ilz herbergerent celle nuyt. Quant ilz furent desarmez lhermite appareille de telz biens comme il avoit. Et quant tout fut appareille ilz sassient a la table tous troys, ce sont Segurades, Dynadan & lhermite. Segurades commence a manger si comme il avoit acoustume; car sachez quil estoit acoustume que lon luy donnast autant de viande comme a dix chevaliers. Quant lhermite voit que Segurades mangeoit si desmesurement il en a grant merveille, si fait venir viandes pour douze hommes & mettre tout devant Segurades, & cil la mangeue oultrement. Ler-

mite se signe de la grant merveille quil en a. Dynadan qui tout ce veoit sem esmerveille & dist a lhermite en riant, Hoste fait Dynadan ne tenez ce a merveilles car il est frere aux loups qui devorent tout ce que devant eulx leur vient. Meliadus, c. 148. f. 207.

They rode so long that they came into a great forest, and there they rode all day till the evening, when they came to the house of a hermit of holy life, where they were lodged that night. When they were disarmed, the hermit prepared such food as he had; and when all was ready, they seated themselves all three at the table, that is to say, Segurades, Dynadan, and the hermit. Segurades began to eat as he was wont to do, for you must know that he was wont to have as much meat given him as any ten knights. When the hermit saw that Segurades ate so outrageously, he marvelled greatly; and he had meat brought for twelve men, and set before Segurades, and he ate up the whole. The hermit crossed himself for great wonder. Dynadan, who saw all this, said to the hermit, marvel not at this, for he is brother to the wolves, who devour whatever comes before them.

NOTES

TO

VOLUME II.

BREUSE sans pitie, that was at that time the most mischievoust knight living. P. 3.]—The cruelty of this felonious knight toward all womankind, is accounted for in Meliadus, f. 31, and explained by his indignation, because the Morhault of Ireland (Sir Marhaus) had been betrayed by a damsel. Because of her wickedness he vowed vengeance upon all the sex.

Breuse sans pitie was one of the paramours of Morgain, who in the prophecies of Merlin is called *la layde Morgaine,* so little does this book agree with the romance. When Breuse heard that Merlin was lost, *si fut moulx joyeulx, et pense estre sire des forestz de Logres. Or cuidoit il bien venger la honte de Morgain, et jura que jamais ne sera en lieu ou il face nul bien a povre ne a riche, pour povoir ne pour debonairete.* Prophecies de Merlin, f. 22.

Sir Uwain. P. 19.]—There were two Yvains. Yvain le Grant, who was the natural son of King Leodagan, and thus half brother to Queen Guenever, and Yvain Lavoultre, the spurious child of King Urien by his Seneschal's wife. This is a very dishonourable part of King Urien's history: he left his own wife and lived with the Seneschal's five years, till the Seneschal at last raised such a great excommunication against him, that whether he liked it or not he was obliged to leave the lady;—*le seneschal fist lever ung excommuniment si grant quil convint au roy laisser la dame, voulsist ou non.* Merlin, vol. i. f. 116.

Perceval. P. 40.]—This history of Perceval's birth and family is altogether different from that in the romance which bears his name.

Joyous Garde. P. 105.]—Berwick upon Tweed has been fixed upon as the situation of Joyous Garde. Before Lancelot won it, it was called the Dolorous Garde; and the adventure in which he wins it is one of the most terrific in romance.

The Siege Perilous. P. 158.]—Joseph of Arimathea, being persecuted by the Jews after the resurrection for his attachment to our Saviour, withdrew with a great part of his lineage and many other followers into the wilderness. There, being distressed for food, our Lord bade him make a table like that which had been used at the last supper of the apostles; and a golden vessel in the form of a cup was miraculously sent him to place upon that table; and he was ordered to cover the table with fine linen, white and clean; and to see that the vessel was well covered, and to keep it well. This vessel was the Graal. And in the middle of the table was a void seat, in memory of that which Judas Iscariot had left vacant, till it was filled by Matthias. Thus, said Merlin to King Uther Pendragon, there were two tables established; and if you will listen to me, you will establish the third in the name of the Trinity, for the Trinity is always signified by three: and if you do this, great profit will it be to you both in body and soul; and then will come to pass in your time such things as will greatly astonish you; and I will aid you to make it, for it will be one of the things in the world with which you will best please our Lord, and he will shew great grace to those who shall be at that table*. So Merlin made the round table at Cardueil in Wales; but it must have been much larger than the apostles table, for he brought fifty of the best knights of the realm to sit at it. So marvellous were the effects, not of the dinner but of the table, that after these knights had dined at it once, they became as loving to each other as sons to their father, though they had never seen each other before; and they determined, if possible, to meet at that table every day while they lived at the hour of tierce, and they sent for their wives and children to settle them at Cardueil. But at this table also there was the vacant seat, which, as Merlin told the king, was reserved for a knight who would not be born in his reign. A knight who envied Merlin ventured, in his absence, to make trial of this "Siege Perilous," as it was properly called, with the king's permission, but against his advice. "He sate down, and put his legs under the table, and incontinently he sunk into the ground, as a lump of lead sinks in the water." Merlin, T. 1.

---

* Merlin, Vol. I. f. 40.

The first person who proved the adventure of the Siege Perilous was an unworthy companion of Joseph, by name Moys. Joseph gave him leave to make the trial, but warned him of his own unworthiness, and the tremendous danger. "On the morrow, at the hour of noon, it came to pass that every one was seated at the table of the St. Greaal, and they came to Moys and told him that he might sit where he had promised, for leave was given him. And he made answer that he would do it willingly. And then he went toward Joseph, who wept with compassion which he had for him, and was sitting beside Ebron, who, in like manner, was of sorrowful cheer, because he well knew that Moys was not worthy to be seated there. And when Joseph saw him come, he said unto him, seat not thyself there if thou art not what thou oughtest to be, for surely thou wilt repent it. For know that this place is not prepared for sinners, being the signification of the place where Christ was seated on the day of his supper. Therefore sit not therein unless thou believest thyself to be the best man of all our company, for know of a truth that it will be the total destruction of thy body and of thy soul. When Moys heard these words he was greatly dismayed; nevertheless he made answer, Sir, I think myself worthy to sit there, and that our Lord will not be wrath thereat. Come then, said Joseph, seat thyself, and we shall see immediately if thou art what thou sayest. Then Moys seated himself between Joseph and Ebron; but he was no sooner there, than all who were at the table saw seven burning fiery hands come visibly from heaven: the bodies they saw not; but they saw well that they threw down fire and flame upon Moys, in such manner that he began to burn like a torch. And when the fire had seized upon him in all parts, then the seven hands took him up, and carried him away visibly before them through the air."

After some days Joseph and his companions went into the forest of Ardannes, and there in a valley they found a large mansion, rich and marvellous, but somewhat falling to decay, and there was no one to forbid them from entering. Joseph led them into a great hall, in the middle of which was a fire blazing, as if all the billets in the world had been thrown there. Out of that fire came a voice which said, Holy man, Joseph, happy creature, thou who art filled with the Holy Ghost, pray for me to the great Master whom thou servest night and day, that the anguish which I suffer, and which is greater than heart of man can think, may be a little assuaged, and made more endurable; albeit, I have well deserved it. This was Moys, whom the devils were carrying away soul and body to hell, when a good hermit by good fortune met them on the way, and compelled them to leave him in this place, where he was to abide till the adventure of the St. Greall should be accomplished. The father of Moys and some of his relations were present, and heard from his own mouth that he would have been condemned eternally if it had not been for the hermit's intercession. Joseph accordingly, and the kinsmen of Moys, knelt and prayed for him, and immediately there fell a rain from heaven which reduced the fire to half its strength, and lessened in the same proportion the torments of Moys. *S. Greall*, f. 103. 107.

Of this adventure there is a further account in the Prophecies of Merlin (f. 36.) The father of this presumptuous knight brought him when a child to Merlin, and asked what fortune he would have. "Merlin began to look at him, and said, The name of this child is Roger, and he will seat* himself in a dangerous seat, of which he will not be worthy, and neither the earth nor the water will be able to support him; but he will sink down even to the gate of the abyss where the serpent is chained, and there he will be always tormented. But the power of his kinsmen will make him be taken from thence; and he shall be seen going through the hedges above Kamelot, under the conduct of the infernal enemies, at such time as there shall be Pagans and Christians there, more than a thousand in number, every one of whom will see the miracle. And then he took another child, and said, This child was born in Orcanie, and will be a hermit in that time, and before his hermitage Roger will fall upon the ground, and he will give him his penitence." This prophecy is related after the event by a hermit to Sir Perceval; and the hermit proceeds thus: "This knight, who was named Rogier le Bruns, I saw so haughty in the time of King Uther Pendragon, that whether the king would or not, he seated himself in the Siege Perillous at the Round

---

* *Cest enfant a nom Roger, et mettra ses cuisses en ung dangereux siege donc il nen sera pas digne.*

Table, and sunk into the earth. And his kinsmen set out in quest of Merlin, but their quest was bootless. But the good knight Gallehault le Brun, who was not of that quest, found Merlin, and intreated him for his kinsman that he would deliver them from this shame. And then saw I this Rogier go through the hedges as Merlin had said; and it was at a time when the host of the Pagans was before Kamelot. And then it was told us that the infernal enemies left him in Orcanie before the hermitage of that Gawain, and it came to pass as Merlin had said."

Galahad. P. 163.]—The first Galahad was made King of Hostelice by King Lucius, and crowned in the city of Palagie; and after his death the people for love of him changed the name of Hostelice into that of Galles, (Wales)—*le quel nom dure encores, et fera tant que le siecle durera.* Sainct Greall, 1. f. 116.

The same etymology is given in Lancelot du Lac, 1. f. 31.

Wales, however, is not the only place to which the first Galaad, son of Joseph of Arimathea, *le gentil chevalier,* has bequeathed his name. When he grew up he was called Galaad le fort, and for that reason the castle in which he was born (which had been newly built when Joseph's wife arrived in England) was called *Galleford,* Guildford. S. Greall, 1. f. 95.

The description which a damsel gives Sir Gawain of the Chaste Knight of the Holy Lineage is somewhat curious:—*il a le chief dor, regard de lyon, nombril de vierge pucelle, cueur de valleur, et est sans nulle tache de villennie.* Sainct Greaal, f. 131.

An old man, and there seemed to be two adders about his neck. P. 166.]—This old man, as it appears by Lancelot du Lac, is Orpheus the Enchanter, who founded the Castle of Enchanters in the Marches of Scotland, and for his crimes was thus punished in the body; being condemned to remain in the Castle of the San Greall, with two snakes round his neck, continually gnawing him, till that adventure should be achieved. The lay which he sung was composed by Joseph of Arimathea.

Tell them I shall never forget their mocks. P. 177.]—Sir Kay's mockery of Perceval, when the latter first appeared at court, though referred to in this place, is not related in the Morte Arthur. It was accompanied with some brutality, for which in due time Perceval rewarded him with a broken arm. Sir Kay's gibes were not always so seriously resented.

Colgrevance said to Sir Kay
Bi grete God, that aw this day,
Na mar moves me thi flyt
Than it war a flies byt;
Ful oft wele better men than I
Has thou despised despytusely;
It es ful semeli, als me think,
A brok omang men for to stynk;
So it fars by the, Syr Kay.
Ywaine & Gawin. 91.

Sir Kay appears in a very different character in a curious fragment which Mr. Davies has translated from the Welsh Archaiology, and which he considers as an old formulary of introduction in very obscure language, and uncouth orthography, used in the Druidical mysteries.

" *Arthur* and *Cai* are represented as approaching the gate of the sanctuary, which was guarded by the hierophant, and commencing the following dialogue:—

" *Arthur.* What is he that guards the gate?

" *Hierophant.* The *severe hoary one* with the *wide dominion.* Who is the man that demands it?

" *Arthur.* Arthur and the blessed Cai.

" *Hierophant.* What good attends thee, thou *blessed* one, thou best man in the world! Into my house thou canst not enter, unless thou wilt preserve.

" *Cai.* I will *preserve it*, and that thou shalt behold; though the *birds of wrath* should go forth, and the *three attendant ministers* should fall asleep; namely, the son of the *Creator*, *Mabon*, the son *Mydron*, attendant upon the *wonderful supreme Ruler*, and *Gwyn*, the *Lord of all those who descend from above.*

" *Hierophant.* Severe have my servants been, in *preserving* their institutes. *Manawydan*, the son of *Llyr*, was grave in his counsel. *Manawyd* truly brought a perforated shield from Toevryd; and Mabor, the son of *Lightning*, stained the straw with clotted gore: and *Anwas*, the *winged*, and *Llwch Llawinawg*, (*the ruler of the lake*) were firm guardians of the incircled mount. Their *Lord* preserved them, and I *rendered them complete.*

"Cai! I solemnly announce, though all three should be slain, when the privilege of the grove is violated, danger shall be found!"

The remainder of this obscure piece describes the different characters which were supported by Arthur and Cai, after their initiation, and the different fates which attended them. The passage before us may be understood as involving a *very solemn oath.* The Aspirant engages, in the presence of the Hierophant, who personates his god, to preserve the *laws of the sanctuary,* however he may be assaulted by enemies, or deserted by his friends; whilst the chief priest denounces, *in awful obscurity,* the inevitable ruin which will attend the violation of this sacred engagement. Davies's Mythology of the Druids, p. 287.

That gay castle. P. 190.]—A castle in romance usually implies a town. The King of Northumberland describes one which had all happy circumstances of situation. *Jay icy pres ung mien chastel moult fort, et riche moult amplement, et bien seant de toutes pars, et moult bien aise de toutes choses que a bon chastel convient. Et ne scay se dieu maist, dicy a quarante lieues autour, ung plus aise chastel; car le bois est dune parte et la praerie de lautre, et une riviere belle qui court parmy le meillieu, moult grande & parfonde.* Meliadus, C. xii. f. 9.

Camelot. P. 193.]—When Joseph of Aramathea arrived in this island to preach the gospel, Camelot was the richest city which the Saracens had in Great Britain; and it was of such great authority that the pagan king made his residence there, and *Mahommery* was higher and greater there than in any other city. S. Greaal, P. i. f. 102.

Et pour ce que le roy Artus laymoit sur toutes aultres citez, la destruisit et gasta le mauvais roy de Cornouaille qui Marc avoit a nom, apres le roy Artus: ainsi que messire Robert de borron mon compaignon commenca a dire en son livre de celle destruction. Meliadus, C. xiii. f. 9.

Joseph of Arimathea. P. 215.]—The sage clerk found it written in the book of Merlin, that when our Saviour had sent his apostles through the world, he perceived that he had none to send into England. Then he bethought him that he would send his knight Joseph of Arimathea, whom he had with him at the time that he was crucified; and so much he honoured him, that he took with him the precious blood which he had received from the tree of the cross. And he sent with him one of his sons, who was also named Joseph, and by their adventures the idols were beaten down, and the faith converted to Christ Jesus. Prophecies de Merlin, f. 120.

It is to Joseph of Arimathea, according to veracious chroniclers, that England is indebted for her red cross. John Hardyng, the worst of all our old poets, tells us, in his forty-eighth chapter, "how Joseph converted King Arviragus, and gave him a shield of the arms that we call St. George his arms, which arms he bare ever after; and thus became that arms to be the kings arms of this land, long afore St. George was gotten or born. And as Maryan, the profound chronicler, sayeth, he bare of silver, in token of cleanness, a cross of gules, signification of the blood that Christ bled on the cross, and for it must needs of reason be called a cross.

Joseph converted this King Arviragus
By his preaching to know the law divine,
And baptized him, as written hath Nennius,
The chronicler, in Britain tongue full fine;
And shewed him a figure of Christ's pyne,
And gave him then a shield of silver white,
A cross endlong & overthwart full perfite.

Of his own blood which from his neck did rin
He made that cross in signification
Of Christes blood that ran out fro within
Upon the Cross at his expiracion:
Which shield by Josephs exhortation,
He bore on him in fields of war alway,
And in his banners & coat armour gay.

These armes were used through all Britain
For a common sign each man to know his nation
From enemies, which now we call certain
St. Georges arms by Nennius information,
And thus this arms by Josephes creation,
Full long afore St. George was generate
Were worshipt here of mykell elder date.

These, however, we are assured, were not King Arthur's arms. "King Arthur that mightie conquerour and worthy, had so greate affection

& love to this signe, that he lefte his armes whiche he bare before, wherein was figured three dragons, an other of three crownes, and assumpted or tooke to his armes, as proper to his desire, a Crosse silver in a field vert; & on the first quarter thereof was figured an Image of oure Ladye with her sonne in her armes. And bearinge that signe he did many marveiles in Armes, as in his bookes of Actes & valiant conquestes are remembred." Bossewells Workes of Armorie, f. 22.

But it seems he had a great variety of banners.

His chief banner of goules was to see,
An image of our Lady of gold enthronde,
Crowned of gold as fresh as it might be;
His other banner was of the Trinity
Of gold & goulis of St. George was the third
The fourth was Brutus arms knoven & kyd.

The fifth banner of goulis three crowns of gold,
The sixth of goulis, a dragon of gold fine.

Hardyng.

Lancelot and the Hermit. P. 231.]—There is a good dialogue in the S. Greaal, between Sir Lancelot and a hermit to whom he confesses, but who cannot persuade him to repent of his love for Queen Guenever. God will forgive him, the hermit says, if he will forsake this sin; and the more to induce him, he offers to take the penance upon himself. *Sire, fait Lancelot, je vous remercie; je ne suis mye en talente de la laisser, ne je ne vueil dire chose a qui le cueur ne sacorde. Je vueil bien faire la penitence si grande comme il est estably a tel peche. Car je vueil servir madame le royne tant comme il luy plaira que je soye son bien vueillant. Je layme tant que ja Dieu ne plaise que je la laisse, ne que je habandonne son amour. Si dient les preudhommes que Dieu est misericordieux, et quil pardonne voullentiers quant on luy demande: si aura mercy de moy, car oncques ne fys trahyson vers elle, ne elle vers moy.* F. 156.

"Sir," said Lancelot, "I thank you, but I am in no mind to leave her. I will not say any thing to which my heart does not assent. I will willingly do as great penance as is established for such a sin. But I will serve madam the queen as long as she pleases that I should be her *bien vueillant*. I love her so much that God forbid I should leave her, or forsake her love. And as good men say that God is merciful, and willingly pardoneth those who ask him, so will he have mercy on me, for never did I deal falsely towards her, nor she towards me."

In our forefathers time, says Roger Ascham, when papistry, as a standing poole, covered and overflowed all England, few bookes were red in our toong, saving certayne bookes of chivalrie, as they sayd for pastime & pleasure, which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monkes or wanton channons: as one for example Morte Arthur, the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two special poyntes, in open mansslaghter & bolde bawdrie: in which booke, those be counted the noblest Knightes that doe kill most men without any quarrell, & commit fowlest adoultries by sutlest shifts: as Syr Lancelote with the wife of king Arthure, his maister; Syr Tristram with the wife of king Marke his uncle; Syr Lamerocke with the wife of king Lote, that was his own Aunte. This is good stuffe for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at! Yet I knowe when Gods Bible was banished the court & Morte Arthure receaved into the princes chamber. What toyes the dayly reading of such a booke may worke in the will of a yong jentleman, or a yong maide, that liveth welthely & idlely, wise men can judge, & honest men do pittie." Aschams Schoolmaster.

Notwithstanding the severity, and in some degree the truth of this censure, I believe that books of chivalry, instead of increasing the corruption of the age, tended very greatly to raise the standard of morals.

It is to the story of Lancelot and Queen Guenever that we owe one of the finest passages in Dante.

There came a man from Heaven. P. 309.]—I subjoin this remarkable passage from the Sainct Greall;—the curious reader will perceive that the copy of that romance, which was before Sir Thomas Malory, must have differed considerably, as Mr. Douce suggests, from the printed book.

Quant le pallays fut vuyde fors que de ceulx de la queste, lors fut advis a tous ceulx qui estoyent demourez, que devers le ciel venoyt ung homme vestu en habit devesque, une crosse en sa main, et une mictre en son chief. Si lapportoyent quattre anges en une chayere, et puys le assirent devant la table ou le Sainct Greaal estoit. Cestuy evesque avoyt lettres escriptes emmy son front, qui aisoyent, voicy Josephus le premier Evesque de chrestiente, celluy mesmes que nostre seigneur sacra en la cyte de Sarras. Et quant ilz eurent la este grant piece, ilz ouyrent ouvrir ung huys de lune des chambres, et en virent yssir les Anges qui avoyent apporte Josephus, dont les deux por-

toyent deux cierges allumez, et le tiers une touaille de samyt vermeil, et le quart une lance qui seignoit si fort que les gouttes en cheoyent aval dedans une boecte que il tenoit en lune de ses mains; et les Anges mirent leurs cierges sur la table, et le tiers mist la touaille empres le sainct vessel, et le quart tint la lance tout droicte en telle sorte que le sang degoutoyt dedans le vesseau. Et puys Josephus ouvrit de la touaille le sainct vesseau, puys feist comme sil estoyt au sacrement de la messe. Et quant il eut demoure ung peu ainsi, il print une hostye au sainct vesseau, et au lever que il fist, descendit une figure en semblance dung petit enfant, le viaire aussi rouge comme feu flamboyant, qui se mist au pain tellement que tous ceulx de la place le virent evidemment que le pain avoit prins fourme dhomme charnel. Et quant Josephus leut grant piece monstre il le remist dedans le sainct vesseau. Apres quil eut acheve tout le mistere qui appartient a la messe, il sen vint a Galaad, si le baisa, et puis luy fist baiser tous ses compaignons, puis luy dist Serviteurs de Jhesu Crist qui vous estes penez et travaillez pour venir veoir le sainct vesseau, asseez vous en ceste table, si serez repeuz dune viande la meilleure que mengeastes oncques, et de la main mesmes de nostre Seigneur la recepverez; si povez bien dire que vous estes bien heureux, car vous recepverez tantost le plus juste loyer que receustes oncques. Et a tant se esvanouyt Josephus et ne sceurent quil devint. Lors se assirent tous en la table, en tres grant crainte et frayeur, et commencerent a plourer et a crier mercy a Dieu, puis regardent le sainct vesseau duquel ilz virent yssir ung homme tout nud qui suoit sang, qui leur dist, Mes chevaliers et mes serviteurs qui mavez tant quis que je ne me peulx plus celer a vous, il convient que vous ayez partie de mes reliques et de mes secrez. Lors vint cestuy homme a Galaad, lequel se agenoilla devant luy, et se donna a luy comme son sauveur, et Galaad le mangea en tres grant humilite, et ainsi fist il aux autres, lesquelz le repceurent tous devotement les mains joinctes. Quant les chevaliers eurent receu leur sauveur il leur sembla quilz eurent mange toutes les bonnes odeurs que len scauroyent soubzhaicter en ce monde. Sainct Greaal, f. 229.

Mordred. P. 428.]—Mr. Turner suggests that Mordred may have been wronged. As the blow of Arthur on Medrawd, he says, is mentioned as one of the most mischievous blows in Britain, this may have been the immediate cause of his hostility. The character of Medrawd has been sullied with every reproach by the Welsh, because Arthur the shield of the Cymry perished in the war which he excited. But there is a triad which records his gentleness, good-nature, and engaging conversation, and declares that it was difficult to deny him any request. *Hist. of the Angl. Saxons,* 1. 106.

Et saichez que tous ceulx qui congneurent Mordrec cuydoient quil fust filz au roy dorcanie nomme Loth, mais il ne lestoit mie; si fut filz au Roy Artus, lequel lengendra en une nuyct quil coucha avec sa seur; mais il cuydoit estre couche avec la royne dirlande. Et quant il sceut et congneut que cestoit sa seur il en fut moult dolent, et elle aussi, et longuement en porterent tous deux penitence. Sainct Greall, 1. f. 115.

Mr. Davies supposes Mordred to be—the raven whom Noah sent out from the Ark! The first-born, he says, of Tigid and Ceridwen was named *Mor-vrau, raven of the sea.* Of this personage, a few particulars are recorded. He was *dark* and *hideous* in his person; he was *Yogymmydd Aerau, addicted to contention;* and he escaped from the army of the mythological Arthur, or the deified patriarch.

From these hints, I conjecture that the character of Morvran represents the *raven* which Noah sent forth. This was the animal that proceeded from the *Ark;* hence, mythology might regard him as *her first-born son.* And the short account which we have of him is perfectly consistent with what Mr. Bryant has collected from the ancient mythology of other nations upon the subject of *Noah's raven.*

It is remarked that Noah sent the raven out of the ark by way of experiment; but that it disappointed him, and never returned—hence a tradition is mentioned, that the raven was once sent out upon a message by Apollo, but deserted him, and did not return when he was expected.

But this faithless messenger was, for the most part, esteemed a bird of ill omen. His very croaking would put a stop to the process of matrimony. But like *Morvran,* he was also personified by a human character.

The mythologists, observes Mr. Bryant, out of every circumstance and title, formed a personage. Hence, Pausanias speaks of the *raven* as an ancient hero, and mentions his family.

Morvran may then be regarded as the representative of Noah's raven. Davies's Mythology of the Druids, p. 202.

Death of Arthur. P. 443.]—*Et le jour quil sera navre a mort en sera sa mort tenue a grant merveille, et maint homme cuydera quil soit mis en terre au royaume de Logres; mais non sera; ains sera porte autre part donc les gens seront esbahis quil lairra sa nation. Dy moy Merlin dist Tholomer, ou il sera porte. Escriptz, dist Merlin, que ce sera entre deux montaignes avec dames; et illec sera long temps: et aura telle joye comme en cestuy siecle et encore plus grande. Tu me penes fort, dit Tholomer; pourquoy ne me dys tu appertement sil sera mort ou vif? Pource, dist*

Merlin, que nostre Seigneur ne veult que nul sache plus de ses faitz comme il adviendre voyant les siecles. Prophecies de Merlin, f. 4.

Put now in writing, said Merlin to Master Tholomer, that the feats and good customs which he shall establish in his life are well pleasing to our Lord, and therefore God will give him such grace that he shall never see the fire of hell, and this will happen to him because he shall maintain a custom, that no man or woman who cómes to his court shall ever go away disconsolate. Prophecies, f. 5.

Where it is said that his (Arthur's) end shall be doubtful, says Heywood, he that shall make question of the truth of Merlin's prophecy in that point, let him to this day but travel into Armorica or Little Britain, and in any of their cities proclaim in their streets that Arthur expired after the common and ordinary manner of men, most sure he shall be to have bitter and railing language asperst upon him, if he escape a tempestuous shower of stones and brick-bats. *Heywood's Life of Merlin,* p. 43.

In one of his rhymed prophecies, Heywood says of Arthur, that he "shall be meat to all the mouths that speak him," by which, he adds, no other thing is meant, but that the very relation of his brave gests shall be a refreshing and delight to all such as shall either read them or hear them with much pleasure by others reported. P. 43.

In the Prophecies of Merlin, Arthur is forewarned of his fate. "Now the story says, that at this time there came a damsel to the court of King Arthur, in a full strange manner, and the coming of that damsel must not be forgotten, for of a truth she came in a bark with all sails set over the dry land; and if the wind freshened so as to become more than the bark could carry, she lowered the two sails just as though she had been in the greatest sea in the world. And if any one ask me how this could be, I shall reply that Merlin while he lived made this bark. And if any one ask me from whence this damsel came, I shall reply that she came from the Indies, and that Merlin had sent her there whilst he lived, and it was to the end that she might relate to those nations the coming of the dragon of Babylon, and that they might be in the belief of Jesus Christ, the Almighty. When the bark came near enough to the palace of King Arthur, she put out a ladder, and came out upon dry land; and then the bark remained in water, and there were fish in that water, and a fisherman came and caught four, and sent them to King Arthur: they were great and large, and he had them boiled whole. When the damsel had alighted she went straightway to the church of St. Stephen, and put herself on her knees, and made her prayers and her orisons. Know ye certainly that King Arthur who thought she tarried long in her coming, went after with so great a company that all the church was filled; and when the damsel had said her prayers she rose, and ran towards Arthur, and said to him, Sir you are well found! And the king took the damsel in his arms, and replied you are well-come! Sir, quoth she, where is Merlin, the wisest man that lives? make him come before you. Damsel, said King Arthur, do you know me? Yes, right well, quoth the damsel, are you not King Uther Pendragon? Then King Arthur began to laugh and said, damsel you are come to my court by so strange an adventure, that according to my judgment you ought not to mock at me; for your mother, as I conceive, could not have seen King Uther Pendragon. In the name of God, she replied, it is as I say to you; and I will show you the proof; for I departed from this country the very day that the Round Table was made; so will you find my name written among the other dames who were at the feast. With that a knight ran to fetch the charter which was at that time made; the which he brought. And when the charter was brought, the king asked her what was her name, and she made answer that her name was Esglantine de Valon. Verily, said King Arthur, this name is written here. Let Merlin come to me, said the lady, and do not trouble me more, for I wish to deliver up to him his bark. Dame, said the king, he has been lost for more than sixteen years. Ha! God, said the dame, it is not two years since I saw him. Then King Arthur took her by the hand and led her into his palace; and she took out of her alms-purse the letter which she had brought from the Indies, and she threw it upon a table, and said, now let Merlin come if he will take it, for I will return to Avalon, where I shall be well known, and where great joy will be made at seeing me. Lady, quoth King Arthur, sojourn here I beseech you a month or two. I will not, said the lady, seeing that in so short a time you have forgotten me. And then she returned to the bark, and went into it, and spread her sails to the wind. But before the bark departed from thence, King Arthur looking at it saw some letters written thereon, and he began to read and found that they said thus: this bark appears marvellous, but it is not for nothing, for it is made with great subtlety. This bark shall convey King Arthur out of this country, both dead and alive, in the company of dames full of all the subtlety of art. And when King Arthur would have laid hand on the bark to stop it, the wind filled the sails, and it held its course, and went away." *Prophecies de Merlin*, f. 77.

The author of Esplandian relates a rare adventure how Urganda led him to the Firm Island, where she had enchanted the whole family of Amadis, and sunk them, island and all, into the centre of the earth, because she could not bear that such excellent persons should be subject to the common lot of death, "and the end, said she, to which I have done this, is, that Morgayn le Fay who came long after me, let me know how she had enchanted her brother King Arthur, and that he was to issue forth and reign again in Great Britain; and then these knights shall issue out also, and being joined with him, for failure of the great kings and princes of the Christians their successors, shall by force of arms win the great empire of Constantinople, and whatever else by fault of those kings has been mastered by the infidel Turks, enemies of the Catholic faith. Then I who heard this was greatly astonished, and I said, is it certain, lady, that after so many years these, who should by natural laws be out of the world as dead persons, shall return into it again, and do such things as they were wont when alive? The dame made answer, my good friend, believe you of a truth that if King Arthur comes and reigns again, these shall come with him as I said; and if not, they shall remain as thou seest them till their hour." C. 99.

Montalvo, however, was mistaken; the author of the next romance brings them all out of their enchantment, and sets them to work again.

FINIS.

. Davison, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

00099521

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 21 October, 2015